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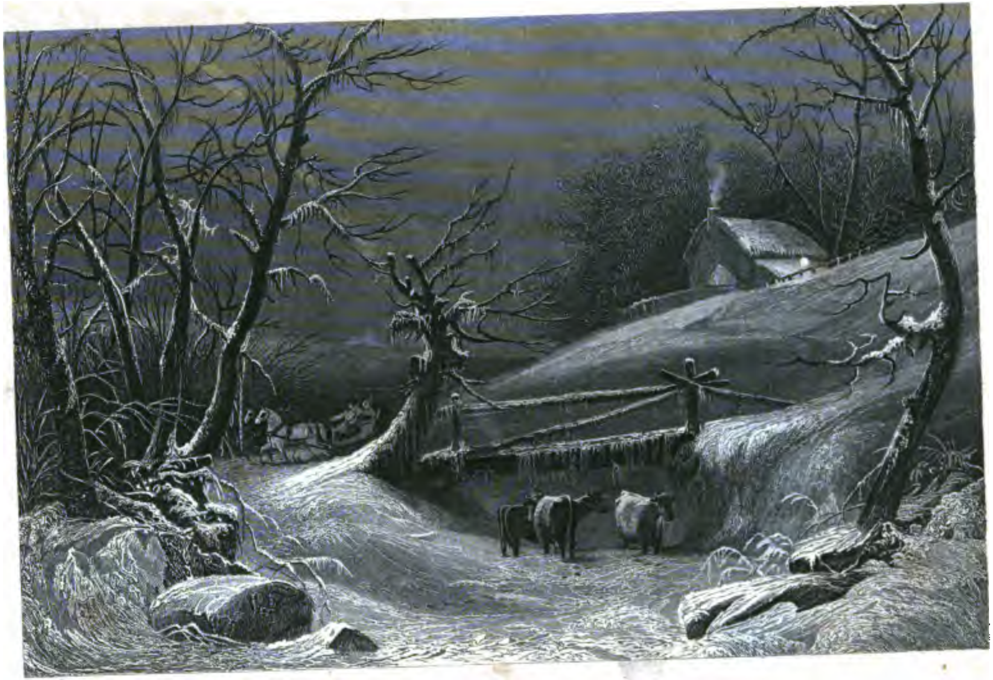

The Sleighride.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND

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PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM C. BROWN.
1844.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM C. BROWN, EDITOR.

'Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies.'
Dr. Nathaniel Cotton.

'When her little party of friends were somewhat fatigued, and my sister was at a loss to present them with fresh amusement, she sat down in the midst of them, and spontaneously began talking about the goodness of Jesus Christ. She touched on the most prominent events in his life with such simplicity and animation of countenance, as interested all her visiters and me likewise.' — *Martha, by Rev. Andrew Reed.*

JULY 1843, TO JULY 1844.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM C. BROWN.
1844.

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THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1844. NO. 1.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE BROKEN VASE.

BY MISS MARY M. GRIFFIN.

It has been often and truly said, that early impressions are the most lasting upon the memory. It is so in my own history, for there is no place so dear to my heart as my childhood's home. The elms in front of the house, waving their dark, green foliage in the summer breeze, the garden, the orchards, the broad waving fields, and last, but not least by far, my father's cottage. These appear conspicuously before my mind. I love these scenes, but they are not the *charm* of that consecrated vale, nor the brightest, dearest spot on the green of my past life. Ah, no! I had a mother's kindly sway over my spirit, moulding it in the form of her own character; and sweet to my remembrance now, even in the days of womanhood, are my earliest prayers, my mother's first lessons; and they will never be effaced while life and reason remain.

Not long since I visited my paternal home. All around seemed familiar to my eye and ear. The birds sung as sweetly, the brooks murmured the same rippling song they did years ago. There was not, apparently, more moss gathered on the venerable iron-bound bucket, than decked its oaken sides from my earliest recollection. Nature had wrought in her season her various changes, and, as I gazed upon her works, I almost felt that I was a child again, dependent on a parent's care. All seemed bright in that loved and sunny vale; but there was a change in my childhood's home. The ringing of a merry laugh I used to hear was hushed. The echo of a sweet voice was silenced in the grave.

There was a change in *that home*. Every thing told of a spirit gone. I was sad, as many recollections of departed worth crowded upon my heart, for I stood alone beneath the paternal roof, where I had been accustomed to meet my beloved, my only sister. She had gone to a better world. The sorrows and tears of this lowly vale will invade her ransomed spirit no more.

Memory, ever faithful to her charge, arrayed before me the cherished past, and among her jewelled treasures, my heart rested on one, only one painful scene, which marred for a season the perfection of those halcyon days; a scene of childish folly and parental discipline, in which my sister Sophia was the mental, and our then 'little Willy' the bodily sufferer. My sister had an impetuous, impulsive disposition, which gave my father and mother much anxiety; for they feared her passionate feelings might be the cause of severe sorrow to her young bosom. She had been a child of much discipline and of many prayers, for they strove in the fear of God to conquer her spirit. I will pass over the many rude acts of my wayward sister, until her tenth birthday, when the circumstance to which I refer, occurred.

On that day our good aunt Sophia sent my sister, as a birthday present, a beautiful China vase. We all were very much gratified with the present, but none were so happy as Sophia, who, clapping her hands and skipping about the room, really appeared as if she had attained the perfection of her wishes. Little Willy, partaking of his sister's joy, expressed his happiness in the same manner, and added to our amusement by saying, 'Oh, pretty big cup! Sophy's got a pretty cup!' At length 'Sophy's pretty big cup' was destined to ornament our parlor mantel-shelf, and my sister was deputed to place in it, each morning, a *bouquet* from the garden.

Sophia valued her vase very much, and so in proportion she probably raised it in the estimation of her young friends; for in less than a fortnight all the children, far and near, had visited our house to gaze for a short time on my sister's treasure. One of these visits was made quite early on a bright, beautiful morning. The sun rose in majestic silence and splendor, shedding his light, glad and joyous, on all around; but alas! we knew not what that day would bring forth; nor did we think, that, before its close, our hearts would be afflicted and sad!

As the children who had called to see Sophia were about to take their leave, they invited her to join them over the hill in their homeward walk. Sophia said, 'I can't go so far, for we have n't had breakfast yet, and the bell will ring pretty soon; but if mother is willing I will go a little way with you, and get my flowers when I return.' She put on her thick shoes, and promising her mother that she would avoid the dewy grass, set her vase upon the hearth, put on her cape bonnet, and was soon out into the road. I know not the topic of conversation which amused them by the way, but I doubt not, with the hope of youth, they laid some plans for future happiness.

The breakfast bell rang before my sister's return; but she was within hearing, and in a few moments the light-hearted, happy one came bounding in, saying she had never had so pleasant a morning walk before. My father smiled at her enthusiasm, and, gazing upon her beaming countenance, said, 'I am glad you have begun the day so happily; and you will close it the same, my dear, if you strive to be a good child.' 'Mother,' said Sophia, 'where's Willy?' 'Sure enough,' said my father; 'where is he? Well, Sophy, we were so much interested in your walk, that we have quite overlooked an important little personage, and I think you must go and find him.' 'Yes, I will,' said she, 'and I guess he 'll be here pretty quick.' In a few minutes she returned. 'I can't find him,' said she. 'Well done, Sophy,' said my father, 'have you looked in all the rooms?' 'There,' replied she, 'I did not look in the parlor. Well, I'll have him yet.' When Sophia opened the door, there stood our roguish, blue-eyed Willy, with one of my cloth-worked crickets before him, and the vase — yes, the precious birthday gift — mounted on the top of it. On the rug, hearth and carpet, were nature's varied hues, in the fallen petals of the flowers. When he saw Sophia, he clapped his hands in an ecstasy of joy, saying, 'Oh, pretty posies, Sophy, pretty, pretty!' She sprang toward him, screaming, 'my vase! my vase!' and, in the passion of the moment, gave him a sudden push which threw him backward! His little head fell heavily upon the smooth, freestone hearth, and with him fell the ill-fated vase, and was dashed in pieces! I raised my little, injured brother in my arms, and sought to soothe his sorrow. His tears were soon dried; but he laid his head languidly upon my bosom. I bore him to my mother's room, and laid him on her lap; then, imprinting a kiss upon his soft cheek, I left him to find Sophia.

The cricket was in its place, the scattered leaves were picked up, the water was wiped away, and the little transgressor was standing by the side of my father. All this I observed at a glance; for as I entered, he raised his finger to his lip, and waved his hand as tokens of silence and departure. 'Such was not the example our blessed Saviour left us,' fell from his lips. I heard no more, for I had ever been accustomed to obey at the first command. I repaired to my mother's room, where I found her bathing Willy's head, and endeavoring to awaken him from a heavy slumber into which he had fallen. I gazed upon his pale, sweet face, and with anguish in my heart asked, 'Mother, will Willy die?' A tear filled her eye, while she smiled to dissipate my fears. 'Oh, no, I hope not, my dear; but I am afraid his head is injured. You may ask your father to come to me, and then you had better go to school.' Again I reached the room, where, a short time before, I had been forbidden to intrude upon its sanctity. I paused, for I heard my father's voice in prayer, earnestly pleading with God for his little daughter. When he came out he bade Sophia go to her room, reflect upon her folly and pray to God for aid to rule her spirit. I delivered my message to him, and, with a quick step and troubled countenance, he repaired to my mother.

Slowly the hours of school passed away, and quickly at their close I hastened home, when I learned that the physician feared my brother would be very ill from the effect of his fall. This intelligence troubled me exceedingly, and sitting down on the step of the door I wept bitterly. My brother had been very dear to me. He had been my chief love and care, from his infancy, and had endeared himself to me by his ever gentle and affectionate disposition; and should I never, never hear that sweet voice again, calling to me in its merry tones? It was anguish to my heart, and fell more sadly upon me, for it was my first grief.

But to return to my exiled sister. I felt a yearning commiseration for her, but my father had bade her remain alone, and I dare not intrude upon her solitude. My mind, however, was partially relieved when my father told me he wished me to tell Sophia he wanted to see her. I approached her room, and softly opening the door said, 'Come, Sophy, father wants you.' 'Oh, sister, I have killed our Willy — what shall I do? what shall I do?' and, throwing her arms round my neck, wept as if her heart would break. *Her* sorrow opened anew *my* fount of tears, and I wept with her. Gently disengaging her embrace, and putting my arm round the waist of my wretched sister, we entered the chamber of sickness. My father extended his hand to Sophia. No reproof was upon his tongue, but a calm sadness rested upon his countenance, which was far more painful to endure. 'My daughter,' said he, 'have you asked God's forgiveness, and are you sorry for your fault?' 'Yes, I have, and will you forgive me?' and laying her head upon his bosom, sobbed aloud. He dashed the tear from his manly cheek, and folded her to his heart. 'Yes, I forgive you, my dear child, and sincerely regret that you have learned a lesson, which I fear will cost so much. You have wronged us all. You have wounded our hearts in their tenderest place, but most have you injured the innocent little brother, who always loved you so well. You cannot ask his forgiveness now; but go to your mother and sister.' We freely forgave her, and she promised us, with the help of God, that she would strive to rule her spirit.

'We must now unitedly ask God's blessing,' said my father. We knelt and he prayed — earnestly besought the Father of every good and perfect gift, that the sin of my sister might be forgiven, and that my brother's life might be spared. I arose with calm and subdued feelings, and felt that sweet, indeed, was the privilege of prayer, at such an hour and under such circumstances.

The fears of our physician were realized. The inflammation caused by the fall had resulted in a brain fever. Sophia was permitted to watch beside Willy's bed and to wait upon my mother. It was painfully affecting to see her kiss, again and again, his feverish cheek, saying, 'Dear, dear Willy, sister is sorry, and will never do so again,' and then kneel by his side and ask God to spare his life. Day after day found Sophia lingering in anxious suspense around the bed of the little sufferer, watching his every word and wish; but it was agony to her heart to hear him say, as he often did, 'O pretty posies, Sophy; pretty, pretty!' They were the last words she heard him speak before she pushed him down, and the tragic scene, therefore, would come up vividly before her mind. At such times she would say, 'Poor, dear Willy, I will never, never do so again,' weeping at the same time with an almost bursting heart. My parents saw how great her punishment was, and felt that she suffered much for her fault. They gratified her request that she might remain at home from school, supposing she would learn a lesson never to be forgotten.

Three times each day did my father bend his knees in the chamber where lay his suffering and only son, and he did not fail to remember his erring, but now penitent, daughter.

In a few days our physician whispered hope, and in a few more, consciousness dawned upon the mind of our 'little Willy.' He looked up into Sophia's face and said, in tones which were pleasanter to our ears than the sweetest music, 'Take up, Sophy.' She raised him, while my mother arranged the pillows so that he could sit up. Sophia stole out of the room, and, in a few minutes, almost before we were aware of her absence, returned with a bunch of flowers. When Willy saw them, he held out his little hand, saying, 'O pretty posies.' The big teardrops trembled in Sophia's eye as she gave them to him. My mother drew her to her bosom and spoke words of consolation to her heart. From that day he grew better, and was soon able to play about the house, and in the garden. Sophia returned to her school, and never afterward was she heard to utter an impatient word, or perform a rash act; and Willy, her former 'plague,' became her favorite friend.

Months, weeks and days passed on, and brought in their course Sophy's eleventh birthday. On that morning she entered the parlor and found on the mantel-shelf a beautiful vase, a *fac-simile* of the first. A slip of paper had been placed in it, on which was written, 'He that ruleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city.'

Five years have rolled on in their course, and now my sister sleeps in the silence of the tomb; but her spirit reigns on high, for she possessed a bright hope of immortality beyond the grave. I feel that we shall meet again in that better land.

The second vase now stands upon my own mantel-shelf; and when I see it, the words of my dying sister come forcibly to my mind — 'Ever keep this vase and slip of paper in remembrance of me. They have been precious gifts, for those words have been my life-guide. Had it not been for the broken vase, my passion might have remained unconquered, my soul lost; but, through the Saviour's mercy, my broken spirit rests on Him.'

Boston, Dec., 1843.

WINTER.

'Tis done. Dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Winter wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years —
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age —
And pale, concluding winter comes at last
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness; those unsolid hopes
Of happiness; those longings after fame;
Those restless cares; those busy, bustling days;
Those gay-spent, festive nights; those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, which shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Winter sole survives. THOMSON

(See Engraving.)

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

Mary Lee returned to her father's house after a two years' residence with her uncle Kent. Peculiar circumstances alone had induced her parents to allow this long absence from the paternal roof, and joyfully was their eldest born welcomed back again to the warm and loving sympathies of home. With secret solicitude did they watch the development of her character, to learn if the Mary who went out from them was the same Mary who had returned to them. It was not the child Mary now; a taller Mary, maturer in manner, and more beautiful in person. The little children were quite overjoyed. Charley declared he never saw any one who could play cat's-cradle with him so well; and as for arithmetic, 'why, a queen could not explain his sums to him better than Mary did.' Alice played with her long curls, and said she had almost forgotten she had such a sister; and Robert was glad he had somebody to gallant about. For the first week or so, Mary was regarded something in the light of a visitor. By and by she began to take her appropriate place in the family circle, and bear the burden of family duty. Then the rose-tints which invested Mary, as they do every one whom we view through the medium of our own joyful feelings alone, began to fade away, and her parents were enabled to see the real lights and shades of her character. They rejoiced to behold much which was true, and excellent, and lovely in her principles and her practice. One defect soon appeared, which threatened some unhappiness in the happy home, but it was a defect of education, and needed to be removed less by direct precept, or formal lecture, than by enabling her to correct her own false judgment by more enlarged views of real life. Mary was secretly dissatisfied with her home. Small it certainly was compared with her uncle's; and she yearned for the elegant and expensive furniture, for the costly decorations and thousand luxuries which she had been accustomed to see and to enjoy there.

'O, father, why do n't you have the large open stove like uncle's? It is so much pleasanter; this black, air-tight stove will make us blue all winter.'

'Because I cannot afford it, my dear,' answered her father, mildly.

'Why we thought it was a beauty,' exclaimed Charley; 'but I declare it *is* awful black looking, as Mary says. O, father, I do n't believe we shall enjoy it half as much as we expected to;' and Charley's admiration of the air-tight altogether subsided.

'Mother, these flag-bottoms are very unfashionable. I really cannot bear the sight of them. Why, every body has mahogany chairs now-a-days. I wish you could see uncle's!' and uncle's chairs were so often alluded to, that 'old flag-bottom,' henceforth became the cognomen of a parlor chair.

'Why sister, you do n't look pleasant,' exclaimed Alice, as Mary entered the breakfast-room one cold, frosty morning; 'I guess you slept cold last night.'

'My feet are frozen,' answered Mary, pettishly; 'at uncle's, my chamber was carpeted, and I do miss it so. Father, carpets are very cheap. I should think you would carpet the chambers. I am sure, I do n't know how I shall get through the winter,' said Mary, in a low, querulous tone.

'O yes, father, carpet mine,' exclaimed Charles, who was never slow to receive Mary's impressions. 'John Emery's chamber is such a beauty. It has got a beautiful carpet, and oh, father, my feet are so cold too;' and he lapped his well-booted feet over each other with a shivering air.

'Shovel a nice new path at the side door, Charley,' said his mother, brightly, 'there is plenty of beautiful sunshine, which, with a plenty of exercise with your new shovel, will make you as warm as wool.' Charley did not exhibit his usual alacrity, and still seemed to think he should like a carpet best, and, as it was to him quite a new idea, he appeared loth to give up.

There are few things more disheartening to a father or a husband, who, after striving to do all he can *prudently* do, to make his home pleasant and comfortable, hears depreciating comparisons, and beholds a constant hankering in a wife or child after objects which he knows he cannot afford.

The sunshine of contented hearts becomes clouded, while people, instead of being thankful for what blessings they do have, pine for what is beyond them.

On a day, when Mary had been moaning over her unfashionable cloak, pretty and becoming as it was, her father returned home in the forenoon, and asked her to ride with him a few miles from town. She gladly accepted the proposal, although she did not know as 'her hood was fit to wear,' especially as her father suggested he might make a call somewhere.

It was a beautiful January day. The fields lay covered with pure, untrodden snow. The twigs and boughs reflected a sparkling radiance from their frosty crust. The air seemed filled with a thousand brilliants, and the deep, cold stillness of the country was only broken by the dropping icicle, or the distant sleigh bell. Mary was much exhilarated both by the magnificence of the snow-scene and her father's pleasant conversation. They rode long upon the beaten path, when he attempted to force his way into a cross and almost untrodden track. They diverged from a snowbank here only to plunge into another there. 'O, father, where are we going?' exclaimed Mary.

'To call at a friend's house,' answered her father; and, as they rode on, Mary discovered a roof and chimney on a slope not very far off.

'Why, father! it's a hut you are going to!' The strong horse found some difficulty in making his way from the main path toward the house. They reached the door. The steps were unshovelled. The snow had been soiled by no human step, and no signs of active life were visible since the storm. 'I am sure nobody lives here,' said Mary, as her father jumped out of the sleigh, and, making a path with his feet, lifted the latch of the door. He entered and disappeared for a few minutes. 'Is *this* the call father meant to make?' thought Mary, surveying the building. The next moment he was by her side. 'Come, Mary, let me take you in my arms, child, and carry you in; the snow is pretty deep.'

'How funny, father!' said Mary, laughing to find herself in her father's arms, which she had long since relinquished to the younger children.

What a scene did Mary behold! Two children were crouched beside a few sticks of green wood, which they were in vain attempting to kindle; their blue legs and purple arms boasted not even as scanty a covering as the body, with its thin calico. A few potato parings lay upon the hearth, which one seemed greedily chewing. 'What a privilege to be a Christian!' and Mary turning suddenly, beheld the skinny arm of a woman extended from a low bed. 'Oh, Mr. Lee, I knew God would not forsake us.' Tears glistened in her sunken, gray eye, and even the white hairs which were scattered on the forehead, as Mary afterward declared, seemed like a halo around that dry, withered face, resplendent with the emotions of a thankful heart.

'This severe cold has set in so suddenly, we feared you might be in want and have come to help you,' said Mr. Lee, kindly taking the sick woman's hand; 'you have been ill again, I am afraid. This is my Mary, Mrs. Jones,' and he drew Mary toward the bed.

'God bless you, my dear; God bless you, for leaving your warm home to come and see an old one like me,' said the woman in a broken voice, 'and you are going to be like your father, finding out the sick and relieving the poor. Oh, Miss Mary, it 's your father that denies himself for his Master's cause. It is not he that spends his money gewgawing, when nobody that 's suffering can't come to him without finding help some way; it 's me that knows that indeed. Yes, it 's me!' and her voice choked and her eyes blinked, and she covered her face as in silent blessing. Meanwhile Mr. Lee was aiding the children's efforts about the fire. 'We 've got on four potatoes there, Sir,' said one, 'and they aint warm yet,' as, in disappointment, he thrust his fingers into the pile of cold ashes. 'Oh, Sir, do n't you think they *will* roast to-day?' turning his peaked, disquieted face up to Mr. Lee, as he made the anxious inquiry. 'If you do not have potatoes, you shall have something, my child,' said Mr. Lee, patting the boy on his head. 'Shall we? oh!' he exclaimed, earnestly. The good man then went to the sleigh and bore in a basket filled with objects for immediate comfort. 'The Lord be praised!' ejaculated the aged Christian; 'that 's he, that 's Deacon Lee!' 'Grandmother, you prayed and you told us to pray, for God only could help us, and you always said he would,' exclaimed the children, running from the bed to the basket, and the basket to the bed, in grateful ecstasy.

Mary looked on in tearful silence. It was a scene she was not soon to forget. To her full heart, her father seemed like an angel, ministering indeed to the heirs of salvation. 'What a privilege it was to bless that suffering family!' said Mary, with deep emotion, as they rode over the ice-bound bridge at the foot of the hill.

'By denying myself the luxuries of life, Mary, I have been enabled to do this. Our home has all the comforts of life. Now Mary, you have grown up, and have a voice in the family arrangements. Do you choose that we shall buy costly furniture, splendid decorations for our house, or shall we use our earnings as God has prospered us, in relieving the distressed, seeking out the suffering, and aiding the great plans of doing good, which are every where to advance our Redeemer's cause?'

'Let me be like you, father!' exclaimed Mary, stricken to the heart, when she remembered how much pain she must have caused him.

'Deny yourself, and thus imitate the example of your Redeemer, my Mary,' said the father, with deep solemnity.

From that day Mary rejoiced in her home, and was often found in many humbler homes, bearing the blessed fruits of Christian charity and love.

Portsmouth, N. H., Dec., 1843.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. **Cowper.**

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

'THESE ARE MY JEWELS.'

BY MRS. T. P. SMITH.

A ROMAN MATRON, ON BEING ASKED TO EXHIBIT HER JEWELS, POINTED TO HER CHILDREN AND SAID, 'THESE ARE MY JEWELS.'

Not emeralds of purest green,
Not ocean pearls of silvery sheen,
Not ruby, onyx, amethyst —
Not these the jewels I prize best.

No diamond's dazzling radiance,
Nor all earth's jewelled elegance,
Not Peru's gold, Golconda's, fine,
I 'd call '*my jewels*,' were they mine.

Mind is the gem of wisdom's choice,
The soul, the pearl of greatest price;
The young immortals of my care —
'These are my jewels,' bright and fair.

My first-born, my bright, noble son,
E'en now to quite a stripling grown,
Whose tenderness to 'mother dear'
And oft caresses start the tear —

Another little active boy,
With golden ringlets, roguish eye,
Destined, so says a noted sage,
To make his mark on Time's blank page —

The little nymph, so sweet and fair,
Beguiling papa of his care,
And imaging, with witching grace,
The features of an older face —

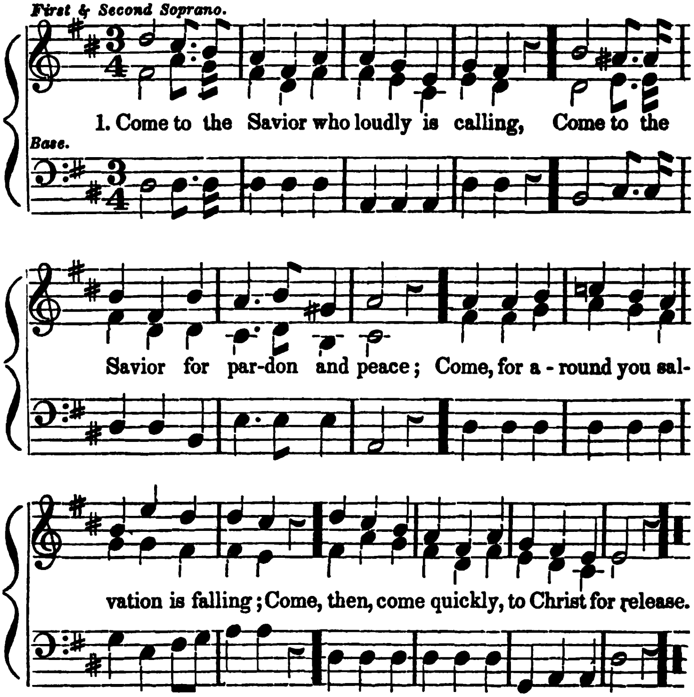
'*These are my jewels*,' these my joy;
The heart's pure gold without alloy;
The mother's crown — a richer gem,
Than any monarch's diadem.

When called to leave this earthly scene,
Then, when its gems look pale and mean,
I 'll say, when we to Heaven arise,
'These are my jewels,' in the skies.

Boston, Dec., 1843.

"COME TO THE SAVIOR."

WRITTEN FOR THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT,—BY LOWELL MASON.


First & Second Soprano.
Base.
1. Come to the Savior who loudly is calling, Come to the
Savior for par-don and peace; Come, for a - round you sal-
vation is falling; Come, then, come quickly, to Christ for release.

2

Come, wait no longer, why will you be straying?
  Haste ye, oh haste ye for heaven's high prize;
All is uncertain, while you are delaying,
  Hear then, O mortal, to-day and be wise.

3

Haste, for the Spirit around you now hovers,
  Heed, while the Savior says, "Seek ye my face;"
Enter while Jesus the peace branch discovers,
  Offering salvation, salvation by grace.

4

Few are the moments you have for enjoying
  Pleasures of earth, which are fading away;
Death all these pleasures will soon be destroying,
  Come then, come quickly, nor longer delay.

THE
YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

'SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.'

BY MISS ELLEN S. SMITH.

Who has not been interested by reading the story of Mary's devotion to her Saviour and his kind approval of her offering? When his followers censured and attributed to wrong motives the act which was prompted by her grateful heart, how cheering must have been the commendation of Jesus. And in the dark days which followed, when her crucified Lord had gone from her, when clouds seemed to envelop his cause, and his disciples were persecuted in every city, how must these words have dwelt in her memory, and inspired each day the desire to do what she could for the poor, whom her Master had said would be always with her. I have often thought this simple story of Mary's love was full of encouragement to the female disciples of our Saviour. What young lady as she reads it, does not feel, that, feeble as her powers may be, she can do something to benefit those about her; something to hasten on the day when all shall hail Jesus as their Saviour? God is often pleased to bless the most humble means, and thus has placed it in the power of all to labor for Him. I know of one such instance, of which I always think with pleasure.

In one of the little log houses in the eastern part of Maine, a poor man lived and labored for his family. His oldest child, a girl of sixteen, returned from six months' instruction in a neighboring village, (the first privilege of the kind she had ever enjoyed,) with a mind awakened to an ardent desire for knowledge. The few books her home contained were already known by heart, and in want of any other reading, the Bible, a book she had never been taught to value, was brought forth for perusal. She had seldom heard the gospel preached, and had enjoyed no other means of religious instruction. The Spirit of God now fixed her attention, and with wonder she read the story of a Saviour's love. Her wonder was changed to penitence for sin. She was humbled at Jesus' feet, and with faith prayed for pardon. With a sense of forgiveness, came the inquiry, what she, a poor ignorant child, could do for her Saviour. Her brothers were her first thought. She had been trying to teach them to read, and now, with her daily instructions, she related over and over to them the lessons she was learning from the word of God. She had heard of Sabbath schools, and now she thought that among her few neighbors she might establish one. With difficulty she persuaded her father to lend his kitchen for a school-room, and then rested not until all the children within some miles had promised to come. Happy was she, and yet she trembled when she found herself sole teacher of twenty ignorant children. She persevered. Her school increased, and parents were interested and came in to hear. Old men and middle-aged joined the circle, and, as the young teacher grew in knowledge and strength, they profited by her instruction. Years have passed away, but the school still continues, though it now numbers hundreds instead of scores, and is in the midst of a flourishing village. A neat church stands near the site of the old kitchen, and every Sabbath it is filled with attentive worshippers. One of that girl's brothers is preparing for the ministry; the others are devoted, influential Christians. One of the scholars is already on missionary ground. The teacher has ceased from her labors of love. She was early called from the world, and we cannot doubt has shared with Mary the blessed commendation, 'She hath done what she could.'

Contrasted with this humble disciple, how sadly do I think of an early acquaintance of mine. She was the eldest child of wealthy, indulgent parents. She possessed beauty of no ordinary kind, and talents of a high order. Her education might have been such as to render her eminently useful. But she forgot the chief end of education, and devoted herself to obtaining those accomplishments which would give her favor in the eyes of the world. Self was always her first thought, and the pleasures of the world her only pursuit. Her musical powers were remarkable, but her sweet voice was never heard in the choir, or the Sabbath school. Neither was her home made glad by her strains; they were reserved for the applause of strangers. Her conversational powers were often spoken of with admiration, but they were not exerted to make her father and brother happy. She is now a wife and mother; but who can suppose that her husband will be happy in his home, or her children useful in the world? Did the selfish daughter and sister ever make the kind and true wife, or self-denying mother?

Young reader, are you doing what you can for the Saviour? Look around you, and see how much remains to be done which you can do. Is your influence in the family circle exerted for good? Are your brothers and sisters the better for your example? Is your mother's care lightened and her heart made glad by your aid? The Sabbath school is another appropriate field of labor. To woman alone is committed the key to the hidden recesses of the young heart. Are you laboring in this cause? Are you sowing seed in tender minds which cannot be eradicated, but which will spring up in later life and bear fruit to the glory of God? Is your heart filled with a missionary spirit? If it is, you can be a missionary in your own town or city. On every side you will find those who seldom come under the sound of the gospel. Seek out such, and, by your influence, impart a desire which will lead them within the circle of Christians.

But I need not enumerate. The work is all around you. Cultivate the desire to do good, and opportunities will accumulate faster than you can improve them. Be not discouraged if you meet with opposition. Imitate your Saviour's patience in his labor of love. Be animated by the thought, that you are a co-worker with Him, and look forward with hope to the time, when, if faithful, you may hear Him say, 'She hath done what she could.'

Calais, Me., Dec., 1843.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

CHRISTIAN HABITS.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

WHERE good and ill are strangely mixed,
  To Pilgrim, true, is given
Not rapture, but the habit, fixed,
  Of fellowship with Heaven.

Beleaguered by the fiends of night,
  Behind, beneath, and o'er him,
His habit is, to watch the light
  That ever burns before him.

And if that star at times is dim,
  And fades his bright Elysian,
He knows the error is with him,
  And prays for perfect vision.

Nor idly at the mountain's foot
  Repeats a helpless story;
But strong exertion forth will put
  To reach the upper glory.

Accursed devils!—jeer and jibe—
  Ye cannot him appal;
Roar, lions!—HE, of Judah's tribe,
  Shall rend the lion's caul.

Adown the ghostly vale of fears,
  Where souls are lost and won—
He sighs, and weeps, and stops his ears,
  And journeys meekly on.

Whate'er the road, or wind, or weather,
  Fierce sun or freezing blast,
He travels on, nor cares a feather,
  So resteth he at last.

And thus he goes, in face of foes,
  Through storms, and fogs, and rains,
Till where the spice-gale softly blows
  O'er Beulah's pleasant plains.

Till hoarsely murmurs at his feet
  The cold and rapid river,
Beyond whose banks the sunbeams beat,
  That warm and shine forever.

These are his habits;—are they *mine?*
  Is crown, or curse for me?
Lord of the way! my feet incline
  Steadfastly unto Thee.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec., 1843.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE FIRST LOAF.

BY MRS. H. C. K.

An emergency at last came in my domestic arrangements, for which I was wholly unprepared, despite the admonitory warnings of all good house-keepers, to be prepared when such do occur, as occur they must, in these days of help-wanting. An excellent girl had gone, and her place was supplied by one who I felt, when I beheld her, could never answer that description which had induced me to engage her. She stood demurely before me, awaiting her new instructions.

'You can make some bread, Nancy; now I want you to sift some flour and set some rising.'

'How shall I make it? That never was my work before, but you will tell me how, ma'am, and I can learn quick,' was the reply; and the anxious, yet willing expression of her face, bespoke a teachable spirit as it also did an inexperienced hand. Heavily did that answer fall upon my ear — '*how* shall I make it?' Yes, that was *the* question, how? What a world of experience and power did that little word comprehend. I remember my mother talked much about 'setting the sponge,' placing it in a warm situation, baking it when it was *just enough* raised; these snatches of information I well remembered, but the right quantity, quality and number of ingredients, with the *just how* they should all be put together, was the still unanswered question. There stood Nancy. 'Upon the whole,' said I, after a moment's thoughtful pause, 'as there is so much that is more important to do, we will put this matter off and try baker's bread,' and I felt thankful for the respite.

Days passed on.

'Cannot Nancy make bread?' asked my husband, at last, 'I am getting quite tired of baker's bread.'

'She shall make some; but this is beautiful baker's bread, George. I do n't know but it is nicer than any home-made bread I ever ate,' I replied, in a most recommendatory tone, taking another slice, which I did not want.

'There is nothing like good home-made bread, such as my mother used to make.' To the first part of his remark I did not materially object, inasmuch as it was secretly my own opinion; but when he suggested an equality with his mother's bread, than which nothing in his estimation ever excelled, I felt a sad shrinking of heart at my own conscious inability of attaining it.

'May you be blessed with just such an appetite as you had, when, a boy, you ate your mother's bread!' was my inward benediction, as he arose to return to his afternoon business. Sometimes I thought of confessing our dilemma. Had it been the first week of our marriage, it had all been well; he would have smiled at my inexperience; but we had unfortunately been married some time; and, however lovely inefficiency and want of skill may appear in a lady-love or a bride, it assumes quite a different aspect, when not to know is inexcusable ignorance. 'O, I can't do that,' could no longer be viewed in the light of maiden timidity, or delicate helplessness; beside, it savored too little of 'his mother,' who was a pattern housekeeper.

But the bread must be made. I arose one morning feeling quite cool and courageous, and resolved that day to attempt it. 'I will begin with pearlash bread; that I am sure will be easiest and much less trouble.' So upon pearlash bread I was decided.

With what deep and earnest interest did I prepare my flour, milk, salt and pearlash. With what anxiety did I mix these important ingredients together. 'I will have pearlash enough,' thought I. 'I am determined it shall be light,' and another spoonful was quickly added. The bread was made; the pans were ready, the fire kindled, and at last it was satisfactorily deposited in the well-heated oven. I took my seat beside the stove to watch its progress. How anxious was I to see it rise. How readily did I remember the round, plump aspect of my mother's loaves. Time passed on, and, despite my watchful inspection and ardent wishes, it was still flat, flat, flat! It grew beautifully brown, but there it lay, so demure, so unaspiring.

Dinner came, and my husband walked in with a friend or two to dine, as, in the hospitality of his heart, he often did. I extended a welcome hand, but I am sure my burnt face and disquieted look were tell-tales of a heart not particularly glad to see them.

We sat down at table; the mackerel was well broiled, the potatoes well done, the butter was well melted, but the bread — the bread! the article above all, which my husband considered most important, which he considered indispensable to be good — it was handed round — he took a slice; it certainly did not resemble bread, thickly studded as it was with little brown spots of undissolved pearlash; and then how it tasted! a strange mixture of salt and bitter, which was altogether unbearable. My husband looked surprised and mortified, and how did not I feel? 'Is there no other?' he looked significantly to me.

I shook my head, while he involuntarily removed the unpalatable slice afar from his plate. How little did I enjoy the society of my agreeable guests. How distant did I wish them; any where but at my own table.

'Had you not better attend to the bread-making yourself, Mary,' said George, as soon as we were alone, 'and not leave that most important part of cooking to such miserably inexperienced hands?' There was a decision in his gentle tone, which I well knew meant to give me no choice in the matter, and I saw that he little imagined the 'miserably inexperienced hands' upon which he laid such strong emphasis, were neither more nor less than my own; and it did not afford me much consolation, that he expected better things than all this of me.

I went away and wept heartily and humbly with this pitiful lamentation, 'what *shall* I do?' There stood the piano. What availed all the time, talent and industry, which had so long been spent upon learning a few tunes? It added not an iota to the real comfort of my household. Handsome worsted work adorned our parlor. O, that I could recall an hundredth part of the time spent with an embroidery needle, and re-pass it, in thoroughly and skilfully acquiring the important arts of housewifery. From that moment I resolved to *study* into my domestic duties; not lightly and loosely, as if they were small matters, easily gotten over, but I resolved to *know how* to become a skilful, economical, thrifty housekeeper. Upon success in this, how much of family welfare and family happiness depend. When I have cut my sweet, light, wholesome loaves, there still lingers the sad remembrance of the pain, the anxiety, nay, the mortification of my first efforts; with no one to advise, and no one to aid me. Mine was a long and wearisome probation in bread-making, and all because I lightly esteemed these great duties, when time and opportunity were freely offered under a mother's eye.

Let not young ladies look upon these duties as menial, or of slight importance. A household cannot be well-ordered and happy, unless they are faithfully and intelligently understood. Let no woman ever imagine that a husband's comfort, enjoyment, or prosperity depends alone upon the smiles and ornaments of his parlor. It is skilful and judicious management in the kitchen which does so much toward making home pleasant and prospects bright. Let every young lady who expects to become a wife (and who does not?) look well to these things before she leaves the maternal care. Let her remember, that to become truly a 'help-meet,' implies prudence, sagacity and experience in domestic duties; and let no one enter into that important and most interesting relation with untried powers and unskilful hands.

THE BIBLE.

O CHILD of sorrow, be it thine to know,
The Bible is the only cure for wo.
That field of promise — how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road.
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Finds solid happiness in every grief;
Forgets her labor as she toils along,
Sheds tears of joy and bursts into a song.

COWPER.

TRUE AND FALSE DELICACY.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of—which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark. This spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as it is from good feeling and good sense—but that high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women as in the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed, indeed, to smile or to blush;—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one;—that delicacy which can give alms without display, and advice without assuming, and which pains not the most humble or susceptible being in creation. This is the delicacy which forms so important a part of good taste, that, where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society. Nor can this, the greatest charm of female character, if totally neglected in youth, ever be acquired in after life. When the mind has been accustomed to what is vulgar or gross, the fine edge of feeling is gone, and nothing can restore it. It is comparatively easy, on first entering upon life, to maintain the page of thought unsullied, by closing it against every improper image; but when once such images are allowed to mingle with the imagination, so as to be constantly revived by memory, and thus to give their tone to the habitual mode of thinking and conversing, the beauty of the female character may, indeed, be said to be gone, and its glory departed.

TIME.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal which demands despatch.
How much is to be done!

Dr. Young.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THOUGHTS FOR THE SECOND DAY OF THE WEEK.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

Again upon the rough waves of the world
My fragile skiff is launched. But yesterday,
With sails close trimmed, like an o'erwearied bird
It slept upon the waters, safe within
Its sheltered moorings, with its anchor dropped
E'en to the pillow of the crystal flood.
Pointing in silence to the spirit's home
Its slender bows reposed. The breezes came
Laden with Heaven's own perfume, and they spoke
Of peace — such peace as earthly spirits know
Whose trust is stayed on God. Another friendly port
In life's short journey was that Sabbath rest!
And what a change! The tread of hurrying feet —
The whirlwind of excitement, and the voice
Of earthly passion have usurped the throne,
For a brief space left vacant.

'T is an uncertain voyage we pursue,
And the last haven, though unseen, is near.
Unto the faithful traveller, the goal
Opens its arms invitingly, and gives
Shelter and home forever.

Father of mercies! grant,
As one by one our shattered barks are moored,
That all thy wayward children may be found,
Clad in the spotless garments which they wear
Whose sins have been forgiven.

Boston, Dec., 1843.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

Oh! Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must shed these tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

T. Moore.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1844. NO. 2.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

MAKE HOME A HAPPY PLACE.

BY MRS. ELIZA BIGELOW.

In consistency with the beautiful plan of the Creator, in forming the magic circle of love around every son and daughter of the race as it enters the world, is the principle, that *happiness is dependent on no circumstances.* It enters the palace of kings or the hovel of the peasant, — it takes up its abode at the hearth of the laborer, the mechanist, the daughter of toil, or the son of affluence, — filling each heart in which it is invited to dwell.

It was for the wisdom of the Creator to contrive for man, in his sorrow and suffering, a home — that endearing place, which so mysteriously embodies all which can be conceived of tender sympathies and enduring affection.

'How then can home be made happy?' So that its silver cords may be extended along the line of life, binding the cherished affections so firmly that they will not stray to forbidden gratifications; weaving its threads of love into the whole web of the young traveller's destiny? How may the parent write indelible truth upon the soul? How may prayer ascend to Heaven, so that blessings may fall in distant years, and rills of 'salvation spring up in the desert?'

So great a question, and of such general application, demands attention and inquiry.

Happy for us, that it is not left for the cold speculatist, or ingenious metaphysician, to answer. We need not go to the scholar, the man of science, or to the many books, teeming from the press, for an answer. The same divine hand which drew out these circles of love, has placed within reach of every family in our favored country a Guide to Happiness, ever speaking in clear and thrilling tones to the listening ear, and as soothingly to the inmates of the log cabin, as to the carpeted saloon. Happy, indeed, will it be for the man of wealth and leisure, revelling in the profusion of literature, if it shall appear, that this message of God's mercy has been as reverently studied by him, as in the cottage of the poor laborer, after the toils of the weary day.

No one can attentively read the pages of the New Testament without a deep conviction, that the infinite source of happiness is Love. So far as we cherish this principle, we resemble Him. It would be impossible, here, to enumerate the different forms in which we are urged to its cultivation. Gentleness, kindness, forgiveness, long-suffering, are but so many expressions of love; and the conviction is irresistible, that God regards it as the prime excellence, soaring high above all other virtues, ever rising to its own home and reaching after its own element in the heavens.

Christian love unites the heart of the parent to God, *making it one with the centre of Love;* and, thus united, it goes forth in all its kindly ministry in that sweet home, made on purpose for its exercise; there, unrestrained by cold observation, it shares in the happiness of those whose natures demand its expression. We read this demand in the earnest gaze of the untaught babe, as it is fixed on the beaming face which bends over it, joyously returning the smile of affection. We read it in the little prattler who loves to hear its own lispings of the endearing name, 'father.' Ask yourselves, ye parents, did you ever expend a look or tone of love which was not returned fourfold by your child, thus revealing to you its own earnest demands of love implanted by its Maker? Oh, cut not off those silver threads which will weave up its sum of earthly happiness!

Love, then, should be cultivated as a principle, guiding all the conduct, correcting the tones of the voice, keeping back the wrinkles of care by its own beautiful impress on the face, and 'diffusing an atmosphere of light, like a perpetual sunshine.' It must be felt to be the strongest principle in the family guidance and government. One would think, that amid these binding attractions of home, and the responding voices of 'brother,' 'sister,' 'father' and 'mother,' we should live, move and have our being, in love, as a thing of course. But alas! the history of the first family of our race, who took their lessons of love in the bowers of Eden, tells the sickening tale of havoc and ruin which sin introduced.

Unless the principle of love be cultivated, you can never fulfil the duties required of you as a parent. You cannot cherish that intimacy which makes you the dearest friend of your children, the repository of their young hopes, trials, joys and sorrows, and thus you must remain a stranger to the grand secret of successful education. Only let your soul be bathed in the love of Christ, as you take your infant in your arms, and, under its mighty impulse, give it back by a whole consecration to Him; let it swell your bosom as you lead the little one onward in the path of life, studying his feelings, controlling his will, yourself the cherished companion of his way, nourishing the confidence which binds you to each other, and the advantage you gain cannot be told.

The warm affections of your children demand this intimacy of friendship, this entire confidence. If they do not find it at home, will they not seek it abroad? How is it, Christian mother? Perhaps at this very moment your timid child may be balancing the destiny of her undying soul, pressed down with the heavy thought, that the avenue to her mother's heart is closed! A little neglect, a few cold words, may oppose an obstacle to her salvation which worlds could not remove. Love must be cherished in this cold world more carefully than you guard your delicate plant from the frost of winter. Oh that experience might tell you of the sweet intimacies, the artless confidence, the thousand attractions clustering around that happy home, where love burns brightly on the family altar.

The tasteful beauty of many an elegant mansion may be lost in cold forgetfulness, while the white-washed walls which enclose the 'old arm-chair and family Bible' will leave their indelible impressions on the soul, when pencilled by love.

Your daughters will need the soothing remembrance of your tenderness when they quit a mother's care, for the trying responsibilities of life. They will take a mother's tones and expressions to impart to their own offspring. A mother's smiles may, in distant years, dress their own faces in the hour of sadness; and the cherished love to the Saviour which glowed on the altar of their childhood's home, may sustain and cheer them in the future conflict.

Your sons will need it. So thought that distinguished author who said, '*a happy childhood is a boy's best safeguard.*' Can a mother forget, as she bids the affectionate 'good night' to her little son, and lays him in his warm bed, that the days will too soon arrive for him to leave his father's house, for the temptations of the world? Many a hard rub your boy may have in the struggle of life, but those nightly farewells, the kind admonition, the tear and the kiss, may not be effaced from his soul. They may visit him as he paces the deck in the silent hour, or reels on the mast in the perilous storm. The remembered prayer may nerve his arm to gather up the tossing sail, and, as a beam from Heaven, send hope to the bosom of despair. Your son needs your warmest love. Let me dwell upon this point; for I believe it to be the fruitful source of disobedience to parents, desertion of home and abandonment to crime, that so little love is felt, cherished and expressed for the children God has given you. Ask yourself, oh sorrowful one, whose bitter experience tells of disappointed hope, did the demand, which God implanted in the breast of your boy, meet a proper return? Had you love enough to subdue his will and control his passions? Had you love enough to deny yourself your own gratification to stay within that home of sweet attractions and enduring influences for the *purpose for which God placed you there*, as a ministering spirit to the beings in whose happiness He requires an absorbing interest, as a sentinel guarding the precious charge with watchful eye and jealous care? Could you deny yourself the evening's entertainment abroad, for the superior pleasure of intercourse with your children? If you had the ability, had you *love* enough to instruct your son in those elements of knowledge which are essential to usefulness in the world, aiding him in his weary task by the charm of a mother's cheerful accents, and the winning persuasion of a mother's lips, choosing this unfailing path to love of acquisition, in preference to the uncertain results of passing him over to the charge of an uninterested stranger? Could you sit hour after hour with your little boy, patiently introducing to the avenues of his heart, in pure and gentle streams, the knowledge of truth and duty? Had you love enough to retire from the fireside circle, as he laid his head upon the pillow, to commend him to God, and to send up one more cord from your soul to bind him to the eternal throne?

Oh, mother, I pity you, if these questions cannot meet an affirmative! And if they do, let me say, take courage. Your boy is safe. He may be in dangerous paths, and it may be needful to send an angel to snatch him from the yawning pit. But who ever heard of a child who could break such cords of love?

Rochester, Mass., Jan., 1844.

PLAY-PLACE OF OUR EARLY DAYS.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
Which feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved existing still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked and hewed, not yet destroyed:
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollections of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent, sweet, simple years again. Cowper.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

LESSONS OF BENEVOLENCE.

BY WILLIAM A. ALCOTT.

THE young are presented, often enough, in a world like this, with lessons of selfishness; but where are the lessons of benevolence? When and where are the young taught to do good for the mere pleasure of it? When and where have they been taught by natural, consistent example, that it is more blessed to give than to receive?

Not that there is no blessedness in receiving. The Bible does not affirm this, neither do facts. Let the blessedness of receiving be valued as highly as it may be; as highly, absolutely so, as it ever has been. Love to neighbor is ever to be graduated, in some good degree, at least, by love to self. But I still say, that if we value 'to receive' ever so highly, the value of 'to give' rises higher.

Children should be taught this. Not, if it were possible, by precept alone, but, as I have before said, by consistent example. Precept may do much, but example will do much more. Let the habit of doing good to others, and of loving to do good, be implanted as early as possible.

There was a single strawberry on the vines one day — a straggler, the last of the season — and yet a choice one. 'Will you have that,' said I, 'or will you give it to your little sister?' '*I* want it,' said he. 'I know you do,' I replied; 'but so does she, and it is hardly worth while to divide it. One of you must have it, and the other go without it. If P. has it, you must go without it; but if you have it, P. will be obliged to go without it. Here it is, you may eat it, and let P. go without it; or you may give it to her, and go without it yourself.'

It was quite a trial to the little boy; but, selfish though he was, a kindling benevolence, for the moment, predominated. He gave up the strawberry to his sister, and said no more. Nor was any thing more said at that time. I was anxious to have both of them feel the full influence of the action. I was especially desirous, however, that the elder child should know, from experience, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Let it not be supposed that I attach great importance to a single insulated act of this kind; for it is far otherwise. But there must be a beginning somewhere. Beside, habit is formed by the repetition of single acts. On this account I would begin with little passing occurrences — the smaller they are, and the less they depart from the ordinary, natural, even tenor of life, the better.

Had the boy been praised for his good conduct — had there been even a smile of approbation, the end of the lesson would not, in my view, have been so well answered. Selfishness would have been encouraged, in a greater or less degree; and, if it is incorrect to say that benevolence would have been suppressed, it would be right to say of the latter, that it was not greatly developed, because the reward was external — the approbation of others — when it should have been, purely, the approbation of conscience.

A few days afterward, as we were all at the strawberry bed, I mentioned, rather accidentally, that I had lately picked a strawberry from the vines, and told what became of it. I saw, or thought I saw, at once, that I had done harm by introducing the conversation, and especially by accompanying it with looks and tones of approbation. But the error was committed, and it was impossible to go back. What was done, was done for eternity.

How difficult it is for parents to carry out their own purposes, and fulfil their own resolves. I began right, most undoubtedly; but parental love came in, and I forgot my determination to be vigilant, and the evil was done. How important in a social view, I mean in family education, is the Saviour's oft-repeated injunction to 'watch!' If there are those in the world, who, above all others, ought to watch over those around them, and over themselves for the sake of those around them, it is parents.

Hartford, Conn., Jan., 1844.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THREE LITTLE BOYS IN PRISON.

BY CHARLES HOLDEN, ESQ.

I OCCASIONALLY visit the house prepared for some of the criminals in our city. It is situated at the westerly part, in a very picturesque retreat. It would pass, in the eyes of strangers, as the seat of a wealthy gentleman, rather than the residence of the poor and culpable.

A recent visit to this place disclosed a very painful sight. Myself and a friend wished to visit the prisoners, and various doors were unbolted and thrown open, that we might pass. Enclosed between some of these walls of stone, were men imprisoned for stealing, for intemperance, &c. The door of one of these stone cages being opened, disclosed to our sight *three little boys*. Their ages were from ten to twelve years. They had been sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for stealing! What a painful contemplation was this! The lads had been there but a few days. A dreary period of imprisonment was before them. They stood at their grated window, looking out at the high fence, by which the cells are enclosed. Their caps were upon their heads, as though but a few minutes were to elapse, ere they could depart from their rugged room. They turned toward us, and burst into tears! The most touching appeals were made to us, to obtain their liberation; and promises of future good conduct were most profusely made. We conversed with them. Two had been Sabbath school scholars, and promised to attend punctually on each Sabbath, to their class, if they could but escape the horrors of their prison-house!

I was never more seriously affected at juvenile depravity, and its consequences, than by this scene. The boys had not the hardened boldness of experienced thieves, or the filthy coarseness of the bad boys we often see at large. They were well dressed, cleanly boys; the ruddiness of health on their cheeks and the sparkle of intellect in their eyes, and their deportment was that of lads whose parents had cared for them.

'Where are your parents?' I asked one of them.

'My father is dead; my mother is at home,' was the answer.

'Weeping, no doubt,' said I, 'for your imprisonment, and for the offence which caused it.' A fresh flood of tears broke forth, as the lad begged for liberty to go to his mother!

When we concluded to withdraw from this unpleasant scene, they clung to us with the tenacity of despair, beseeching us for liberty. Even after the door of their cell had been bolted, they applied their mouths to the interstices, and besought relief in most piteous accents. Poor boys! We could afford them none, and left them to wear away their tedious imprisonment, in the massive prison-house, prepared for depraved men.

What a perversion of Nature's laws was here. These lads should have been basking in the sunshine and fresh air, gladdening the hearts of parents by their happy faces and buoyant laugh. How painful the reverse! I could but doubt the policy of imprisoning lads like these, in a gloomy cell, with hardened men or degraded women on each side of them. The kind discipline of a parent, the wholesome restraint of a humane master — to turn their erring steps into the true path, by counsel and persuasion — how much better this, than such a discipline. The thirty days of idleness, that these lads passed on that occasion, did them no good. It may have made them more artful to avoid imprisonment again, but how little was the heart affected by kindness. The hearts of lads at their age, might be won to virtue and honor by the right method, with little pains. Their parents might fitly weep over the desolation of their house, when those whom they had so kindly cared for, were far removed, at their tender age, from their care, and thus imprisoned. It is a case which may well excite the pity of every parent.

Portland, Me., Jan., 1844.

Domestic happiness —
Thou art the nurse of virtue; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again. COWPER.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY E. S. S.

I HELD my first-born in my arms, and looked on its features with new emotions; hope and fear, delight and trembling, all strangely mingled. A new and holy fountain of love and happiness opened in my heart, and waters of pleasure gushed forth, purer and sweeter than I had tasted before. Heartfelt thanksgivings, for this rich gift from Heaven, ascended to my heavenly Father, and, with them, earnest prayer for strength to discharge my new duties in his fear. The weeks rolled away — how swiftly every mother knows — and my daughter grew in interest each day. The world seemed new to me; every duty was lighter; each pleasure was increased. My babe knew me, and the first intelligent glance of her eye filled me with delight. She walked. How my heart throbbed as she ran, for the first time, into my arms. She lisped my name. No ear but mine could have distinguished the word, yet the sound was sweet music to my ear.

Time still rolled on, and now, I was never alone. My daughter was always with me, and, babe though she was, she became my friend. If I was sick, she whispered softly, lest I should be disturbed. If I was sad, her mild eye looked sympathy. If I was joyful, she shared my mirth. If I sung, she mingled her sweet notes in the strains. Long hours she sat by my side, dressed her doll and prattled words of love and happiness. Her most simple, childish words were eloquent to me. Sometimes her young mind seemed perplexed, and then she asked strange questions about this world, all new and bright to her. I told her of heaven, of the Saviour and his angels, and she never wearied while I talked of their glories. I taught her to pray, and strange, though sweetly solemn, were the petitions she uttered to her Father in heaven.

My darling sickened. For a week, I called her illness slight.

I could not fear that she, who clung to me with so strong a love, could leave me for the cold grave. At last I was told she must die. My own heart told me so, and it was full to bursting. I could not look at her when convulsions rent her frame, and every nerve seemed quivering with anguish. I fear my heart rebelled against God's will. I forgot that He, the Giver of my treasure, would deal with it gently and in mercy.

She left me. The casket lay before me more beautiful than ever, but the gem I loved was gone! O, how little which I valued seemed left on earth! All things around me whispered of my loss. The books I had read while she sat by my side, spoke of her. Her playthings lay neglected around me. Her crib and chair, the clothes she wore but yesterday, all were empty — all, like my heart, desolate. I went to God. I prayed for submission to his will. He heard my prayer. My thoughts were turned from my empty home to the bright world where my child now dwelt. I thought no longer of my loss, but I remembered only the eternal gain of her whose happiness had so long been my care. A voice like that of my babe whispered —

'Let not a tear ungratefully be given,
Bid not a murmur linger where she trod;
The child of earth is now the child of Heaven;
Thy loved one, mother, is the loved of God!

'And still forget not; but when flowers are sighing,
And evening sunset fades along the west,
Think of thy child; yet oh, not pale and dying,
But living, smiling, radiant mid the blest!'

Calais, Me., Jan., 1844.

PIOUS, INTELLIGENT FATHERS. — Those fathers who have few external advantages for training their children, have often been observed to have virtuous, sensible and useful families. Indeed, a pious, devoted, sensible, intelligent father, whatever be his poverty or difficulties in life, has every reason to persevere; for, the success of such means as he uses has been proved by thousands of cases. While the wealth and splendor of the richest inhabitants of our cities are frequently dissipated in a single generation, virtue often entails comfort, health, respectability and happiness, on the descendants of the good, whether in the town, the village, or the hamlet. — *Father's Book.*

Twenty-one Madrigals, Glees, and Part Songs: Designed for Choir Practice, or Chorus Singing. Selected mostly from old and distinguished Composers. By Lowell Mason and George J. Webb. Boston: J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter. 1844.

We have examined this new book of music with much pleasure and interest. As a general thing, the pieces are easy of performance, and, in this respect, are just what they should be for singers in general. Some of the pieces were written as far back as the latter part of the sixteenth century, and are truly excellent.

This work is designed, as the title says, for choir practice, or chorus singing. To acquire elasticity of voice, and ease and fluency of expression, there must be some practice beside that of hymn tunes; and we cheerfully recommend this publication, as adapted to such practice.

Among many pieces which are very beautiful, we mention two, namely, 'Come, come away,' page 44, and 'Hark! the Lark at Heaven's Gate sings,' page 70.

A Visit to the Mountains. By John S. C. Abbott. Author of 'Mother at Home,' &c. Boston: Crocker and Brewster. 1844.

The author says, that one evening his children gathered around him and begged him to tell them a story. He commenced, and the narrative afforded them so much enjoyment, that he thought it might contribute at least to the happiness of the children of other families. This is the history of the book.

It is a narrative of an excursion into the country, and is written in Mr. Abbott's usually felicitous style, blending salutary moral lessons with interesting narrative. It is embellished by three handsome wood-cuts.

FAREWELL.

Nay, shrink not from the word 'farewell!'
As if 't were friendship's final knell;
Such fears may prove but — vain.
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever — Hope may say,
'We part *to meet again!*'

E'en the last parting earth can know
Brings not unutterable wo
To souls which heavenward soar;
For humble Faith, with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts, which here at parting sigh,
May meet *to part no more.*

Bernard Barton.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

POWER OF FEMALE INFLUENCE.

BY MISS SUSAN M. HATHAWAY.

THERE are no persons, however humble their situation in life, who do not exert an influence upon those with whom they are connected. Though this is an admitted fact, it is evident that it is not sufficiently realized. The young, as they enter upon the stage of action, do not sufficiently feel that they will exert an influence which will be felt in future generations, and affect eternity itself. Perhaps there is no one whose influence is more powerfully felt upon those with whom she associates, than an attractive young lady; and none are less conscious of that influence. The following narrative may tend to demonstrate this truth.

Amelia was the daughter of wealthy and influential parents. She was possessed of an unusual share of personal attractions, an amiable disposition and an accomplished mind. At the age of sixteen she was introduced to society, of which she soon became a favorite. She was the pride of her indulgent parents, and their partial eyes could see no faults in her. Owing to the peculiar sweetness of her disposition, her fascinating manners and uncommon beauty, she was soon surrounded with admirers, among whom Edward B—— obtained the preference. Prepossessing in manners and appearance, with a mind highly cultivated, and given to no bad habits, no wonder he should soon become the acknowledged object of her affections. The society in which they mingled was considered extremely moral, and although at that time card-playing was common in almost every fashionable circle, there, it was unknown. At length a gentleman visited the home of Amelia, who was a card-player, and through his influence she became passionately fond of this amusement. On one of Edward's evening visits to Amelia, he was surprised by a request from her for a game at cards. As he had been strictly educated, his quick reply, with a reproving voice and look was, 'I never play at cards.' 'Why, dear Edward,' she exclaimed, 'you are extremely fastidious; pray inform me what possible evil can result from the shuffling of this paste-board?'

Accustomed to consider Amelia as the model of perfection, conscience was silenced, and he yielded. As he took the cards in his hands, for the first time in his life, he mentally acknowledged, that his parents were too precise. Naturally ardent in his temperament, he soon became more expert, and more devoted to the amusement, than even his loved Amelia.

To be brief, they were united, and the smiles of Heaven seemed to crown their youthful love. For two years they were happy in each other, and, while their affection knew no diminution, their pleasure knew no alloy. At the expiration of that time, Amelia perceived a gradual change in the manners of her husband. The usual tranquil serenity of his countenance was clouded with an expression of anxiety, and even melancholy; and he often appeared sad and abstracted. She knew that something preyed upon his spirits, and her greatest grief was, that he did not as usual confide in her. He spent much less time with her than formerly, and soon, with bleeding heart, she perceived that her once loved presence was now irksome to him.

Upon one occasion, as with feverish anxiety she was endeavoring to solve the dark mystery, the door was unexpectedly opened, and Edward stood before her. The first words he uttered were, 'Amelia, I am ruined—but do not reproach me! You will not, you cannot, when I inform you that you are the cause of my present degradation and misery! In a word, I am a gambler! This vice I once detested. Often was I urged to indulge at cards, and as often refused. To entreaties from other lips than yours, I never could have yielded. From that fatal evening the passion which I then conceived for gaming has increased upon me, until it has wasted my property to the last dollar, blasted my reputation and crushed my spirits. Your unanswered query upon that occasion has never been forgotten by me, and bitter experience has at length taught this reply.'

'Enough!' exclaimed Amelia, 'I see it all. But speak, dearest Edward. Oh! tell me; can I make no amends?' 'Amelia, you would not address me thus,' said he, 'if you realized the worst. I have reduced you to penury! Yes, you, who have ever been nursed upon the lap of ease, must, through my prodigality, resign your property and suffer the privations attendant upon poverty.' 'Is this all?' said she. 'Willingly, gladly, I resign them, happy in the most obscure situation, if I can but obtain your forgiveness, and the smile which blessed my former days. In a short time, the noble edifice and splendid equipage of Edward B—— were exchanged for a humble cottage in a retired situation.

This reverse of fortune, though it occasioned the sneers of the unfeeling, and the desertion of their former fashionable circle, wrung not a tear from the eye, nor elicited a sigh from the bosom of Amelia. One of the happiest moments of her life was, when Edward, with his former devotion, folded her to his bosom, as he exclaimed, 'If I through your influence have been thus reduced, through your sacred influence innocence and happiness are restored to a bosom, where, for many weary months, they have been strangers. Had you murmured when you have soothed, reproached when you have tenderly advised, or frowned when you have smiled, the maddening recollection of the happiness which I might have enjoyed with you, would have driven me to the intoxicating bowl, and ere long I might have filled a drunkard's grave.'

New Bedford, Mass., Jan., 1843.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY MRS. SOPHIA C. F. DYER.

It is a fact worthy of observation, that the doctrines of the primitive perfection of man, his fall, and his restoration by a divine Being, are equally as manifest in the mythology of the ancients, as in the system of the moderns. Divest their histories of the allegories in which they abound, and which were calculated to inspire superstition in the minds of the vulgar, who they believed were incapable of comprehending the true nature of the Deity, and there will be found a striking similarity to the doctrines taught by divine revelation. The Greeks vested in the character of Jupiter the attributes of the all-wise Ruler of the universe; and they sing on all occasions the exploits of a son of Jupiter, who is to quit his heavenly abode, and live among men. They call him different names, according to his different functions. Sometimes he is Apollo, sometimes Hercules, destroying monsters, and purging the earth of enormities and crimes; again he is Mercury, or the messenger of Jove, flying to and fro to execute his decrees; but, under whatever character he is represented, he is always the same son of Jupiter, waging battles and gaining victories. Plato, mentioning this primitive state, describes it as one of purity and happiness, when God, the common father of all, governed the world by himself. Rage and cruelty did not then prevail upon the earth. War and sedition were unknown. The fertile fields yielded fruits and corn without the labor of tillage. There was no inclemency of the seasons; and mankind, in this happy state, reclined upon beds of turf of a perpetual verdure. But there came a change. The very foundation of the world was shaken by motion, contrary to its principle and its end; and it lost its lustre and its beauty. Then it was, that good and evil were blended together. But, in the end, a divine Being is to appear again, and resume the reins of empire. Then he will change, amend, establish and restore the whole frame of nature, and put an end to decay of age, to disease and death.

The doctrine of the Egyptians, according to Plutarch, supposes that the world was created without any physical or moral evil, by a being infinitely good. Several beings, whom they style Genii, abusing their liberty, fell into crime, and thereby into misery; but these Genii, after suffering expiatory punishment, will be purified and restored to their first state. The god Orus, the son of Isis and Osiris, is the being — and they consider him a subordinate deity — who is to fight with, and destroy this evil principle.

The Persians present us with the same idea, when they tell us of their god Oromazes, who formed all things good and pure; and of the demon Arimanius, the author of darkness, ignorance and vice, and then of Mythras, the mediator. Dr. Hyde, a divine of the Church of England, who had travelled in the East, and perfectly understood the language of that country, has translated the following passage out of Sharisthani, an Arabian philosopher of the fifteenth century, which gives a curious idea of the origin of evil.

> 'The first Magi did not look upon the two principles as coëternal, but believed that light was eternal, and that darkness was produced in time. The origin of this evil principle they account for in this manner. Light can produce nothing but light, and can never be the origin of evil. How, then, was evil produced? Light, say they, produces several beings, all of them spiritual, luminous and powerful; but their chief, whose name was Arimanius, had an evil thought, contrary to the light; he doubted; and, by doubting, he became dark. Hence proceeded all evil dissension, malice, and every thing else of a contrary nature to the light. These two principles made war upon one another, till, at last, peace was concluded, upon condition that the lower world should be in subjection to Arimanius for seven thousand years; after this space of time, he is to surrender back the world to light.'

To an imaginative mind, there is something extremely interesting in the mythology of the ancients, their rites and ceremonies, their very gods themselves are so shrouded in the garb of poetry; and the heroic devotion with which they were worshipped, might crimson the cheeks of many a professing Christian of the present day. Beside the deity whom they accounted the author of all things, there were many inferior deities, who presided over every stream, forest and mountain. The Naiad, sat at the fountain, pouring from her pitcher the warbling brook. The gently whispering breath of eve was the breath of Zephyr; and the many-tinted rainbow, the beautiful pathway by which Iris, Jupiter's bright messenger, descended to earth. Around the sacred heights of Olympus, clustered the Graces, the laughing Houris, and their sister train, the Muses.

But it is not with the beautiful garb which throws around their mythology the graces of poesy, that we have to do; but with the doctrines themselves, as corresponding with each other, and bearing a resemblance to Christianity. They all agree in an infinite Being, who formed the earth, and all things therein, in a state of purity; that evil was introduced by a spirit at enmity with this infinite Being, and is to be destroyed by some son, or, as they style him, a middle Deity; who is to descend to earth, and restore it to its original purity and beauty.

It is hard to account for the uniformity of sentiment which we thus find in the religion of all nations, but the great principles contained therein are the foundation of our religion; and we should admire it not the less, that it teaches us to employ the imagination but as the servant of reason, and directs the improvement of the understanding to the purification of the heart.

Boston, Jan., 1844.

MOONLIGHT.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKSPEARE.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE FORBIDDEN CONNEXION.

BY J. H.

There is, perhaps, no precept, law or doctrine in the sacred canon, so repugnant to the taste and feelings of some good people as this; namely, Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. It is certain that some have done all they could, by argument and example, to obliterate it from the world; others, no doubt, have wished to do the same. But there it stands, like a mighty watch-tower. The winds of sophistry and the waves of passion have beat upon it in vain. Its foundation is the pillars of immutable wisdom and truth; its defence, the spirit of inspiration.

It is needless to adduce other passages of Scripture, in illustration or support of one so plain and so well established. The whole economy of the word and providence of God, confirms this divine precept. Wherever we read of the violation of it, the sad effects are also recorded.

Still, there is the example of good people, ministers of the gospel even, and in this enlightened age of the world, to encourage this violation. And what shall we say? Shall they be punished? The Lord will reward them. Could we know all the trials which they suffer on this account, and estimate their loss of Christian sympathy, and spiritual advantages which they might as well have secured, we should say, it is enough. But they are naturally disposed to conceal such trials, as much as possible; and, as to their losses, they are ignorant or insensible of them. There are, however, some exceptions. There is a minister, now living, who is not backward to confess this, his early fault. He says, 'to be unequally yoked, is to be yoked with heads the opposite way of each other, and that a believer connected with an unbeliever, can no more advance in the way of usefulness and spiritual happiness, than an ox can work that is thus yoked.' This explanation he gives, as the result of his own experience.

Some have confessed, that they could no more fly toward heaven, than a bird with one wing broken, or confined to the earth. Others have complained of a clog to their souls. Shall we imitate such folly? Shall we be encouraged by such examples, to disobey this divine precept?

Perhaps you know of some thus connected, who appear happy and useful in some degree. If so, it is certain they might have been much more so with a 'helpmeet.'

What good reason can a Christian have for preferring a companion of a different character? A wide world is before you, and if you have not found one, equal in this respect, and agreeable in others, be sure the best time for you to marry has not yet come.

But women say, that to them is denied the privilege of selecting for themselves. Still, you have means of making your sentiments and wishes understood. Perhaps it is already known, that you are determined, by a wealthy union, if possible, to quit the sphere in which you were born and educated, for one of affluence and honor. For this reason you may have failed of a suitable offer, and perhaps will ultimately fail of any. Let it be known, with equal certainty, that you regard religion more than wealth, and the approbation of Heaven more than the honors of the world, and your prospect of success will be more encouraging.

Perhaps you think that an attachment which cannot be justified may yet be excused, because it is the dictate of the heart; of ungovernable love — and you would call him a stoic, who would prescribe rules or limits to this involuntary passion. Do you call him a Christian or a wise man, who is led by it, contrary to his reason, judgment and the word of God? It is in the power of religion to regulate and control this passion, as well as every other, and he who doubts it, has reason to doubt his acquaintance with that power. But love is not such an arbitrary and irresistible despot as has been represented. He necessarily invests his object with some charm or excellence, real or imaginary. Beauty, urbanity, wit, wisdom, or those accidental appendages, wealth or titles, induce the homage of his votary. Other considerations should sway the heart of Christians. They need not be insensible to these attractions, but it should require something more to fix their affections. And think you, that their happiness will be less exquisite, less elevated, less substantial, or less permanent?

There is one important consideration, which is not likely to be duly weighed by young people, in this matter, and that is, the influence of divided parents upon the characters of their children. If you are a Christian, you would wish that your children should be so too. You should be aware of the importance of parental influence, of consistent example, of family piety. Just look around you, into families of this description.

There you see one, who entered this sacred relation with a high sense of duty, determined, (in her own strength, to be sure, for she could not expect the divine blessing,) to carry out the principles of religion, and win her unbelieving husband to a love of the truth. Now, although he is in no respect altered, she thinks the difference is not so great as she used to suppose. Though she cannot tell why his state is any better, she hopes it is not so dangerous. The truth is, she has become accustomed to his habits, familiar with his views, and assimilated to his feelings.

There you may find another, pressed down by the perpetual influence of an opposing power, and a sense of her own folly and inconsistency. She has so little religion herself, that she seldom wishes to speak of it to her children, or any one beside; and when she does, it must be secretly, because it is not agreeable to her husband.

There is yet another, whose religious life is a continual warfare. While she anxiously urges the claims of the gospel, her husband as boldly defends himself. The children listen — some may be convinced, but the more will learn to cavil, and become hardened in unbelief.

Take one more view, and let that suffice. The wife maintains her integrity, faithfully instructs her children, prays for them and perhaps with them. The father is silent. He is kind and exemplary and appears happy without religion. And why may not the children be so too? It is most probable they will.

If we examine cases of the opposite kind, where the husband is pious and the wife is not, we shall find the results to be more disastrous, if possible. The wisest of men had his heart turned away from God; and the strongest man was shorn of his strength. But to pursue the subject in reference to them, is not incumbent on the '*Young Lady's Friend.*' 'For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?' 'For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife,' &c. This has encouraged many a presumptuous girl to attempt the reformation and conversion of a man, who has, all his life, withstood the influence of parents, ministers and friends, together with the word, Spirit and providences of God. Better try your power and skill before you marry, for they will never be so great after marriage. If the encouragement contained in these verses, were applicable to you, it would be a better reason than you now have for such an undertaking. But observe, it is for the wife — the *wife* who is converted after marriage, that she should not leave her husband for this cause.

Why should we be so silent — why are ministers and parents so silent upon this subject? If it be not their business to direct and control the choice of their children, it *is* theirs, early to inculcate those precepts and principles, which shall guide them into the path of safety and happiness.

Jan., 1844.

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH GOD.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God;
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad,
Thy safeguard, in danger that threatens thy path,—
Thy joy, in the valley and shadow of death.

KNOX.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Respect to the Aged. — There is one virtue I wish to recommend to your attention, my young friends, in which the present age has been pronounced deficient. I mean, *respect to the aged.* To 'honor the hoary head and rise up before the face of the old man,' is a command of God. Those who have borne the burdens of life until strength has failed, in whose bosoms are treasures of experience to which you are strangers, whose virtues are confirmed beyond the fear of change or fluctuation, and who, by the short space which divides their ripened piety from its reward, may literally be said to be 'but a little lower than the angels,' are surely worthy the veneration of youth. Even when age is seen united with infirmity of purpose, or decay of those organs, through which the mind has been accustomed to act, it is entitled to tenderness from those who must themselves tread the same path of withered and wearied energies, unless they go down to an earlier grave.

The aged are soothed by the marked respect of the young, and the tribute is graceful to those who render it. — *Letters to Young Ladies.*

THE POOR MAN'S DAY OF REST.

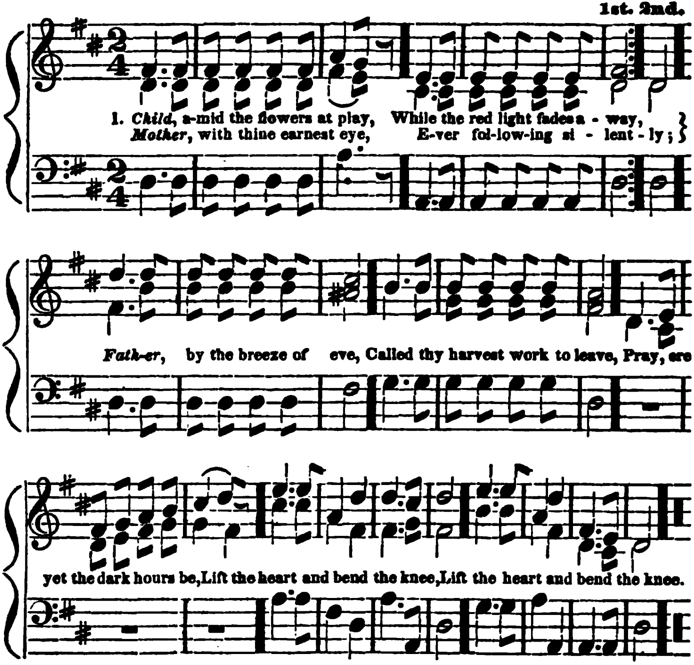
But, chiefly, man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board — screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree.
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God. Not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward, earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
As wandering slowly up the river's bank,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree which proudly spreads the bough,
And in the tiny, dew-bent flowers which bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

Grahame.

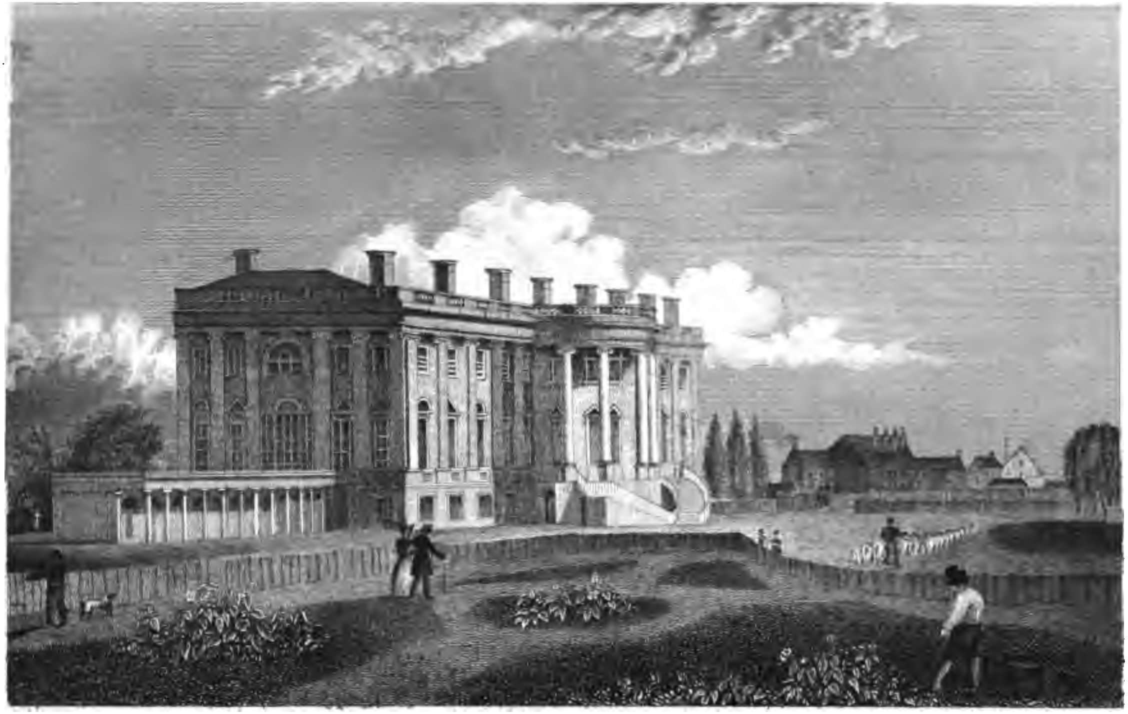
THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

POETRY BY MRS. HEMANS. MUSIC BY GEO. KINGSLEY


1st. 2nd.
1. Child, a-mid the flowers at play, While the red light fades a - way,
Mother, with thine earnest eye, E-ver fol-low-ing si - lent - ly;
Fath-er, by the breeze of eve, Called thy harvest work to leave, Pray, ere
yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee, Lift the heart and bend the knee.

2 *Traveller*, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone!
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

3 *Warrior*, that from battle won,
Breathless now at set of sun!
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE WASHINGTON

sheet. The truly Christian mother has the idea of real excel-

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1844. NO. 3.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

SELFISHNESS IN CHILDREN.

BY MRS. LUCY K. GILLETT.

THAT children are selfish, is universally admitted. How they become so, is a question which has been debated for centuries; but this is of less practical importance than the question, How can we remedy their selfishness? In undertaking to *remove* an evil, it is often very important to ascertain its *cause*. We cannot suppose that our fathers, who adopted the theory, that the soul is contaminated, (that is, that sin or selfishness, the root of all sin, is innate,) understood the real occasion of sin. But perhaps they were more likely to adopt persevering, and even appropriate measures to remove and restrain selfishness, than even those who listen to the song so sweetly sung in our books and periodicals of the present day, that the mind is like a blank sheet, upon which we may delineate what we please. While we flatter ourselves that we have gained much by exploding the old theory, I fear we shall find we have gained little, if we go to the opposite extreme. I think a little consideration, or at least, a little experience, will show us that we have something more to do. The painter takes his pencil, and gives his gentle touches, assured that they will remain. Days and months of patient effort will complete the picture; and the idea of beauty which he has in his mind, will be portrayed upon the blank sheet. The truly Christian mother has the idea of real excellence developed in her mind, which she wishes to impress upon her infant child. But she will meet with many obstructions. A great variety of influences from within and without, are operating, which strongly impel toward the narrow circle of selfishness.

The constitutional susceptibilities which a child possesses, are important and desirable, but if unduly exercised, degenerate into selfishness. Yesterday the means used to elicit kind feelings succeeded. To-day listlessness prevails, and the child is unwilling to sacrifice her own ease. At another time self-esteem predominates, and she turns her eye toward some one, whose reputation may eclipse hers. Again appetite clamors, and she is unwilling to share with another, what appears so necessary to her own comfort. While the painter is employed upon a certain portion of his sheet, all the rest remains undisturbed. Not so in the mother's case. The mother who supposes her work is like his, fastens the eye upon desirable traits of character, and while she is impressing these upon the mind of her child, others, undesirable, have arisen spontaneously, or she finds the opposites are wanting.

Thus, for example; if we attempt to cherish such a spirit of independence as will lead a child ultimately to act in conformity with his own convictions of duty, instead of cowering to public opinion, and following the multitude, right or wrong, he perhaps becomes self-willed, and unyielding. Inculcate economy, and a spirit of generosity may be crushed. I once knew a little child too lavish. The subject of economy was brought before her mind from day to day. At length, a little ragged boy, who had walked three or four miles on an errand, entered the house. Before he left, the mother gave him some food. After he had gone, the little child, apparently much distressed, said, 'Mother, that is not economy.' The fact that the child expressed her views, enabled the mother to see that she had well nigh closed the avenue to her sympathy and benevolent feelings, and excited her to use appropriate means, to awaken those feelings so nearly subdued, and make the distinction between parsimonious and true economy.

The question, how shall we prevent selfishness, returns. In general, I would say, by employing appropriate and persevering means, combined with faith in God's promises to give the Spirit's aid.

We may learn a lesson from the striking contrast we observe in the fields and gardens, which surround us. God sends his showers of rain upon them all. Some are already beginning to bring forth in luxuriance, herbs, fruits, and flowers; while others afford little but weeds and brambles. Though He may continue to send his showers upon the barren ones, and some fruit may spring up, the contrast will ever remain, unless they receive culture from skilful hands. So God's Spirit may come, and perhaps even subdue the soul; but the limits which will circumscribe the child's benevolence, will depend in a great measure, upon the skill and unceasing efforts of the educator.

I will venture to specify some of the means which have come before my own mind. It is important that we understand the *cause*, or rather the *occasion*, of sin.

The predominance of the sensibility over the reason is, doubtless, one very fruitful source of sin. At first, the infant is entirely dependent upon his senses, and these gather strength before his reason is at all developed. But may we not hope that ere long, the requisite faith and light, will enable parents so to coöperate with the Holy Spirit, as to secure the development of love at the first dawnings of reason?

The subjugation of the will is a matter of vital importance, and nothing toward removing selfishness, can be accomplished without it.

Inculcate a spirit of subordination to all proper authority. Directions on this point in the word of God are explicit and full of instruction. We are taught, that there are many members in one body, and all have their own appropriate place and duties to perform. It is there said, 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers.' A mind trained in this way, will perceive that there are other interests beside its own, some perhaps equal, and others superior.

Get and retain a true idea of benevolence. The definition is often repeated in our ears, but we must get a *practical* idea of what it is. As well might the painter impress the image of a tree upon his paper, when that of a house is in his mind, as a mother impress the spirit of benevolence upon her child, while her own mind is not in possession of the idea. On this point let me refer you to the thirteenth chapter of 1st of Corinthians. If we here substitute the word love, or benevolence, for charity, we may hope to get a true idea of benevolence.

The power of example is far greater than we are apt to imagine. Laura and Elvira were permitted to visit each other alternately on Saturday afternoon. At both places they received a piece of cake. Laura's mother invariably gave her the largest and best piece. Elvira's invariably gave the largest and best, whenever there was any apparent difference, to Laura. Nothing was said by either of the mothers, or by the children. Which of these children was taught, by the mother's example, to look not merely on her own things, but also on the things of others?

Volumes of talk in the presence of our children, in regard to what other people ought to do with their property, their time, &c., will effect nothing; while, if we stop to pick up a pin for the benefit of another, it will generally leave its proper impression.

Much can be done by precept. The *manner* of doing it must be observed, else you may strengthen rather than eradicate selfishness. Long, stated talks do but little good. Probably most minds are injured by them. The Bible tells us how. 'Line upon line; here a little and there a little.' Whenever a favorable opportunity presents, we should let our words distil as the dew. In an unaffected manner, repeat our maxims, till they never will be forgotten. Let them early begin to do good. The nursery is a field sufficiently large at first. Christ's example is a beautiful illustration to bring before their minds. He went about doing good. Every word and look of love, go to swell the amount of happiness in their little world. Be careful not to tempt them above what they are able to bear.

I have often trembled to see the trial to which parents and teachers put the virtues of their little ones. It is common, in schools, to require the little creatures to tell whether they have whispered during the day; and if they have, make them forfeit a reward. It generally requires moral courage, or some strong motive, to testify against one's self, under such circumstances. But if they do not thus testify, they strengthen the bonds of sin most rapidly.

Giving the head of a class, or a reward, to the one who excels others in intellectual attainments, rather than rewarding each scholar, according to his assiduity, is tempting above what most minds are able to bear. Our heavenly Father deals with us in a different manner. He rewards us abundantly with blessings here, and bright crowns hereafter; but it is for the performance of our own duty without any reference to others.

Ascertain what appeals to make to the constitutional susceptibilities of your children. They are developing their selfishness, and that too, in the presence of others. Shall we never appeal to their love of approbation? Whenever we do, we find their selfish acts suspended. But appeal to their regard for the well-being of others, and you attempt to touch a chord, which is never found in a selfish soul. Appeals to their sympathy will induce them to desist from selfish acts, nearly as soon as appeals to their love of approbation. And if we do not rest satisfied with inducing a lovely exterior by such appeals, I do not see how we can injure them. The love of approbation seems to predominate in most minds, and is likely to gather too much strength, even if no appeals are made directly to this susceptibility.

Teach them to respect the rights of property in others. I have long felt that this had more to do with the question before us, than one would at first suppose. Who is the selfish being, if not he, who exclaims:

'See all things for my use;'

and who, without reluctance, and often without the least liberty, appropriates to his own use, whatever promotes his individual comfort or convenience? The inquiry of a truly benevolent spirit will be, how can I diffuse blessings with the time, talents and property entrusted to my care? and a person of such a spirit will sacrifice his own convenience, sooner than use some article perfectly adapted to his wants, lying, too, directly in his pathway; but which, for aught he can tell, may be employed by the owner to more benevolent purposes. Education can do much here. Man is not constituted lord of creation, in such a sense as to deprive the beasts of the field, or the meanest insect, of their rights. Our true characters are unfolded by the manner in which we regard rights inferior, as well as superior, to our own.

Never let them take the smallest article without the owner's leave. Many seem to suppose that the eighth commandment is not violated, if they pick up fruit from the ground, take a pin, &c., without the owner's leave. Admit that it often is not; yet sometimes an important principle is violated. They have disregarded the right of property.

One of the men of '76, who was trained when such spirits as Washington were, often related the fact, of his mother's requiring him to go half a mile to carry back a pin, which he took from a window. I have heard his descendants laugh at the puritanical whims of his mother. But it would have been well for them, and the present generation, if they had performed some act of like character, to impress upon their souls that deep regard to the rights, and the well-being of others, which their ancestor possessed. Another, trained upon the same principles, when a little boy, entered a store, and seeing a raisin lying upon the floor, unconsciously picked it up, and ate it. The impression that it was not his, flashed upon his mind. It seemed as though every eye rested upon him. He left with a heavy load upon his conscience. Where should he go for relief? He could not tell his mother. He could tell no one. As he went to and from school, he ran rapidly past the store, feeling that some one was at his heels. At length the merchant came out of the store with a rope in his hand. Now he felt that his fate was sealed. The merchant, however, passed him, but the agony of the child was so great, that he went home and disclosed his feelings, and the cause, to his mother. She did not relieve him by saying, it is a little thing, and of no consequence; but she went with him to the merchant and explained the whole affair. I have often heard this gentleman speak with gratitude, and the deepest respect, of the course adopted by his departed mother, to impress upon his mind a regard to the rights of property in others.

Oberlin, Ohio, Feb., 1844.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

SIN.

BY REV. J. N. BROWN.

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.
Gen. iii. 8-24.

WILDLY sounds the rising wind,
Chilly falls the evening dew;
Wo to us, for we have sinned,
Wo unto our children too!

What strange voice is in the breeze?
What strange footstep do we hear?
God is walking mid the trees —
Lo, our Judge, our Judge is near!

Vain the braided figtree now —
Vain our nakedness to hide;
Guilt is graven on the brow,
Fear and shame the heart divide.

Conscience! hear the voice of God —
'Lost is Life's immortal tree;
Lost is Eden's blest abode,
Till by One regained for thee.

'Sorrows come to pierce thee more,
Fears to shake thy feeble trust;
Panting toil, and sickness sore,
Till thou sink into the dust.'

Righteous is thy sentence, Lord!
Though a fearful face it wear:
Thanks for one mysterious word,
Dawn of Hope on deep Despair.

Come, O come, thou Promised Seed!
Save from Sin's disastrous powers;
While thy worthy name we plead,
Paradise again is ours!

New Hampton, N. H., Feb., 1844.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

A HINT TO PARENTS.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

THE following incident was related to me, some time since, by the lady concerned in it. George was at that time about ten years old, and under the care of his aunt.

Where we lived, many of the boys often stayed away from school without permission of their parents. George had become, in some degree, corrupted by their company, and had got the truant fever. I warned him, that, if he absented himself from school, I should punish him for it. One morning I saw him at play in the yard, after the school hour. I called him. 'George, are you going to school?' 'No, aunt.' 'Why not?' I received no reply, but found him stubbornly determined not to obey. I directed him to go to his room. He went, and I followed. I required him to go to bed, and then took his clothes from the room. After I had left him, I remembered that there was drawing apparatus in the room, which might amuse him. I went back to get it, and the idea had already occurred to him to while away his time with it. I took it. He looked up most piteously in my face, and exclaimed, 'Why aunt, aint you going to leave me any thing?' 'No, George, I told you I should punish you if you did not go to school.'

At noon I went to his room. 'O aunt, forgive me this time, and I will always go to school.' He was punished, and humbled. After some conversation with him in relation to his guilt in the sight of God, I prayed with him, and had the satisfaction of believing that the punishment had had the effect designed. He never afterward declined going to school.

How often we hear parents exclaim, 'What shall I do to my child? Whipping does not accomplish the purpose.'

Undoubtedly the main thing to be done with large children, is to cultivate their sense of obligation to God. To make them feel, when they disobey, *that it is a sin against God*, and that He will punish them. This will have more effect than any thing else.

But beside this they need restraint, and sometimes punishment. If mothers would set their '*woman's wit*' at work, which has attained such a name for contriving new expedients, I have no doubt they might find many methods of correction, as judicious, and as successful, as that which produced such effects on George.

West Springfield, Mass., Feb., 1843.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

A MOTHER'S REMEMBRANCE.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

Thou art unto the world, love,
As though thou ne'er hadst been;
Like morning's pearly dewdrops,
Exhaled as soon as seen;
Like breath of vernal roses,
Whose odor none can bind;
Like strains of sweetest music
Evanished from the mind.
Like golden tints of autumn,
Most lovely in decay,
Which gleam a transient season,
Then gently pass away.
Like snow of early spring-time,
Or woodland flowers, which fill
The air with richest fragrance,
Around the laughing rill.

Thou art not so to me, love,
Thou art not so to me;
For still thy gentle presence
In all around I see.
In rosy tints of even
Thy glowing cheek I view;
Thine eyes of darkest azure
In starry midnight hue.
Deep, deep within my bosom
Thy memory is set;
And never can thy mother's heart
Her angel-boy forget.

Middletown, Conn., Feb., 1844.

With secret course which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy. GOLDSMITH.

FAREWELL.

NAY, shrink not from the word 'farewell!'
As if 't were friendship's final knell;
Such fears may prove but — vain.
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever — Hope may say,
'We part *to meet again!*'

E'en the last parting earth can know
Brings not unutterable wo
To souls which heavenward soar;
For humble Faith, with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts, which here at parting sigh,
May meet *to part no more.*

BERNARD BARTON.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MAGENDIE'S PHYSIOLOGY. Published at New York city, by Harper & Brothers. — This is an elementary treatise on human physiology, by the celebrated Magendie, a member of the French Institute; translated, enlarged and illustrated by diagrams and cuts, by Doctor Revere of New York.

'This treatise occupies the highest rank among standard works, not only in France, but throughout Europe.' It is the result of the labors of one who has enjoyed preëminent advantages of 'experimenting upon living animals, and extended opportunities of observation, and whose professional attention has been chiefly devoted to physiological inquiries.'

Although designed for the use of students of medicine, it is not so encumbered with technicalities as to render it uninteresting to the general reader. The observations and reasonings on the functions of the different organs and structures, are rendered clear to the student of medicine, by a large number of diagrams and pictorial illustrations.

SONGS OF ASAPH: Wilkins & Carter, of this city, have published a musical pamphlet of 64 pages, in the usual form of books of sacred music, consisting of psalm and hymn tunes, chants, and anthems; composed by Lowell Mason. It is designated No. 1, by which we infer, that it is to be followed by others of a similar character.

We are pleased to see, that, in this publication, Mr. Mason has written the alto on the treble staff, and the tenor on the bass, an arrangement which we hope soon to see followed in all publications of music arranged for four voices. It is more convenient for the organ player, and beside, to write the tenor with the treble clef, is to write it an octave too high. The tunes are numbered and not named. Nos. 7, 9, 11, 12, 13, 17, 26, 28, 73 and 79 are particularly good.

Hunter's Sacred Biography.—This deservedly popular work has been published by the Harpers, complete in one volume of 596 pages. It is a history of the patriarchs, to which is added the history of Deborah, Ruth and Hannah, and also that of Jesus Christ.

If the historical details of many of the prominent good men of the Bible are scanty, they are, nevertheless, pregnant with significant meaning, and practical instruction of the utmost importance and of the highest usefulness may be drawn from them. Such is the plan of the author of this excellent work—a work which we feel happy to notice, and recommend to the attention of our readers. They will find here, 'the more particular and detached history of the lives of those eminent and distinguished personages, who are in the scriptures of truth represented, either as patterns for us to imitate, or as objects of disesteem and aversion.'

Invitations to True Happiness.—This is a most excellent little book of 157 pages, by Joel Parker, D. D., pastor of a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. It is entitled 'Invitations to True Happiness, and Motives for becoming a Christian.'

Almost every Christian has an unconverted acquaintance, or relative, into whose hand he would like to place a book for perusal, containing an earnest, judicious and affectionate appeal to his judgment and conscience, in relation to the salvation of his soul. This is the book. 'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted,' and Doddridge's Rise and Progress, have done much good, but something less voluminous and more pointed is frequently needed. Every Christian should purchase a copy of this book for the purpose of loaning.

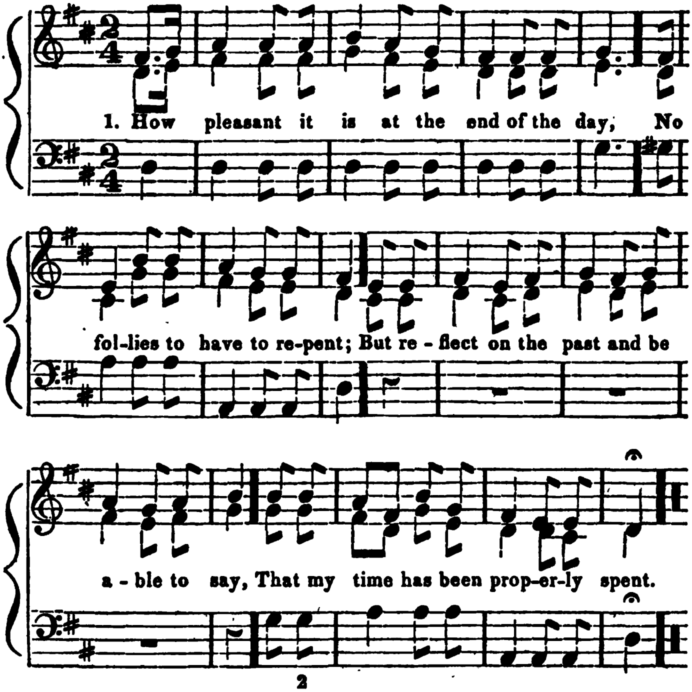
The Massachusetts Register.—This annual contains 252 pages, comprising, beside the usual astronomical memoranda, a great amount of matter, which will be found more or less useful to almost every family, but especially to clergymen, as it contains a list of all the clergy in the State—a list of the colleges, academies, theological institutions, missionary, education, Sabbath school, literary and charitable societies.

Published by James Loring, 132 Washington street.

New England Sabbath School Minstrel. Published by John Putnam, 81 Cornhill.—This is a compilation by a young gentleman of this city, and, on the whole, does him credit. The hymns and music are chaste and unexceptionable, though the latter is occasionally faulty in harmony.

"How pleasant it is."

A TRIO FOR THREE VOICES.* MUSIC BY I. B. WOODBURY.


1. How pleasant it is at the end of the day, No
fol-lies to have to re-pent; But re - flect on the past and be
a - ble to say, That my time has been prop-er-ly spent.

2
When I've done all my duties with patience and care,
And been good and obliging and kind,
I lay on my pillow and sleep away there
With a happy and peaceable mind.

3
But instead of all this, if it must be confessed,
That I careless and idle have been,
I lay down as usual, attempting to rest,
But feel discontented within.

4
If I should be careless, or idle, or bad,
I shall daily have cause to repent;
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good, without feeling content.

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* May be sung as a Duett.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

EMMA HERVEY.

BY REV. EDWARD OTHEMAN.

How various are the scenes of human life! How incalculable the number of interesting incidents which occur in the history of individuals and of communities! Indeed, the pages of truthful biography and of veritable history furnish as real and intense an interest as the acts of a drama or the story of romance. Romance secures a patient and absorbed attention only as it renders the scenes which it describes so probable, so like nature, that we imagine them for the time representations of reality. When once the thought occurs that the story is altogether improbable, the novel reader throws the book aside as absurd and ridiculous. Since it is Nature, after all, which enchants and delights us, why waste our emotions on unreal objects of joy and sorrow? Has the novel reader forgotten, that there is beauty in the natural earth and sky, that there are charms in the varied sympathy and intercourse of men?

But books contain not all which is thrilling and affecting in actual occurrence. Many a nestling scene of home-comfort and affection is unknown to fame. Many a quiet, and many an exciting picture of tenderness and love has never met the public gaze. O, who can tell how many warm hearts beat in the seclusion of some country village; how many stirring adventures occur on the common thoroughfares, and amid the crowded gatherings, of the people; how many painful or delightful emotions swell the heart, in the sacred bosom of society; what joy, what grief, what faith and hope, what cheerful endurance of ill, and triumph over pain,—what sweet relief of suffering, and what intense anguish of spirit, are found to make up the great volume of human life, which no observer may have published to the world, or which may be recognized by the omniscient One alone.

The following story relates to a matter of fact, an account of which I received from a friend, now no more. I will narrate the circumstances substantially as I heard them.

In a city of the District of Columbia, lived a young man whom I will call Francis Eugene. He was surrounded by all home-endearments, and all the attractions of wealth. A man of the world, he found his chief pleasure in the pursuit of gayety and ambition. No vicious habit, however, enslaved him, and he gave much attention to the cultivation of his mind and manners, and employed his leisure moments in devotion to the Muses. He shared in the usual devotion, attachment and confidence of interesting family connexions; and many were the fascinations of social life which seemed likely to secure his heart and his residence among the associations of his youth. And he was lovely; many a fair one, doubtless, cherished the delusive hope, that she would become the affianced, and finally the bride, of Francis Eugene. He was not insensible to their charms. His was a heart alive to every tender and generous emotion. He admired the society of his female acquaintances, but he did not *love*. How far this sentiment may be under the direction of that Providence which shapes our course, I will not pretend to say; but we all know that there is an inexplicable, undefinable something in the person who becomes the object of our affection which strikes us almost intuitively. And it matters not how many may have before attracted our attention; when once the vision rises on our sight, which, in day-dreams we have cherished, the mind fastens upon it with an energy and a depth of feeling which is as the very principle of life and happiness. Francis Eugene was an example of the influence of this mysterious agency. His heart of hearts remained untouched by all the sweet attractions of his early or late acquaintances. Not one among them all filled the place in his heart's sanctuary which he reserved as the throne of his affections. Apparently a mere casualty in a distant city, brought him into the presence of the being who, from that moment, exercised a secret, but uncontrolled influence over his heart and imagination.

Business or pleasure led him northward to the city of P. It was the gay season of Commencement. The pride, the beauty and the fashion of the city and vicinity were assembled in the spacious church. And there were visitors and strangers from sister States, come to witness with what propriety and skill their sons and brothers would perform the crowning act of their college career, to rejoice with them in having acquired the honors of their *Alma Mater*, and to greet them on their entrance upon the busy and important scenes of public, active life. Amid that brilliant crowd of fair faces and fair forms, but one arrested and fixed the attention of Eugene. She was a stranger there, a resident in the city of S. He had but this transient sight. It served, however, to impress indelibly upon his mind the trace of her features. That gaze was enough to awaken in his soul a strange, uneasy sentiment, which led him to seek some knowledge of her before he left the city. But all his attempts to obtain even the least intimation respecting her, were fruitless. He returned home, full of other thoughts and feelings than had ever occupied him before. He had, at last, *seen* one who answered to the conception he had formed of true female loveliness. And do we wonder that he is again found on a journey to the North? What the ostensible occasion of this second visit was, I am not informed; but, no doubt, strange hopes and anxieties agitated his bosom. He travelled as far as Boston, and on his way back, arriving at the town of D., he accidentally met her in the hotel. Such was the strength of his emotion that he fainted; and she, ignorant of the person, and of the cause of his illness, brought him water, by which he was relieved. The hostess knew her; and, at his request, introduced him to her, whom I will name Emma Hervey. The interview resulted in inspiring in her heart similar emotions to those which thrilled his own. He suspended his journey for the present, and cultivated the newly formed attachment. They spent some time in the beautiful village where first they met to know and love each other. When he returned home, he bore with him the warm heart-pledge of her affection, and left assurances of his devotion, and, as one token of his love, a valuable gold ring, which she ever afterward wore.

He made her occasional visits, and they became affianced. The wedding day was set, and they looked forward with highest hope, and deepest interest, to the period which would constitute the brightest moment of their existence. What visions of earthly bliss float before the mind in prospect of this goal of human love! Buoyant, with delightful emotions, he prepared himself for his northern journey, to bring to his happy home the being whose fate had become so strangely interwoven with his own. Alas! How frequently do bliss and wo interweave their fibres in the motley texture of human life! How soon is the cup, brimful of joy, dashed with bitterest disappointment! After three short days of sickness, Francis Eugene passed beyond the hopes and joys of mortal life to the dread realities of eternity. His affection for his Emma was strong in death, and he requested that her miniature might be placed within his coffin. He bequeathed her half his property, amounting to ten thousand dollars, which, together with his books, and some articles of high worth to her, were forwarded as soon as possible after his decease. But they never reached their destination. The vessel foundered at sea, and every thing was lost. His father was inconsolable at his death, and became deranged. He had earnestly desired to see Emma. She had prepared to visit him, but he died before her departure. Thus she seemed cut off from all connexion with the family, and nearly lost all trace of Eugene, except what love had written on her heart. A trunk, which he left on his last visit, containing valuable mementos of her departed friend, was stolen, with its contents, and never afterward recovered. And the ring, which seemed to possess a sort of talismanic charm to her, was once missing for several days, so that she seemed utterly abandoned by the genius that before had made her path so sunny and so joyous.

Some time after Eugene's decease, Emma Hervey visited her grandfather, who resided in the town of A. Her friends there had not heard of her bereavement. Instead of informing them, she retired to the village burial-ground, and spent some time among the monuments of the dead in lonely musing; and, doubtless, too, in sweet, submissive confidence in God, who was her support in this season of affliction. She was a Christian. Hers was a religion which influenced her disposition and her conduct; which made her benevolent and active in useful duties to man, as well as devout in her worship of God. She was wealthy, and bestowed of her abundance on the objects of charity which came within her notice or her knowledge. Many good words might be said of Emma Hervey. Her record is on high, and it is in the hearts of many who have been benefited by her piety and her liberality. She had a happy talent for poetry, and her heart now, like the crushed flower, emitted an intenser fragrance. Her melting sympathy and mellow voice poured forth most enchanting melody in the ear of Heaven, for her deep grief could not pour itself out in human hearing. And she loved to visit the places of the dead, or some lone forest shade, and call to her the loved forms of sunny hours which went fleeting by when he and she together roamed amid the wondrous works of God, and admired and adored his wisdom and his love. She loved to think how sweet it is to die as dies the Christian, and soar to those bright fields of endless day where tears are wiped from off all faces, and where a virtuous union will be unalterable and eternal. She loved to think of him now gone, who, she hoped, would have been her companion through this vale of tears, even to the gate of death. But he had gone, before the bright chain of their affection had been fully linked together; before they had entered, at God's altar, into that dearest of earthly bonds,—if that can be called earthly which is so bright an image of heaven. And there she sat upon a new-made grave, not his, whose dear remains lay buried hundreds of miles away; but it was the resting-place of some loved one: for they are, they have been, the loved, who sleep beneath the sod, so silently and deep. And she did muse; and every now and then would mark upon a scrap of paper lines of burning thoughts, till the people who saw her said that she was crazy; and her friends did come at last, and ask her what the matter was which made her act so strangely. And then she drew from her bosom the tear-stained sheet, which told them all. And they did weep with her. She was not crazy, but her love was too deep and sacred for common intercourse. There was that within which bound her to a disembodied spirit. And she did love to track his upward flight to worlds of glory, and long for the hour to come when she should join him in the song of angels and of earth's redeemed millions.

Eugene died a Christian; and he died happy, though he had so much of earthly association to make him sad. He died not forgetting the dear object of his affection, but loving the Saviour more, who had washed him from his sins in his own blood, and prepared him for the joys of heaven. Among the last messages which dropped from his dying lips was one to his nurse for Emma Hervey. It was not, that he loved her dearly, though this was true; it was not, that he regretted quitting the scenes of earthly hope and joy; nor was it that his way was dark and thorny; but it was, that she had been the means of enabling him to die happy. Sweet thought! that she, who, had they both lived, would have contributed so much to his happiness here, had been made the instrument of leading him to sources of felicity when all human sources failed; that she had become the means of introducing him to the glorious fellowship of heaven. Well may her lyre be strung to immortal verse. Well may she sing of more than mortal love, that led her first to taste of the tree of life, and then give unto him, that he also might eat and live forever. Well may she endure her loss, since he is saved. Well may she endure to know that the property designed for her sank like lead in the mighty waters, since he wears a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Ah! who will be able to say with dying breath, that *we* have been the means of their dying happy?

Chelsea, (Mass.,) Feb., 1844.

Perhaps our readers have seen the interesting and affecting letter recently written by Mrs. L. M. Child, of New York city, in relation to the seduction and trial of *Amelia Norman*. The quotation in that letter so happily introduced by Mrs. C., commencing, 'Here let me speak out,' it will be seen, was taken from the deeply affecting article which follows. — Editor.

THE BEGGAR POET.

The Westminster Review for December has an interesting article, entitled, 'Poems, by William Thom.' Mr. Thom is a weaver in Inverury. He has struggled up from the extremest poverty to barely a comfortable living. The griping hand of suffering and the noise of looms have not been sufficient, however, to drive poetry from him.

'William Thom is now about forty-five years of age. His stature is short, and his legs stunted, like those of one whose childhood was not generously fed; but there is breadth in his shoulders and clearness in his complexion, indicating a hale and tough constitution. Light, auburn hair, now silvering, covers a large broad head with ample brow, firm set mouth, and light, blue, twinkling eyes, full of the sensibility and acuteness of the man. His dress is that of his station — the corduroy trousers, the blue short coat with brass buttons, and the silk hat, having that air of smartness peculiar to the costume of those who follow the sedentary trades.'

In a letter dated April, 1841, to 'Mr. Gordon of Knockespock,' a man who befriended him, he thus describes his dwelling: —

'I occupy two trim little garrets in a house belonging to Sir Robert Elphinstone, lately built on the market stand of Inverury. We have everything required in our humble way; perhaps our blankets pressed a little too lightly during the last severe winter, but when we crept closer together — that is gone — 't is summer now, and we are hopeful that next winter will bring better things.'

He was the son of a widow, and when a lad, was run over by a nobleman's carriage, which crushed his foot and ancle, and made him a cripple for life. For this misfortune the nobleman *generously* gave the mother *ten shillings*. Left alone in the world, Mr. Thom sunk from one degree of poverty to another,

till he was forced to beg for a subsistence. How could he help it — compelled to support a family of six persons on five shillings a week? Hear him give a specimen morning —

'Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any shows an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which of course rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, 'O, mother, gie me a piece!' How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon?'

When it came to the worst, he left the key of his habitation with his landlord, took his family and started off. On the third night, (Saturday,) amid the pelting of rain and the piercing east wind, William Thom left his family by the way-side and went to a farm-house to obtain shelter for the night. Being repulsed, he says, —

'I returned to my family. They had crept closer together, and, except the mother, were fast asleep. "O, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?" inquired that trembling woman; "I 'm dootfu' o' Jeanie," she added: "isnas he waesome-like? Let 's in frae the cauld." "We 've nae way to gang lass," said I, 'what'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us." Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and my own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind — enclosed — prisoned in misery — no outlook — none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me — what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out — and be heard, too, while I I tell it — that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits: when Despair has loosed honor's last hold upon the heart — when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust — when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy — who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial views of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse — a chain with one end fixed in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

'I will resume my story. The gloaming light was scarcely sufficient to allow me to write a little note, which I carried to a stately mansion hard by. It was to entreat what we had been denied at B——. This application was also fruitless. The servant had been ordered to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule. On rejoining my little group, my heart lightened at the presence of a serving-man, who at that moment came near, and who, observing our wretchedness, could not pass without endeavoring to succor us. The kind words of this worthy peasant sank deep into our hearts. I do not know his name; but never can I forget him. Assisted by him, we arrived, about eleven o'clock, at the farm-house of John Cooper, West-town of Kinnaird, where we were immediately admitted. The accommodation, we were told, was poor — by what an alternative from the storm-beaten wayside! The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval the infant seemed to revive; it fastened heartily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an out-house. A man stood by with a lantern, while with straw and blankets we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when Jean waked me. O, that scream! — I think I can hear it now. The other children, startling from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as that did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be well borne by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat a while and looked on them. Comfort I had none to give — none to take. I spoke not — what could be said? — words? O, no! The worst is over when words can serve us. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow overdoes itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upward at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, who had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After a while, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did every thing which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the melancholy occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbors assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird church-yard lies our favorite little Jeanie.

'Early on Monday we wandered onward without any settled purpose or end. Nor knew we where that night our couch might be, or where to-morrow our grave. 'T is but fair to say, however, that our children never were ill off during the daytime. Where our goods were not bought, were nevertheless offered "a piece to the bairnes." One thing which might contribute to this was, that our appearance as yet was respectable, and it seemed as if the people saw in us neither the shrewd hawker, nor the habitual mendicant, so that we were better supplied with food than had been our lot for many a month before. But O, the ever-recurring sunset. Then came the hour of sad conjecturing and sorrowful outlook. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset was to insure refusal. After nightfall, the children, worn out with the day's wandering, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down. After experience taught us cunning in this, as in other things — the tactics of habitual vagrants being to remain in concealment near a farm of good name until a suitable lateness warranted the attack.'

From such wandering, Thom is now relieved, being what is called a customary weaver, which gives him subsistence for himself and family.

We cannot quote largely from his poems, and give only 'The Mitherless Bairn.' Mr. Thom's sympathy with the suffering and lower classes is no romance, for he has experienced all he describes.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' suirly forfairn ?
'T is the puir dowie laddie — the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair !
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid ;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !

O ! speak him na harshly — he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile —
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most. THOMSON.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

BY G. P. DISOSWAY, ESQ.

In the year 1839, I visited St. Augustine. On the first evening of my arrival, I was peculiarly struck with the delightful chiming of the bells from the ancient Roman Catholic Church on that most venerable spot. They were cast in old Spain, ever celebrated for the music of its bells, and were hung in the open towers of this chapel, so as to send their delightful sounds far and wide over land and water. Long shall I remember those evening, Spanish Bells!

VESPER SONG.

(TUNE: 'HOURS THAT WERE.')

Hark, the evening bells are chiming,
Telling us the close of day;
While in golden robes declining,
Sinks the glorious orb away—
Saviour! hear us, deign to hear us!
In the dangers of the night;
Safe through midnight darkness lead us,
To the morning's cheering light!

See the dews around us falling,
Pearls and gems they strew the ground:
Far above, bright stars appearing,
Countless in their solemn round.
Now the bird of night is singing,
Soft beneath the pale moon beam,
Joyful we our anthem raising,
Floats o'er hill, and vale, and stream.

Far above yon glittering glory,
Dwells our dear Redeemer, Lord;
Cherub harps repeat the story,
Of the love in his blest word.
When at last in death we slumber,
O, dear Saviour, be our rest,
Rise with thee in joyful wonder,
Ever safe on thy loved breast!

New York City, Feb., 1844.

Sweethearts and Wives; or before and after Marriage. By T. S. Arthur. New York City. Harper and Brothers.

Here, young ladies, is a book for you, full of interest and as full of excellent instruction. Will you read it? Will you endeavor to avoid the dangers it points out and to practise the duties it enjoins? If so, you may escape much wretchedness and secure to yourselves much happiness.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1844. NO. 4.

AWARD OF THE PREMIUMS.

The undersigned, a committee appointed by Mr. William C. Brown, to award the premiums offered by him for the best original articles adapted to his publication, report as follows, namely:

That the communications entitled '*How to Live so as to Secure Life's great End*,' written by Miss Eliza Paine, of Woodstock, Ct.—'*Homely Hints*,' by Miss Susan A. Tucker, of Greenfield, Ms.—'*The Graces of Youth*,' by Charles Holden, Esq., of Portland, Me.—'*The Value of a Mother's Love*,' by S. Burnham, of South Boston, Mass., and '*A Scene from Real Life*,' by an anonymous writer, resident somewhere in Massachusetts, are severally entitled to the prize of FIVE DOLLARS.

In relation to the prize of TWENTY DOLLARS, we find that two communications, entitled '*The Restored Family*,' and '*A Reminiscence*,' the former written by Mrs. Marguerite O. Stevens, of Boston, and the latter by Mrs. Julia R. Emery, of Bedford, Ms., have claims to the prize so nearly equal, that we recommend that each receive the sum of FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

M. RAYMOND,
H. WINSLOW,
R. W. CUSHMAN.

Boston, March 23, 1844.

To the above recommendation we cheerfully accede. Ed.

☞ For the information of the writers for the Prizes, we make the following statement: There were received for the large Prize, *nineteen* communications; and for the Prizes of Five Dollars, *twenty-five*. All the communications which were sent, were put in. Ed.

THE CONVERSION OF MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

FROM A MOTHER'S 'NOTES BY THE WAY.'

The following communication was written for this work by a lady of New York city. It is just what it purports to be, an account of the conversion of her daughter.

We become more and more convinced of this truth, namely, that parents, generally, do not sufficiently feel their responsibility in relation to the early conversion of their children. No one who reads the Bible carefully can avoid the conviction, that early childhood is the season contemplated by God for the conversion of the heart; and that it is the best season in every respect, reason and experience both declare. But for this great end, parents must labor. Have you ever, dear reader, (if a parent) labored as the mother who writes this narrative did? If not, how can you render your account to God? — ED.

Sabbath Evening, June 29, 18—. MEMORABLE period! I am at a loss for language with which to record the abundant joy of my heart. On the evening of this date, my beloved Sarah received a clear witness of adoption into the family of Christ.

For some time past she has manifested increasing interest in spiritual things. She has also been more successful in governing her disposition, which is naturally very resolute. When, at times, it has gained the ascendency, and I have endeavored to show her how unlovely and sinful the indulgence of wrong tempers is in the sight of God, she has wept and prayed for forgiveness, and earnestly asked for a heart which would incline her to every thing lovely and pure in the sight of God and man.

On Sabbath evening, previous to going with her to her room, I had an unusually sweet season in waiting before the Lord. I had not settled in my contemplation the manner of spending the evening, but in seeking for direction, asked that the Lord would so take the lead of my mind and all connecting circumstances, that the evening might be remembered in *time* and *eternity*, as one of the most important in my Christian history.

I shall never forget the request, for it required such a struggle of faith to claim the assurance that I had the petition I had desired of God. Satan withstood with the suggestion, that there was no *reasonable* foundation for the fulfilment of such an expectation. Human probabilities were all against the indulgence of the idea of any thing unusual, and why should I imagine that God would condescend to go out of his ordinary way of working, when there was nothing in the intimation of existing circumstances to warrant such an expectation? But the Holy Spirit presented the assurance, '*All* things are possible with God, and all things are possible to him that *believeth*.' With this I was strengthened to claim the assurance that the desire of my heart was granted. But I did not receive at the time, the least intimation of the *manner* in which God would prove his faithfulness.

Soon afterward, I accompanied my daughter to her room, and before assisting her to undress, I read to her an interesting account of 'Little Mary P. Clark,' from the Christian Advocate and Journal. She was much affected, and exclaimed, 'What a sweet good child she must have been!' 'Mary must have had a new heart or she could not have been such a sweet good child,' I observed. 'And you may be sure, dear Sarah, that the Lord is just as willing to give you a new heart as he was to bestow such a precious gift upon Mary.'

'O! I *wish* I had it!—O! I want it *now!*' she exclaimed with increasing emotion. 'Well, your Heavenly Father wants to give it to you *now*, my dear daughter. He says, *ask* and you *shall* receive.' 'Come unto *me*;' and he wants you to come to Him *now*. He is saying to you this moment, 'Try me, and prove me.' Now, try the Lord and prove Him. See if He will not give you a new heart. That heart of yours, *already* belongs to God, and now as He requires it of you, will He not take it? He is now saying to you, '*Give* me thy heart.' You well know how it would be, should you ask your mother for any thing that she knew to be for your good. And now how *much more* willing is your Heavenly Father to give his Holy Spirit to them that *ask* Him. He knows you *need* a new heart, and He only waits for *you* to come to Him, and ask and you *shall* receive.

'We will now kneel, and ask that God will receive you, and while *you* give yourself away to Him, we will beseech Him to give you a new heart.' With looks expressive of unutterable desire, she assented, and we knelt together. I endeavored to be mouth for her in confessing her need of a Saviour, and in earnest supplication for pardon and adoption. Her fervent responses, spoke assuringly to my heart, as but the language of her overburdened spirit. I felt most consciously that I beheld in her experience the significant expression verified, namely, 'The Spirit maketh intercession with groanings unutterable.' The great deep of her heart seemed broken up, and the violence of her grief so great, that I was fearful the excitement might prevent that calm, decisive action of faith by which the soul throws itself on the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yet, notwithstanding this, I felt so desirous that every step should be distinctly marked with the most incontestible evidence of the Holy Spirit's leadings, both for the establishment of my own faith, and the permanency of hers, that I resolved, though my nature shrank from being instrumental in probing her wounded spirit more deeply, to continue my efforts yet a little longer in endeavoring to discover to her a more thorough knowledge of her need of a Saviour.

We had risen from prayer, and I said, 'Did you ever think, dear Sarah, that all the sins you ever committed are written down in the book of the Lord?' I then told her of a youthful relative, who, a few moments previous to his death, repeated the hymn: —

Almighty God! Thy piercing eye
  Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
  All open to thy sight.

There 's not a sin which we commit,
  Or wicked word we say,
But in that dreadful book is writ,
  Against the Judgment day.

And must the sins which I have done,
  Be read and published there,
Be all exposed before the Son,
  While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
  Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
  And blot them from thy book.

The effect produced on her mind while repeating these lines, I can never forget. The Lord was evidently present and spoke through the medium of the words to her inmost heart. As I progressed, her emotions were increasingly demonstrative of the fact, that she felt herself standing as a condemned criminal before God. And when I came to the last stanza, the language of her quivering spirit seemed to say—'spare, I can bear no more.'

Never before for other than my own soul, had I felt such a weight of responsibility. It was in part induced from the conviction, that it was the design of my Heavenly Father, that the conversion of my dear child might depend, instrumentally, upon the strength of *my* faith. The unutterable solicitude educed from this conviction, influenced me to pause in prayerful suspense before the Lord. Her spirit seemed almost overwhelmed; and, O! with what longing of soul did I wait for heavenly direction.

She knelt for the performance of her evening's devotion, during the continuance of this waiting suspense, with myself. Her unusual fervor and tone of voice seemed to say that she was quite unconscious of the presence of any one beside the God she supplicated. After continuing much longer than usual in prayer, she arose, and was prepared for the repose of the night. But her fervor of spirit had not in the least abated. As she threw herself on the bed, she expressed her unwillingness to give up, by saying, imploringly, 'O! Ma, keep talking to me.'

I laid myself down beside her. Oh! the unutterable interest of that hour. I felt that her inmost soul was inexpressibly athirst for salvation. The conviction with increasing certainty possessed my heart, that she was about to be born of the Spirit. And who but a parent, similarly situated, could imagine feelings of like interest? That our child should thus, in her infant days, be born of the Spirit and adopted into the family of Christ. The honor seemed too great, and to grasp it, seemed to require the exercise of a faith correspondingly greater.

It was but a short time before she was again in the attitude of a suppliant beside the bed. With my eye fixed upon Jesus, and my heart continually pleading the promise, 'I will instruct thee,' I endeavored to direct this precious lamb to the fold of Christ, by showing her the simplicity of the way of faith, while my own soul was every moment gathering increasing strength.

Soon afterward I said, 'My dear daughter, I will pray silently, and you may also continue asking the Lord, and O! I am sure He will give you a new heart.' How sweet was the assurance to my soul, that the Holy Spirit would take of the things of God, and reveal them even unto babes. The sentiment, 'not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord,' never more thoroughly penetrated my heart. There was one point in my travail of soul for her, where my faith most consciously laid hold. It was while saying, 'She is already thine,'—and now by the remembrance of that hour, when she was most solemnly given away in covenant to thee, and thou didst condescend to assure my heart so fully of thine acceptance of the offering, let her case come up in remembrance before thee. Thus far she is already thine, numbered with thy covenant people; and now wilt thou not give her to feel most assuredly that she is taken into covenant relation with thee? May her young heart know that thou dost accept and seal her thine.

It was while thus pleading that my faith most *distinctly* laid hold. I pause here. For here is the burthen of my heart in the recordings of this hour. God is a covenant keeping God. His name is JEHOVAH. And by this name would He now be known and glorified in his covenant people, and their seed after them. A solemn, unfathomed responsibility rests upon God's covenant people relative to their children. Of this I had never been so fully aware, until passing through the exercises here given. She is already thine! Here was the point where my faith, with an unyielding grasp, laid hold. It was here my bounding spirit could say,

> 'My prayer hath power with God; the grace
> Unspeakable I now receive.'

So sure was I now that what I had asked was according to the will of God, and that I had the petition I had desired of Him, that I continued a moment longer, praising God for the answer, though my heart assured me that my dear child was longing for me to rise in order to communicate her joy.

As I arose, she exclaimed with thrilling emotion,—'O! Ma, I feel as if I had a new heart. O! I think I have! I am almost sure! O! I am sure! Yes! I am sure!' She then began praising the Lord, with expressions, altogether beyond her former capacity. I could not but regard her singularly mature expressions, so beyond her former self, as a development of new, mental powers. A renewed nature had been given, and my condescending Heavenly Father permitted me to have such conclusive testimony, that my heart may ever say relative to her change,

'Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight.'

O! Praise the Lord! was for some time the language of every breath. How truly the Heaven-inspired language of the new-born spirit, thought I, as I beheld one but little over six years of age, who was unaccustomed to see those similarly exercised with herself.

From one expression, I had reason to conclude that her mind had some time previously been exercised relative to this change. It was this. 'O! Ma, how much I have of late thought of those words you published a long time ago.' 'What were they, my daughter?' She quickly, and with much emphasis, replied,

'Give me thy heart!' we hear him say,
Lord, we thy mandate will obey,
We come, to tread the narrow way,
To be thy faithful followers.'

She then began to sing in sweet, and I think as lovely strains as ever I heard, to the tune of Old Hundred, the Doxology,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I accompanied her voice, with a heart bounding with unutterable joy. It really seemed to me that it was not in unmeaning, or unanswered invocation, that she had called upon the heavenly host to assist in ascribing praise to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. After she had ceased hymning the words, she returned and in solemn measure said, yes!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below.

'Yes! every body ought to praise him!' She paused, and then said, 'O! I feel as if I wanted to tell every body. O! I could tell a stranger! Every body ought to love the Saviour. I love Him with my whole heart. O! how happy I am!'

We then united in singing portions of several hymns ascriptive of praise, in which she both chose the words and tunes, bearing me onward in heart and voice — though seemingly unconscious to herself — on the tide of her joy. She had commenced, and we had together sung,

'My Father, God! I feel, I feel thy love,' &c.

As we sung, she emphasized the words most expressive of the language of her heart, and then said, 'O! Ma, there is one verse of that hymn, so sweet to me now!' I repeated the first lines of the second stanza, inquiringly? 'That is not it.' I then repeated the remaining lines,

'To hear him whisper, "Thou art mine,
And all in me, my child, is thine,"
O! these are triumphs all divine.'

'*That* is it!' she exclaimed. 'O! what triumphs!'

She had never been a child in whom abundant precocity of sentiment had been manifested as is in rare cases, and I desire not to account for this maturity of experience and sentiment, on any other ground than that of the Holy Spirit's gracious dictations, and my spirit was sweetly and fully satisfied, and cried out, 'It is enough!' 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, Thou hast ordained *strength*, because of thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the avenger.' The genuineness of the work was so apparent, that the enemy was silenced, and no room left for future misgivings.

Her dear father was absent. But she was so desirous to communicate the joy of her new-born spirit to him, that I sent for him. My heart and eyes fill at the recollection of the scene when this happy father was permitted to clasp to his heart his rejoicing daughter—his new-born child. The remembrance of the day of her birth into the natural world, bears but little comparison. To witness the answer, to what had been the increasing desire of his heart from the earliest existence of his child, O! it was happiness not to be described!

I thought well to explain to her how she might retain the blessing, and said, 'Now, Sarah, it was by giving your heart away to God that you received a new heart, and the only way to keep it is to keep giving.' She caught the words from my lips, and said, 'Yes, keep giving it, giving it all the time.'

About two hours had passed, and she again laid down for repose. I placed the light in a convenient position and laid down beside her, with the blessed Bible in my hand, and began turning over the leaves with the intention of selecting portions suited to her state. 'What are you looking for, dear Ma?' 'For something good,' I responded. 'O!' said she, 'it is all good.' While I read, the word of the Lord seemed to be sweet indeed to her taste.

After reading for some time, and she had ceased to respond, I supposed she had fallen asleep, and ceased reading aloud at the words, 'We love Him because He first loved us.' She started up, and with much interest inquired, 'Why do you not read on, dear Ma?' 'Because I thought you had fallen asleep, or was sleepy.' 'O!' said she, with much expression,' We love Him because He first loved us! We did not love Him, but He loved us.'

It is now the third day since her change, and she still gives blessed evidence of its reality. She has always been very precious to us, but now, a new and more endearing tie binds her more closely to our hearts. Allelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

New York City, March, 1844.

MY FATHER.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

[FROM THE 'FORGET ME NOT,' FOR 1844.]

'In the evening time there shall be light.'

SACRED the hour when thou, my sainted father,
Wast of thy worn-out, sinking clay undressed;
Softly, by his pale hand who comes to gather
Time's weary pilgrims home to joy and rest.

Noiseless and clear, and holiest of the seven,
That day when thy last earthly sun went down;
Thy Sabbath, closing here began in Heaven,
While thy meek brow changed ashes for a crown.

Hush was the evening, not a zephyr swelling,
Heaved the tree-blossom, or the woodbine leaves;
Silent, the bird that sung about our dwelling,
Slept where she nestled, close beneath its eaves.

Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining,
When Time's last ray to thy mild eye was shed;
While Death's cold touch, life's silver cord untwining,
Brought his chill night-dew on thy reverend head.

Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
How didst thou linger till one Sabbath more;
'T was holy time; thy pure heart stilled its beating;
Pain, work, and warfare were forever o'er!

* * * * * *

Now, while the robin, past thy window flying,
Leads off her young, forsaking here her nest,
Constant the wild-bird where thy dust is lying,
Sings her sweet hymn, a requiem to its rest.

There it has joined the ashes of my mother,
Faithful, re-wedded to its only bride;
And there thy latest born, my younger brother,
Thy fond heart's care, sleeps closely by her side.

Yet, angel-father, over Jordan's water,
Is it so far that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore, where lonely stands thy daughter,
Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for thee?

Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
May not be granted to her mortal sight,
When she so long watched o'er thy head so hoary,
Smoothing its pillow till that mournful night?

Since here so oft, in pain, the path of duty
Thy patient feet with steady steps have trod,
Safe now they walk the golden streets in beauty;
And O! thy blessed eyes see peace in God!

HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Happiness — the careless enjoyment of mere animal spirits — is so essential to the well-being of children, that it has been wisely made a law of their nature. Early youth ought to be the season of gayety. The cares which come upon us in later life, would, if inflicted upon the heart of youth, crush out all its energies and leave it a useless wreck. The capacity for happiness, the power of finding enjoyment in every thing the eye beholds, or the hands grasp, seem wisely and mercifully given to the child, in order that all his powers may expand to vigorous life, beneath the sunshine; for it is most certain, that habitual suffering or irritation will destroy all symmetry of mind, by expanding some of the mental powers to an unnatural degree, while it depresses others. The child, who has been accustomed to the harsh rebuke, the bitter taunt, the frequent punishment, and hasty blow, will, nine cases in ten, grow up prematurely wise in worldly lore, but with an impaired moral sense; or else will have all its faculties benumbed, and become stupid, if it escapes becoming wicked. The noblest lessons of virtue are taught in the school of adversity; but it will not do to apply the lessons too early, lest in bending the twig we break the future tree.

THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN.

Her might is gentleness: she winneth sway
By a soft word, and by a softer look:
Where she, the gentle loving one hath failed,
The proud or stern might never yet succeed.

Strength, power and majesty belong to man;
They make the glory native to his life:
But sweetness is a woman's attribute;
By that she has reigned, and by that will reign.

There have been some who with a mightier mind
Have won dominion; but they never won
The dearer empire of the beautiful; —
Sweet sovereigns of their natural loveliness. Schiller.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—Published by Harper & Brothers. New York City. 1844.

Two numbers of this costly and splendid work have been issued. It is to be published in numbers, at the low price of twenty-five cents each, and embellished with SIXTEEN HUNDRED historical engravings, exclusive of an initial letter to each chapter, more than fourteen hundred of which are from original designs. It will contain Marginal References, the Apochrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c., together with a Family Record and a Presentation Plate.

The mechanical execution of this superb work, is in the highest perfection of art. No adequate opinion can be formed of it from any description we can give. Of the reading matter, we can speak in the highest praise; as it is altogether the most interesting and best book which ever was published, or ever will be.

For sale at the bookstores in this city.

TEXAN SANTA FE EXPEDITION.—Harper & Brothers. New York. 1844.

This is a narrative of a tour through Texas and across the great southwestern prairies, the Camanche and Caygua hunting-grounds, with an account of the sufferings from want of food, losses from hostile Indians, and final capture of the Texans, and their march as prisoners, to the city of Mexico, by GEORGE W. KENDALL, editor of the New Orleans Picayune. It is in two volumes, and contains a number of illustrations and a map.

This is probably the most interesting book of travels which has been issued from the press for some length of time. The adventures of the author are full of novelty, and his descriptions are fraught with instructive information. His sketch of the Mexican character bears evidence of truth and faithfulness, although he was denied, as he says, the privilege of viewing aught save the darker shades of life while within the limits of that republic.

Each volume contains more than four hundred pages.

THE CYPRESS WREATH: a Book of Consolation for those who Mourn. Edited by REV. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1844.

This is a beautiful little pocket volume of 128 pages, being a selection of choice pieces, in poetry and prose, from a great variety of authors, adapted 'to the heart-broken and the desponding who linger among the tombs. Every sufferer may find in it some leaf or flower whose fragrance may calm the overflowing bursts of grief into tears of tender recollection, and haply lead his soul to drink of the 'fountain of living waters.'

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

AN AFFECTING TALE OF TRUTH.

The following touching and interesting relation is from the pen of Mrs. Lydia M. Child, of New York City, the same lady who took such an interest in the fate of *Amelia Norman.* We understand that it is a plain, unvarnished narrative of facts. — Ed.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle, beaming eyes, and 'lips like wet coral.' Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, 'How handsome she is!' And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by 'that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.'

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game, for temporary excitement; she, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance; but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly, and said, 'My dear, are you an innocent girl?' 'I am, I am,' replied she, with convulsive sobs. 'Oh, what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me that?' Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. 'If you are innocent,' said he, 'God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me. 'What *could* I understand,' said she, 'except that you intended to make me your wife?' Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor, widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted old gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

'Leave us alone,' said he to the keeper. 'Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear.' When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, 'My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty.'

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, 'Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?'

'Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it,' replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. 'This is her first offence,' said he; 'the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk.' The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, had he known all the circumstances. 'Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend,' replied Isaac. 'By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved.'

The good old man then went to the hotel, and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. 'Tell him my business is of importance,' said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visiter took the opportunity to 'bear a testimony,' as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl if he had known her to be virtuous. 'I have done many wrong things,' said he, 'but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable.' The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses. 'Nay,' said Isaac, 'thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another.'

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled, as he said, 'You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman.'

'Farewell, friend,' replied Isaac, 'though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayest thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted.'

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means her true name was kept out of the newspapers. 'I did this, said she, 'for my poor mother's sake.' With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, 'Friend Hopper, do you know me?' He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, 'You once helped me, when in great distress.' But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room, for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, 'I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh! where should I now be, if it had not been for you?'

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

'But I go away to-morrow,' said she, 'and I could not leave the city without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin.' She recalled her little boy, and said to him, 'Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had.' With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent 'God bless you,' she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel Love.

GOD EVERY WHERE PRESENT.

OH, thou! by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In Heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place, nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all. GUION.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

FEMALE INDEPENDENCE.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER.

WITHOUT independence of character it is impossible to fill any station with honor. The tendencies of our nature and of the circumstances of society are evil, and operate as an essential barrier to fidelity. And it is to be regretted that they so generally overpower the feeble resistance with which they are encountered, and impel us to act in contravention of our judgment and interests. The great mass float along upon the teeming current, and are swept down into the turbid channels of guilt and shame, while few only stem the tide with the heroism and perseverance necessary to success.

None are more liable to be carried away than young ladies, because none are so unfortunately situated in this respect. The desire to *please* is generally an instinctive principle of their sex and age, and then, they are urged to this by motives which others are not. Whether it should be so or not, their '*market*,' if I may be pardoned for using so common a word, depends entirely upon this, and must not be overlooked in estimating their conduct. They have as good a right to think of these things as others, and it is just as natural to them. In this respect, therefore, they labor under a disadvantage, as here is a temptation to please at the expense of right and duty, which the other sex have not. This fact, I am happy to say, has been thought of by our legislators in their distribution of penalties, and should not be overlooked by the guardians of public morals.

Now, to resist this combination of incentives to an improper course, independence of character is necessary. What I mean by this is, a mind fixed on doing right at all hazards. A heart so inflexible in its disposition and purpose to avoid all that is wrong, inexpedient, or unbecoming, as promptly to decline. To say NO, is sometimes a hard lesson to learn, especially, where there is a strong disposition to *please*. But it must be done, cost what it may. There is no true independence without it. To be controlled by the opinions, habits, and notions of others, against our own judgment and conscience is slavery. Now as young ladies are more exposed to this, so they should be more guarded. I would not have them rough and uncourteous, but decided. However interest may seem to lie in the opposite direction, still, magnanimously adhere to the right, and risk the consequences.

To illustrate what I mean. Mary was solicited one bright Sabbath morning to go with some young friends on a sailing excursion. Here was a strong temptation to do what she regarded very wrong, and she hesitatingly declined. But being urged, she yielded to her love of pleasure and desire to please, and started against all her convictions of duty. On entering the boat, it capsized, and she was drowned. A little more independence would have saved her life. Rebekah, was thorough in the temperance cause, and familiar with all its bearings. In the course of time, a young gentleman of beautiful address, and possessed of some property, presented her his hand. She knew him to be a customer at the bar, though in a very polite way, and she was not ignorant of the ordinary results of such habits. However, fearing she might not have so good a chance again, and hoping for the best, she suppressed her conscience, and rushed to the arms of a drunkard, like a charmed bird to the devouring flames. Another, whose name it is not necessary to mention, was prompted by an enlightened sense of duty to be a Christian. But one did not believe in it, some smiled, and others laughed at the idea, till she banished the thought and assumed her former airs. She now lives a monument of guilt, and voluntary slavery to the wickedness of her associates, against her real convictions of right and duty.

To conclude these remarks, young ladies should not forget that perfect independence will command for them the highest respect of those who affect to despise their course, and result in substantial good. A crouching sycophancy is *always* despised, however earnestly induced. An unwavering adherence to the right can *never* be slightly thought of in reality, though it may be complained of, and branded as bigotry, stubbornness and arrogance. Who has not admired the heroic independence of the martyrs? Said Mons. Loire, in closing his remonstrances, 'Well, Mary, if you are going to be a Christian, you and I must part.' 'As you please,' replied Mary; 'good evening, Sir,' and passed on to her meeting. This was true independence, and brought the remonstrant lover to the feet of Christ. I need not add that he loved her with increased attachment, and redeemed his hymenial pledge, with greatly increased confidence in the wisdom of his choice. Young ladies who violate their consciences in the least degree to court the favor of the other sex, show themselves unworthy of the affection they seek, and will succeed only where success will be a curse and not a blessing.

Fair reader, if you would be good, honorable and magnanimous, be *independent.* Determine to be in the right, and enjoy the pleasures of a good conscience and an unsullied reputation. This will insure you respect from the right quarter, and exempt you from the contemptible annoyance of heartless flatterers. Real decision and independence of character is a fortune of itself, and will bring more *ready money* in the market than all the cringing and twisting subserviency the most artful genius can devise.

Lynn, Mass., March, 1844.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me,
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'T is the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me,
Christ is mine — He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor,
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength — forever!
Weep not for me.

DALE.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

BY MISS MARY M. GRIFFIN.

'A WORD, A TONE OR LOOK MAY STRIKE THE ELECTRIC CHAIN, WHEREWITH WE ARE DARKLY BOUND.'

WHO has not often felt the vibration of that chain which binds upon the tablet of the heart, the cherished scenes of other days; when a 'tone or look' may strike the chain composed of tenderest recollections, and bring vividly those gone-by days before us?

Behold that sweet and playful child, unconscious of past or future. The present only occupies his mind. There was a time when we were as innocent and as happy as he. His lisping tone and cheerful look touch the chain which binds our childhood days. We turn to the past, and recall those much-loved scenes to view, which have long been darkly bound within our bosoms. We are children again, again dependent on a parent's care.

Years may pass away, and the ties be severed which now bind us to those we love. We may perchance forget the countenances of those now so dear to us. The chain is but 'darkly bound,' and a word will bring to our memory many a rich and treasured gem. The remembrances of the past are precious, although the realities have passed away, bound to us only by the electric chain, which holds over them a deep and secret sway.

How quickly a word may strike the 'chain wherewith we are darkly bound,' when a voice reminds us of the tones of the departed. The sensation flies from link to link and brings sad yet sweet reminiscences to the heart. There is a language which bids us seek those loved ones in the home of other days, and those cherished scenes tell us of their absence. All around in silent eloquence tell us they are 'not here, but risen.' We look above to seek them in the spirit land, and

Each star that shines in yonder space,
Reminds us of their dwelling place;
Each ray that 's from the orb of night,
Bears tidings from their home of light.

East Boston, March, 1844.

Victoria's Respect for the Sabbath.—A certain noble lord arrived at Windsor one Saturday night at a late hour. On being introduced to the Queen, he said, 'I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection some documents of great importance; but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning. 'To-morrow morning!' repeated the Queen; 'to-morrow is Sunday, my lord.' 'True, your Majesty, but business of the State will not admit of delay.' 'I am aware of that,' replied the Queen; 'and as, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if those papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents after Church to-morrow morning.' So to Church went the Queen and the Court, and to Church went the noble lord, when, much to his surprise, the subject of the discourse was on the duties of the Christian Sabbath. 'How did your lordship like the sermon?' asked the Queen. 'Very much, indeed, your Majesty,' replied the nobleman. 'Well, then,' replied her Majesty, 'I will not conceal from you, that, last night, I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon.' The Sunday passed without a single word being said relative to the State papers; and, at night, when her Majesty was about to withdraw, 'To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please,' said the Queen, turning to the nobleman, 'as early as seven, my lord, if you like, we will look into the papers.' The nobleman said, 'That he could not think of intruding on her Majesty at so early an hour; he thought nine o'clock would be quite soon enough.' 'No—no, my lord,' replied the Queen, 'as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early. However, if you wish it to be nine, be it so;' and accordingly the next morning at nine, her Majesty was seated ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.—*Frazer's London Magazine.*

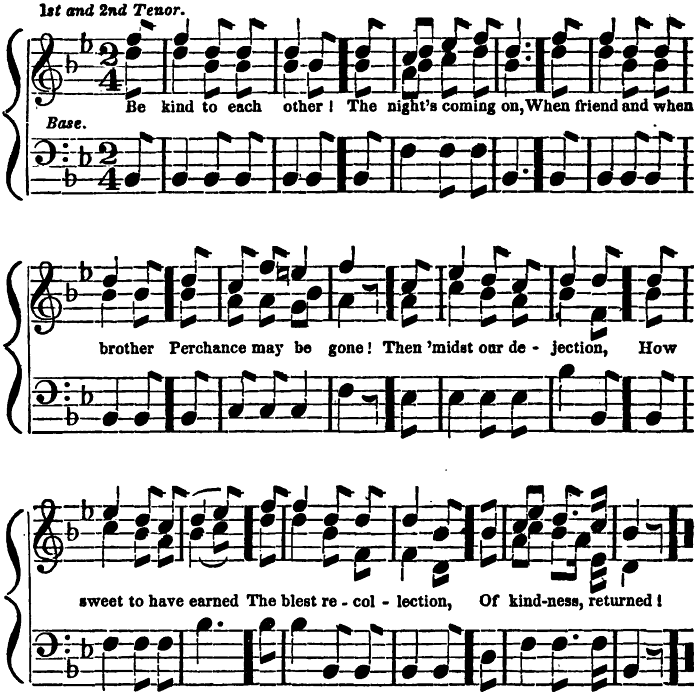
MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Shakspeare.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

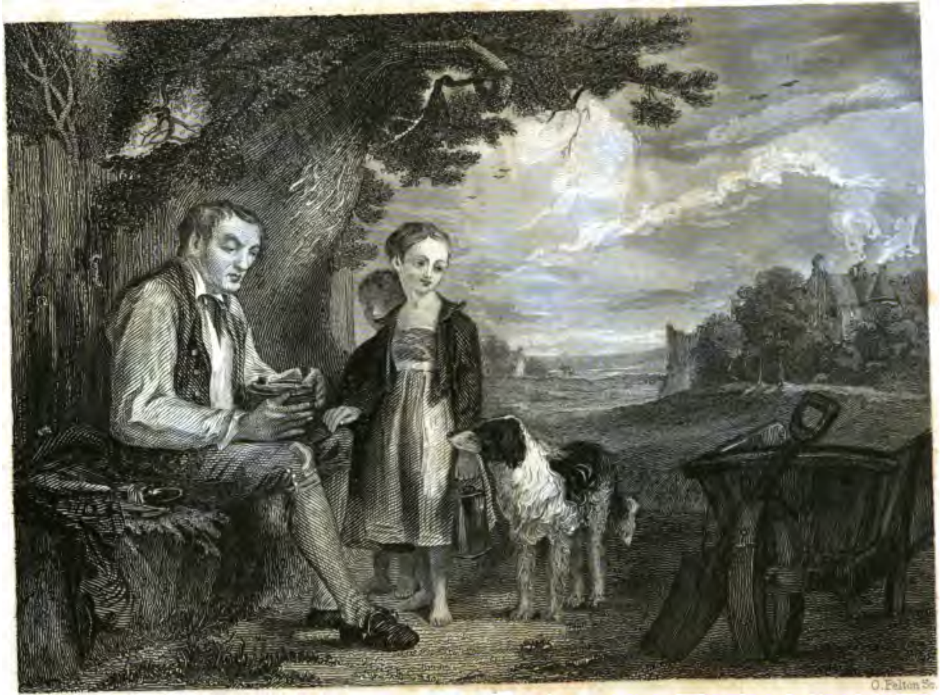
POETRY BY CHARLES SWAIN.—MUSIC BY LOWELL MASON.

ARRANGED FOR MEN'S VOICES.


1st and 2nd Tenor.
Base.
Be kind to each other! The night's coming on, When friend and when
brother Perchance may be gone! Then 'midst our de - jection, How
sweet to have earned The blest re - col - lection, Of kind-ness, returned!

2 When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved, sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove,—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love.

3 Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling!
O, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!



A. Fraser del.

O. Felton Sc.

The Noonday Rest.

[illegible] landscapes of the neighborhood.

THE
MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. IV. MAY, 1844. NO. 5.

[Obtained a prize of Fifteen Dollars.]

THE RESTORED FAMILY.

BY MRS. M. O. STEVENS.

ON a late visit to England, I spent a week at the country mansion of my widowed friend, Mrs. SANDFORD, surrounded by the beautiful scenery of the Thames, in the neighborhood of Greenwich. The hospital, filled with veterans of the British navy, the Observatory, celebrated in all the civilized world, and the park, once the hunting-ground of Queen Elizabeth, with tame deer still browsing in the shade of its ancient trees, afforded sufficient attractions to a transatlantic stranger; but the society of my friend was to me the superior charm of the week. She was somewhat advanced in years, and her position in society had afforded her an extensive survey of life, which she had improved by a habit of accurate reflection. She had a remarkable discernment of character and (what is seldom combined with, but never necessarily separate from this rare power) a genuine benevolence, her characteristic trait, which softened and mellowed her entire nature and her very tones. Withal, she was much addicted to books, and possessed that universal excellence of her sex, a ready utterance. A sweet little niece, named Emily, and her two brothers, George and Henry, were spending the dog-days with her at the time of my visit. Accompanied by these, we took a daily walk after dinner among the beautiful landscapes of the neighborhood.

One fine afternoon our promenade was extended much farther than usual. The breezes were refreshing, the conversation of Mrs. Sandford was more than ordinarily interesting, and the birds, the butterflies and flowers along the hedgerows, allured the children away, unconscious of time or fatigue. As we turned a corner, we saw a little boy apparently about eleven years of age, limping on a crutch. Mrs. Sandford hastened to the child with eagerness and addressed him in the most affectionate language. He was introduced to the children as little Willie. When we parted, to return home, George seemed much concerned to know the reason of his aunt's deep interest in the lame boy.

'Why, who could help feeling for him,' exclaimed Henry; 'he looks so mild and good, and then he is lame also, poor boy.'

There was indeed something in the kind, delicate features, and mild, blue eye and tender tones of little Willie, something of goodness and sadness, which appealed at once to the hearts of all who met him, and assured them, that he possessed a sweet and affectionate spirit, and also had suffered much.

'It is right, my dears,' replied Mrs. Sandford, to the exclamation of Henry, 'to love amiable children, and to pity the unfortunate; but something more than these excites my sympathy for Willie. I never see him with his little crutch without being deeply affected by the recollection of the history of his lameness. He has been remarkably useful; he has been the means of rescuing from vice and ruin his own father, and of blessing all his family.'

'Why, aunt, how did he do it?' cried Emily.

'I will tell you when I have leisure, and it will be a good story for you. There is, my friend,' continued Mrs. Sandford, addressing me, 'a little history connected with the family of this child, which exhibits rare excellences in his mother as well as himself, and it is difficult to say which is most admirable. Though in humble life, she is one of the most remarkable women of my acquaintance. This, however, should be no marvel; it has long been my conviction that women of the middling classes, having practical duties and a sense of responsibility to sharpen their faculties, usually acquire more penetration and solid sense, and more of the moral power which these impart, than their sisters who spend their lives in the luxurious indolence of higher circles. I never knew any one who better managed the government of a family than Willie's mother. With more than common intelligence, she possesses in a rare degree, the instinctive sensibilities of the mother, and a deep insight into those half-concealed workings of the undeveloped mind, which constitute the very being of childhood, and the right guidance of which is the problem of early education. With this discernment, she combines a singular facility in inventing happy expedients for educing and directing these workings of the infant spirit. I say *educing;* I like the term, as it conveys the genuine idea of *education;* for our lexicographers tell us that the word educate is from *educo*, to draw out; and not as is generally supposed, to 'fill up.' There is, indeed, a subsequent and temporary period in which the *acquisition* of knowledge must constitute the burden of education; but prior to this, and infinitely more important, is the process of developing the young spirit; yet how generally is this utterly neglected, or left to casual influences. We furnish the garden with arbors, bowers, vine-trellises, &c., and scatter over its surface the precious seed, without first developing the latent virtues of the soil. What wonder then that we find, in most cases, no fruit, but rank shrubbery and poisonous vines? I have learned more on this subject from the clear common sense of Willie's mother than from all the books I ever read. Theories of domestic education may aid us much, doubtless, but, after all, the vigilant study of the child's dispositions, and that ready contrivance of little expedients for encouraging or suppressing them, which maternal instincts can best suggest, constitute the best philosophy of early education.'

I could not but feel an interest in such a family, and intreated my friend to relate the facts of their history to which she had alluded. We had a considerable walk before us on our return, and as the fatigue of the excursion would be much relieved by an entertaining subject of conversation, she consented, and proceeded in a familiar style, somewhat as follows:

'Mr. Robinson, little Willie's father, was at first a virtuous and industrious man. He had received an education much superior to what is common among our practical agriculturists. God prospered his labors, and he was enabled soon after his marriage to purchase a farm of few but valuable acres. It is situated about half a mile down the lane on which we met Willie. The farm-house was a monument of the good taste of his wife. She selected its site and devised its plan and adjacent arrangements. It was small, but on a beautiful cottage model. Two tall elms shaded it, honeysuckles trailed about the doors and windows, and a flower-garden extended back of it. This flower-garden alone was a good indication; wherever you find the love of flowers in humble life, you find more or less refinement of feeling. Through a thick grove on the farm, flowed a stream, a little rivulet running into the Thames. Beyond this stream, which was crossed by a foot bridge, was a noble forest, affording the family, in autumn, abundance of nuts, and beyond and above it, rose the church spire, beneath which they worshipped God on the Sabbath.

In the midst of this picture was the home of the happy family during several years. Meanwhile, three children increased its ties, Amelia, the first born, the June flower of the household, as her mother fondly called her, in allusion to the month of her birth, was a beautiful and tractable child, with a heart imbued with sweetness; but Mary seemed sent into the world only as a contrast to her sister. She was irritable in her temper, and one strong, repulsive propensity predominated in her nature — an extreme selfishness. It revealed itself constantly, to the annoyance of the whole family and the anxious apprehensions of the discerning mother. Were playthings distributed among the children, hers were certain not to be as pretty as the others; had they new dresses, hers were not as good as Amelia's; were they at the table, the cakes and sweetmeats were given more liberally to others than to her. But Willie, the third of the group, was, if possible, even less hopeful. Mary, notwithstanding her selfishness and occasional ill-temper, had intervals of hearty good humor at least; and at these times, the mother thought she could perceive a cordial disposition, which might ripen into a more benevolent temper. She seemed also to be growingly fond of her angel-sister, from whose gentle influence much might be expected. But poor Willie was sickly in body and morose in mind. The first year of his life was one of almost incessant suffering and restlessness. He could scarcely walk when two years old. His temper was strong, and he seemed almost incapable of amusement. Seldom was his countenance brightened with a smile. He presented no one, bad, predominant trait, relieved at times by better feelings, like the selfishness of Mary, but a general perversity of temper.

The management of such children was a task for the most capable parent. They were specimens of the three classes of early character, which comprise nearly all children. Amelia was an example of those, who, notwithstanding any occasional mixture of evil, exhibit, from the beginning, a predominance of the good, and almost spontaneously, nay sometimes against strong contrary influences, develope an amiable character. Mary, of those who exhibit a strong characteristic defect, and Willie, of those who present a general defectiveness, without any clearly-marked, individual fault. A domestic regimen, therefore, adapted to these, ought to afford lessons for nearly every other case.

The anxious mother, alarmed at the long continuance of the unhappy dispositions of her son and youngest daughter, resolved to adopt at once some more decided measures for their improvement. She first examined thoroughly her past course, in order to ascertain and remedy its faults, and then planned a systematic one for the future, which she determined to apply daily and minutely, as the most important business of her sphere. She withdrew the three children from school.

'Withdrew them from school!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, withdrew them from school; and it was proof of her good sense. The oldest was not over seven years of age, and Mrs. Robinson rightly judged that the confinement, the sedentary posture, the tasked lessons, and especially the associates of the school-room were not suited to their tender years; particularly to the peculiar temper of Mary, and the feeble constitution of Willie. She believed if children learn at all from books before the period of infancy has passed, it should be in some form of amusement and at the domestic hearth. Willie had but just learned his letters after a year of inexorable schooling. She sent to London and procured him a pictorial primer full of small engravings and a similar spelling-book for Mary. The arrival of the primer made a jubilee in the life of the poor, sullen boy. He smiled more that day than he had in a year before. During a long period the book was in his hands, morning, noon and evening. He soon learned to spell the names of the pictures, then to read the explanatory sentences, and within one year he could read any juvenile book. The child had actually taught himself to read. No lesson was allotted by his mother; on the contrary she contrived to give an air of recreation to his hours of study. If he was guilty of misconduct, his book was withheld, and this soon became one of the most dreaded penalties of the household government. Thus did this admirable woman lead her child to esteem as his choice pastime, that which most children, through the manner in which it is enforced, consider the greatest drudgery of their young days. A pleasant entertainment was in this manner provided for him, which, while it instructed him, did not fail even at this early period, to exert a salutary influence on his unhappy disposition.

Mrs. Robinson's good sense suggested that the physical infirmities of her son had much to do with his moral disposition, and that the removal of the former would be one of the best remedies of the latter. Here again she was right. How could it be otherwise than that a child, sick from its birth, should be morbidly sensitive? Mothers have scarcely less need of a knowledge of physiology than physicians. How emphatically does nature speak on this subject. Why has she infused into childhood, incessant restlessness and inquisitiveness? Many mothers esteem these intolerable faults, to be curbed by admonition, or, if this fails, by castigation. Alas! what a misapprehension of one of the most benevolent arrangements of Providence — the most joyous voice of nature calling her little ones forth, with happy surprises and jocund laughter to the development of strength and thought! Never should these instinctive tendencies be repressed. Not only will the health of the child suffer from such restraint, but his moral temper become sensitive and morose. The subtle connections between body and soul are daily vehicles of good or evil to the latter. What is more distinctive of men than the temperaments? What, except religion, is impressed more deeply on the moral character of a man than his temperament? And yet this temperament is purely physical.

Mrs. Robinson endeavored to invigorate her child, and here again she concealed her design under the guise of amusement. Plats were assigned to each of the children in the garden, back of the cottage, where they daily rivalled each other in the cultivation of flowers. Fishing-tackle and mimic boats were provided, and, when fatigued in the garden, their next resort was to the banks of the stream in the neighboring grove. The foot-bridge, before-mentioned, was thrown across this stream, and all the forest beyond was thus laid open to their range. In due time the feeble boy was appointed to drive the cows to and from the pastures daily, with a small compensation which was to be expended for books. Was an errand to be performed to the village, or a neighboring farm-house, the smartest child was called for — a somewhat ambiguous term, indeed — an emulous comparison of claims for that character ensued among them, and the judicious mother always decided in favor of her feeble son, sending him away exulting in the honor, an exhilaration that redoubled the advantage of the exercise. The desired effects followed. Though never very strong, his blanched cheeks became tinged, his eye radiant, and his limbs elastic with improved health. His temper showed this improvement. Buoyant spirits, smiles and laughter, and generous emotions were the proofs.

The question of corporeal punishment was a difficult one to Mrs. Robinson, but as usual more difficult in practice than in theory. She has informed me that during the year and a half in which this corrective regimen was in progress in her family, she used the rod only three times. She believed that in most instances it is perverting to the moral feelings of the child, and yet that there are extreme cases in which Solomon's maxim was applicable—'Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.' She had three rules for it,—never to use it in small offences, never to inflict it on the day of the offence, and always to accompany it with as much ceremony as possible. Willie was guilty one morning of a misdemeanor, which she thought needed such severity. She called him to her, and with the greatest gravity explained his offence, and informed him of the penalty, appointing an hour of the following day for its infliction. Amelia was immediately dispatched to procure a rod of prescribed size. She went with a cloud of grief on her brow, and on returning with the rod in her hand, and tears in her eyes, affectionately kissed the little offender. The dreaded instrument was suspended all day in an obvious place, and the poor child had long and bitter hours of repentance. The next day, at the appointed time, his mother took him to her chamber, and holding him affectionately on her lap, discussed at length his offence. She read and explained to him the account of Eli's death. 'You see, my child,' said she, 'that it is sin in the sight of God for parents not to correct their children, and he punished Eli for not doing it. Would you rather have God punish your mother, or have her punish you?' Few children would hesitate at such an appeal. Willie, with tears in his eyes, chose to be punished. Before inflicting the chastisement, she knelt and prayed with him, and after it, left him an hour with the company of Amelia, whose gentle spirit she knew would at once assuage his grief and deepen its moral effect. The actual pain suffered by the child was nothing; but the importance and ceremony attached to it had greater influence than a thousand ordinary punishments, given at the moment of the offence, and with irritated feelings and language.

I have mentioned that the affectionate mother had given a poetical name to her best-beloved child—her June flower.

Most children acquire some such characteristic designation; if they have no one in particular, it is usually because they have a hundred in general. Poor Willie had been called 'Crying Willie, and Mary, 'Little Miss Keep-all.' 'What's in a name?' A great deal, my friend, with children, at least. Such names distinguish something more than the person of the child; they imply its moral character; they convey to its mind a moral imputation, the constant reiteration of which can scarcely fail to enhance the fault which it expresses. Accuse a child habitually of a defect, and you will soon find him considering it *his peculiarity*; a subtle process of mental association will weave the idea deeply into his moral nature, and exasperate the vice; for at every slight provocation, it will be sure to be the first recalled and ingulged.

Beside these convictions, Mrs. Robinson perceived that her partiality was injurious. The beloved Amelia deserved all the affection she received, and a parent cannot always suppress these fond predilections. But though they must exist, they need not be manifested. She resolved to remedy this error at once, not by showing less regard to Amelia, but as much to her other children. She chose them other familiar names, and with her usual sagacity, selected such as were directly the reverse of their peculiar defects.

Willie was one day climbing a fence in pursuit of a redbreast. The fence was in front of the door where his mother and sisters stood observing his motions. He fell awkwardly from a lower bar to the earth. Mary laughed heartily at him, but the mother and Amelia ran to the spot. He was not hurt, but his countenance showed that he was restrained from indulging his usual crying propensity only by the mortification produced by Mary's humor, and the fear of exciting it more. His features showed, in fine, that intermediate state where children often are for minutes together, half way between smiling and crying, not decided which to choose. His mother seized the moment, complimented his fortitude, making as much ado about the fall as it would admit, and taking him to her arms, kissed him, exclaiming, 'my sweet Willie! After such a fall I do n't believe any little thing will make him cry again. That shall always be his name now; he shall no more be called "Crying Willie," but Sweet Willie.' Amelia kissed him and said 'Sweet Willie,' and the child walked with them to the door, with a new consciousness, one that the most fastidious could not condemn. He now went by the name of 'Sweet Willie,' and a fountain of precious feelings broke forth in his little bosom at the new sound. The effect, though not perfect, was permanent. We forget, my friend, that children are little beings, governed by little circumstances.

No lack of such opportunities will be found in any family. One which I shall mention by and by, presented itself for little 'Miss Keep-all;' and she was soon bearing the new name of 'Miss Give-all.' If the change was not as great in her conduct as in her name, yet it was invaluable. In small matters, at least, she exemplified it. The striking inconsistency of such a name with her former selfishness, was more than even a child would incur.

Mrs. Robinson had deemed Willie's feeble health a sufficient reason for much early indulgence. She had always lighted him to bed, and either left some one, or tarried herself in the chamber till he fell asleep. It was now time that this bad habit should be abandoned. But how? She knew that a resolute course alone could succeed. She accompanied him as usual to his chamber one night, and, kissing him, assigned some necessity for retiring immediately. The child had scarcely heard her words when he began to cry most lustily. She moved toward the door, but before reaching it, he was on the floor, after her. She put him to bed and again attempted to retire, but in an instant he was again out and in pursuit, crying at the height of his voice. Four times did he repeat this feat, weeping meanwhile with an agony that went to the mother's heart and seemed irrepressible. She feared its effect on his health; yet what could she do? The experiment had been commenced; to abandon it now would be a concession, the effects of which she could not for a moment anticipate. Was there no partial compromise by which they might be avoided. Perplexed with doubts, pained with fears, and wrung to the heart by the piercing cries of her child, she burst into tears and fell on her knees by the bedside to implore a higher aid. The child was immediately affected by the sight, and his outcries changed to trembling sobs. The praying mother opened her eyes and beheld him gazing at her through his tears with an expression of mingled tenderness and awe. She caught his eye, and the next moment he raised himself in the bed, and threw his little arms around her neck, weeping with a subdued voice, as if his heart would break, and begging in broken accents to be forgiven. The mother wept with joy over her subdued child. She pressed him to her bosom with assurances of pardon, kissed him, wiped away his tears and left him quiet and conquered. Her perseverance had completely triumphed. But she stopped not here. She was first to meet him the next morning in the chamber where the scene had occurred. She took him on her lap and showed him in impressive but gentle tones, how wrong was his conduct. She believed in the religious susceptibility of childhood and addressed herself fully to it at this time. She was surprised and delighted with the new manifestations of the moral feelings of her child. The thought that he had disobeyed God as well as his mother, drew fresh tears from his eyes. His anxious questions showed an unexpected interest on the subject. Mother and child knelt while she framed for him a simple prayer for forgiveness, which he repeated after her with sobbing accents.

The effect of this course was immediate and remarkable. The sentiment of subjection was not confined to this one case. It now became as universal as the commands of the parent, and, as a natural result, the whole character of the child underwent a change full of moral beauty. His habitual sullenness gave place to a uniform gentleness, and this improvement was obvious to all observers. His father especially appreciated it. Willie was his only son — a circumstance of far greater consideration among even the lowest classes of this country than among the highest in your republic. He now became his darling child, and this increased manifestation of paternal love deepened and mellowed still more the growing affections of the child. Ah! my friend, what moral power inheres in the affections, and how little do we avail ourselves of it! Mrs. Robinson had a proof of it afterward, which I shall relate by and by. She little thought, while thus training her child, that she was providing such a power for the salvation of her family, when even her own should not be able to save it.

These methods in due time, crowned her best hopes. The child seemed no longer the same being. His character was now indeed signified by his familiar name; he was 'Sweet Willie.' The difficult task of uprooting his perverse peculiarities appeared finished, and all that remained to be done, until his age fitted him for the higher operations of religion, was the cultivation of the dispositions which he had thus acquired.

'But what of Mary during all this time?' I inquired.

'Her one strong defect,' replied Mrs. Sandford, 'was more inveterate than all the perversity of her brother, as sometimes in disease a small local affection is more difficult to remedy than a raging fever which invades the whole system. When Willie was thoroughly cured, Mary was only convalescent. She was a hopeful patient, however, and improved surely though slowly. The change of her familiar name and the other expedients mentioned, had a good effect. The beautiful transformation in Willie's character, and the loveliness, personal as well as moral, of Amelia, had their influence. Physical beauty is a gift of God, as valuable in the human person, as in any other work of nature. Perilous as it is when the pestiferous breath of flattery breathes upon it, yet, if combined with the virtues, it enhances their attractions, as the golden setting of the jewel increases its elegance. They are mutually adorned by the union. Happy are the hearths which are charmed and cheered by its smiles. A beautiful child, especially, is a blessing in the family, when its beauty is not abused by parental imprudence. Its mild influence may be like the presence of a cherub companion from the skies. Such was the little June-flower; unconscious of the contrivances of her mother, she was ever facilitating them. Her gentle affections wove themselves into the spirit of Mary, and restrained, as by silken cords, her unhappy propensity.

The judicious mother trusted not, however, to these influences alone, but adopted a systematic treatment, similar to that which had rescued Willie. A destitute family applied to her for relief. It was her habit in such cases to visit the sufferers and ascertain their wants. These, as she had learned, were in extreme necessity; her prudence suggested that while her charity relieved them, their sufferings might benefit her daughter. She selected Mary, therefore, to accompany her, and entrusted to her a considerable sum, in small change, of which she was to give the family what she might find their necessities demanded, and return the rest to her mother. On the way, their conversation related to their own blessings, their excellent health, comfortable cottage, abundant food, and warm fire-side. The counterpart was not stated by the mother; it was presented as they entered the miserable dwelling. The father of the family lay on a straw bed in a corner, pining away with pulmonary consumption and mental anxiety. The mother, weary with want and restless nights, was wholly occupied in waiting upon him and her youngest child, which languished with disease in her arms. By a few coals in the fire-place sat a daughter, pale and disheartened, at work with her needle, the only resource of the family. A little son in rags and shivering with the cold, entered with a few bones and pieces of bread, which he had begged, and as he laid them on the top of a barrel, their only table, the dying father turned his tearful eyes toward them and asked, 'Is that all, my child?' This was too much for Mary. She had never before witnessed such scenes. She whispered with a trembling voice, 'Shall I give them all the money, mother?' 'As you please, my child,' was the answer. She placed the money on the barrel, and they retired amid the blessings and tears of the family. It was when this visit was related in the evening at home, that Mary received the name of 'Little Miss Give-all.'

Charity to the poor had always been habitual at the farm-house. Not merely because it was a duty, but for its moral influence on the household. Mrs. Robinson now conferred the office of giving for the family almost exclusively on Mary. Did the poor apply at the door, she was to see that their proper demands were supplied. Were provisions to be dispatched to a suffering family, she was the appointed messenger. Were the old clothes of the household to be altered for the same purpose, the choice, the changes and the appropriation were all subject to her direction; the sagacious mother exerting over her, meanwhile, a guiding and unconscious influence, which prevented any imprudence. Mary, in fine, became the domestic almoner.

A course like this, including many other details which I need not mention, and which occur more or less in every family, could not fail, in time, to affect the selfish disposition of the child. Her mother had the happiness of seeing its moral deformity, at least, removed. It assumed now, more the character of caution than of selfishness. Did an indigent child apply for clothing, while the other children gave generously, but thoughtlessly, any thing they could spare, Mary gave as much, but was sure to ascertain what would be most suitable for the applicant and best spared by herself. This discriminating habit, in later time, affected her whole character; it made her systematic in all things, economical, but not illiberal, and impressed a certain nicety and primness on even her personal appearance. She now promised to make a frugal but bountiful housewife.

I have thus far related only the special means applied personally to the defects of the two youngest children; it would be interesting now to look back and notice some of the more general features of their family system.

Mrs. Robinson attached much importance to early rising. Though infancy needs an indefinite quantity of sleep, she believed that the more advanced years of childhood did not, and that the health and good habits of her children might be promoted by early rising; nine hours, from eight to five, she considered enough for them. But how should they be reduced to this regulation? She never stopped to reason with them in such cases, but resorted to her usual address. One afternoon she returned from London with a package which called forth clamorous inquiries from the children. She replied only in mysterious hints at its contents, but the promise was given that, all who should be up the next morning by five o'clock, should see it opened. As they retired, mutual pledges were made to awaken each other at the appointed hour. The hour came, all were up and the mysterious package was opened, displaying three splendid volumes, in the style of the annuals, with gilt edges and embossed covers, full of juvenile plates and a fine vignette page in each for the name of the owner. The children had never before seen books so beautiful, and the room rung with exclamations of surprise and joy, as the pictures were discovered, one after another. In the midst of this surprise, the mother introduced a proposition; it was, that as they had risen so early that morning to see them, they should do so every morning to read them, that the reading should commence at the same hour, and continue during an hour and a half, and then the books be put away for the rest of the day. In the enthusiasm of the moment, this was voted unanimously. She had then another proposition—that the child who should be first up the greatest number of times during the reading of any one of the volumes, should at the end, have the book with his or her name inscribed on the vignette page. This of course was carried by acclamation. A promise was made also that, when these were read, others should be provided. A shelf in the library case was assigned to each, and the hope held out that it might eventually be filled. The plan succeeded admirably; though, for a few weeks some delinquencies occurred, yet what at first was a task soon became habitual and delightful.

The Sabbath day! How relieving is it, my friend, to the burdens of the adult, but how wearisome usually to the child. Deprived of his accustomed exercise and beloved recreations, how often does he grow up in disgust with this sacred and most beautiful ordinance of religion. Mrs. Robinson did not believe this effect unavoidable. She was determined it should be otherwise in her family, and succeeded in the determination by her usual management. The lightest and prettiest room in the cottage was used on the Sabbath, and, during the summer, it was adorned for the purpose every Saturday by the children, with flowers and evergreens. An elegant copy of the London pictorial Bible, with its hundreds of engravings, was procured at a liberal expense, and all the time before the church-bells in the morning, they were allowed the use of it, with the understanding, however, that no picture should be examined without reading the passage which it illustrated. This was an admirable arrangement, for while the time was suitably occupied, the instructions of the Scriptures were secured without becoming irksome, and their impression aided by pictorial representations. This beautiful Bible was the great attraction of the day; but beside this, there was a drawer full of maps, diagrams and engravings of sacred places, customs, &c., which were brought forth on the Sabbath and filled its leisure hours with occupation and delight. It was the jubilee day of the week, and the images of those sweet, domestic, Sabbath scenes will abide with the children through all their future changes in life, sanctifying the memory of their childhood's home, and cherishing the reverence of God's day and Word.

The home of our childhood! How dear are its memories to us even on whose brows time has placed a chilling hand. Though long since broken up and dispersed, is not its image still a living reality, replete with old household associations and warm with old feelings which ever return to us with the glowing affections of youth! How does memory, bowed with the burden of later sorrows and sins, resort to it still, like the weary palmer seeking rest and hope at his favorite sanctuary. What influence does it send forth through all time and eternity! How responsible is the priestess who ministers at its holy altar! How should she guard it as with a vestal's care.

Mrs. Robinson felt this responsibility. It was her study to keep its blessed charities ever fervent and to so endear it to her children that its moral influence should never die out of their hearts. To the aid of the means I have mentioned, she brought the charming influence of books, those dear companions alike of childhood and age, which introduce to the fire-side of the humblest cottage the good and the great of all ages, to relate their biographies and noblest sentiments; the traveller to tell his marvellous adventures; the gorgeous pictures of history; the harmonious words and bright imaginings of poetry, and the hallowed visions of revelation. The time fixed for the retirement of the children, allowed in winter several hours for the fire-side — hours, which form one of the most delightful scenes in every well-regulated home. These were occupied by the happy family in reading entertaining books, or hearing them read, while the fire cheerfully blazed, and the nuts gathered by Willie from the neighboring forest were cracked and ate by the group.'

My friend, Mrs. Sandford, had passed thus far through these details with more than her usual colloquial ardor; for domestic education was a favorite topic with her, and, what many will doubtless consider amazing extravagance, she insisted that if her views on the subject were universally adopted, they would do more for the improvement of the race than all the sovereigns, senates, sages and soldiers which have ever attempted to scourge it into decorum. But though the subject was so interesting to her and to myself, it was far otherwise with our little friends, Emily, George and Henry. She had scarcely ended the description of the farm-house when their attention was diverted entirely away, by the flowers and other objects of the way-side. They now returned, and, as we were approaching the end of our walk, she renewed her narrative and the children their interest.

'Thus situated, how happy was this little family. But a scene of sorrow awaited them; all this happiness was blighted. On a warm and laborious day in harvest, Mr. Robinson was induced, by the example of his neighbors, to drink some spirituous liquor, and from that drink resulted his fall and the misery of his family.'

'What, did *one* drink do all?' asked Henry.

'No, my child, but it commenced all. Willie's father had been persuaded that it would strengthen him for his labor and prevent harm from the great heat of the day. The next day he tried it again, and soon began to love it; by and by he felt so weak and dull without it, that he could scarcely do any thing if he had not taken his morning dram. The destructive habit increased upon him; he soon loved not only the dram, but the company of the village tavern. He neglected his work. His evenings were no more spent around his once happy fire-side, but in the bar-room, while his wife and children sat sorrowful at home, dreading his return. Ah! my friend, how slight is the effect of one virtue, and yet how can one vice change the whole character! 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' is the only safe maxim respecting intoxicating drinks. They should never be admitted under the domestic roof, except as a poisonous medicine.

The poor man was soon as incapable as indisposed for work. He ran into debt. Most of the furniture of the family was sold. His farm was neglected, the house, barn and fences began to fall into decay, and to wear that patched, thriftless appearance which almost always marks the abode of a drunkard.

The children were poorly clothed, and their mother with a broken heart became too enfeebled to do much for their relief. Those who know but little of this poor world, would scarcely believe that such a transformation could occur.

But this was not the worst. The unfeeling Inn-keeper encouraged the fallen father to drink on credit, knowing that he still owned the little farm, and that it might be seized for payment. This was at last done, and the family left with tears, their old and endeared home, and moved into two wretched rooms in the lower story of a house in the town. The farm was sold at auction to pay the bills of the Inn-keeper, and was purchased by a wealthy and excellent widow lady who resides on the adjoining estate.

In their new but miserable abode, they sunk to still deeper wretchedness. No efforts to reclaim the unfortunate father seemed to have the slightest effect. His wife's entreaties and tears failed. Many of his old friends tried to influence him, but could not. The pastor of the village church, once a welcome friend of the family, did his utmost, but failed. He sunk lower and lower, and became so cruel to his family that they at times felt their lives to be endangered by his presence.

Yet during all this time, little Willie had an extraordinary influence over him. Since the change I have described in his character, his father had loved him with a singular affection. His sweet disposition and mild manners, and, perhaps, his delicate health, had excited an interest for him, which the miserable parent still felt, even when besotted with drink. The admirable mother had thus vested in her boy a salutary influence for the rescue of her family. It was an affecting sight to see how the child, like a young angel, could control his poor father, when others had to flee for safety from his presence. Though this wonderful influence could not reform him, yet it was of great use. His tears often flowed when his little son entreated him to give up drink, and be to them again a father. When he was reeling abroad in the streets, and no one else could induce him to go to his home, Willie was usually sent to him, and the staggering man would never refuse to be led by the little hand of his gentle child. I have seen him thus led home when big tears rolled down his swollen cheeks, and dropped on almost every step of the way.

Thus they lived several years, supported partly by the charity of the neighborhood, and looking only to the grave for the end of their sorrows; when, through one of those mysterious providences by which God brings good out of evil and turns our sorrows to joy, the father was reclaimed and the family restored to happiness.

One day he was more than usually intoxicated, and went reeling through the streets, followed by a train of rude boys, who shouted and hooted at him. Several persons tried to induce him to go home, but failed. At last Willie went. With weeping eyes and quivering lips, he pressed through the clamorous throng, and taking his father's hand, begged him to return home with him. The meek child with tears in his eyes, leading home the wretched man, through crowds of jesting boys, was a sight to melt one's heart. 'God bless the child!' said the hardy laborers in the street, and even the trifling boys soon relented and ceased their hootings.

Willie was weak with sorrow and the want of food. As they turned a corner, the father staggered, knocked him accidentally to the pavement and fell upon him. The parent arose; the child attempted to rise, but could not. The father endeavored to help him up, but the poor boy fell again, for, alas! his thigh was broken.

A gentleman ran to lift him up and carry him home, but, though pale with pain, he entreated the stranger to leave him and first lead home his father. The gentleman perceived his serious injury and would not leave him, but on lifting him up the child extended one hand to his drunken parent and fainted in the arms of the stranger. The father seized the hand and thus followed his pale and insensible son to his home.

Stricken to the heart with grief, the poor man shut himself alone in one of the rooms, while the surgeon and neighbors did what they could for the suffering boy. Willie's agony was great for some time, and his groans could be heard through the house. They were eloquent arguments to the wretched parent. While hearing them, he fell on his knees as he afterward told me, and prayed God to have mercy on him and strengthen him by his grace to reform; and then with tears and prayers he resolved to drink no more. He went from his knees to the bed-side of his suffering child, and as he bent over him, he wept, but during some time could not speak.

'Do not cry so, father,' said Willie; 'I won't mind it;' but the poor child was even then writhing with agony and could scarcely suppress his groans.

'Do n't weep, father,' he continued; 'I 'll get well soon; but oh! father, won't you try and be good to us, that we may be happy again? Won't you stay by me and not go to the tavern any more?'

'God forgive me,' sobbed the father aloud, 'for the wretchedness I have caused you all. His grace helping me, I will afflict you no more.' Thus saying, he passed into the other room unable to control his feelings.

The unfortunate man had naturally strong and generous affections. The fault of his former life had been that of most fathers; such an utter absorption in business as led him to commit the family government exclusively to the hands of his wife. Had he mingled more in the sweet sympathies of home, it is probable his fall would not have been so fearful. It was not the lack of good feelings, but this defect, and the gradual, almost imperceptible growth of the vicious habit he had contracted, which had so remarkably transformed him. The best of men have sometimes fallen in like manner. The power of alcohol is that of a demon; but there is a power which can cast out demons, and the penitent father commenced his reformation aright by looking to that power for help.

He kept his resolution, though it was the greatest effort of his life. Soon after, he was seized with *delirium tremens*, and suffered indescribably. But he resolved to die rather than sin again by drinking. By the assiduous attentions of his physician and family, he soon recovered. The child, too, began to move about, though not without the aid of a crutch. Gladness again, like joyous sunlight, began to beam on the faces of the afflicted family. His old friends came to congratulate and encourage the reformed father, and Willie's name was on every tongue. An abundance of comforts were sent in by the neighbors, and the joy of the mother and sisters could not be told. But one cause of sorrow remained. Poor Willie was lame for life; yet the child would often weep tears of gratitude that God had overruled his misfortune for the recovery of his father, and the happiness of his family.

The young gentleman who carried him home on the day of his misfortune, was the son of the widow lady who had purchased the little farm at auction. He called often to see the noble child during his confinement, and finding that the father had thoroughly reformed, gave him employment on his mother's estate. Mr. Robinson was an excellent workman, and in order to encourage him, his benevolent employer gave him larger wages than usual. Very soon the proposal was made to sell him back the farm and allow him to pay for it in labor. When the happy father returned home from his labors one evening, bringing this news, the family became almost frantic with delight. The father wept; the mother fell on his neck and wept with him. Willie waved his crutch in triumph; the eldest daughter danced for joy; and the youngest flew down stairs to tell all the children in the neighborhood. This was one of the happiest evenings of their history. They sat up late talking over their plans. They calculated how much time it would take to pay for the farm, and how each could do something toward it. Willie insisted that a new cap which his father had promised him, should not be purchased, and the girls showed how their old dresses could be repaired and made to last another year, and thus something be saved for the purpose. Willie threw down his crutch and showed that though he could not walk, yet he could creep without it, and could therefore help his sisters to cultivate their old flower-beds again, and afterward take the flowers to town and sell them. And then they conversed, one with smiles, and another with tears, about the chickens and the cows, and the sweet milk, and warm winter evening fires, and entertaining reading they once had and would now have again. Precious were these little reminiscences now that they had assumed the bright form of hopes. All that night, Willie was rambling in his dreams over the old fields.

When this happy design became known, a number of the former friends of the reclaimed father felt so gratified with it, that they contributed a considerable sum toward it. The excellent lady who had purchased the farm, entered into the plan with a warm heart, ordering the house to be repaired immediately, and every thing rendered as much like what it had been before as possible. In three months they moved into it. The widow lady, her son, and other neighbors, with the village pastor, called in the afternoon to congratulate them, and as the sun was setting, the pastor read to the company some joyful psalms, and invoked God's blessing to rest ever after upon the restored family.

The next day a neighboring farmer drove a cow to the gate, as a present, another came with two fine pigs, and presents of chickens, bees, &c., were coming in most of the day. The pastor having learned from them a list of their former books, purchased new copies of the same works, beside many others, and provided a book case for them. Every body was delighted with the happy change, and loved more than ever 'Sweet little

Willie,' who had been instrumental, under the blessing of God, in bringing it about. A number of wealthy friends have contributed means for his education, and though lame for life, he is happier than ever before.

The little farm is entirely renewed now; all the debt on it is paid; each child has his own flower-plat in the garden; the grove on the banks of the brook yields still its nuts for the winter evenings, and books still entertain the family group. Their sufferings have only strengthened their virtues. Morning and evening the family Bible is read, and thanksgiving offered from grateful hearts to their Heavenly Father, for His wonderful mercy to them.

'Thus, my dears, have I told you,' said Mrs. Sandford, turning to the children, 'how this little lame boy was the means of saving his family, and why people love him so much.'

Henry, a brave and buoyant boy, threw up his cap and cried, 'Hurrah for little Willie!' Emily wiped a tear from her eye, and George had a proposition to make; it was, that we should all visit the family the next day, with parcels of books and other presents; the visit was made, and you may hear of it, dear reader, hereafter.

THE NOONDAY REST.

Rest from thy labor; rest
  Beneath the whispering tree,
And gather strength to thy toil-worn breast,
  For the weary hours that be.

No gilded halls on high
  With pillared arches frown;
Thine is the broad, blue, beaming sky,
  As it bends in silence down.

No trembling music floats
  From harp and clarion now;
But the wild bird pours her sweeter notes
  Above thy weary brow.

Around is the summer breeze,
  And thy busy children's love,
And the wind-like tone of the whispering trees,
  With the solemn heaven above.

Rest from thy labor now,
  Ere yet thy work be done;
Nor let thy fainting spirit bow
  Before the setting sun.

A deeper rest ere long
  Unbroke by yearning love,
Will bid thy weary soul 'be strong,'
  In the world of peace above.

THOMAS GRAY, JR.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE BEETHOVEN COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC. By E. Ives, Jr., W. Alpers & H. C. Timm. New York City: Published by J. Winchester.

This collection comprises themes now first arranged from the instrumental compositions of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart and other eminent composers; and other original tunes, chants and anthems; the whole harmonized in four parts, with an accompaniment for the organ; to which is prefixed, also, a new method of instruction in the rudiments of music, and the art of reading with intonation.

This work contains 192 pages, 54 of which are taken up with the 'Method of Instruction.' In addition to the explanation of the various musical characters, tables are given, illustrating the modifications of pitch and the use of the clefs. There are 178 exercises on the various rests, different kinds of time and triplets. In the pages comprising the rudiments, twenty-six chorals are inserted illustrative of the various keys, both in the major and minor modes. Fifty-six examples are given of the modulation of the key and seven pages of exercises in the principal chords of all the keys.

The hymn tunes, anthems and chants are not named, as usual, but numbered, a practice which compilers of sacred music will be obliged to adopt, for want of original names. Of these there are 132, chiefly by composers of great celebrity. The music, therefore, is of a high character, but as to its adaptation for hymn singing, there will be a difference of opinion. And there will be, likewise, in the formation of the ascending minor scale, and the application of the syllables to the scale as laid down in this work.

The work is much larger than the common music books, and the mechanical execution is in the highest style of the art.

For sale at Redding & Co's., State Street, Boston.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1844. NO. 6.

[Obtained a prize of Five Dollars.]

HOW TO LIVE, SO AS TO SECURE LIFE'S GREAT END.

BY MISS ELIZA PAINE.

We are not now to contemplate a standard, at which mankind commonly aim, or one which is often reached; nor yet will we raise one to which we can never attain, or which is attainable only by here and there a scattered one of exalted intellect, with superior external advantages. The writer does not presume to advance any new theory of practice, or new motives and arguments to influence and regulate the conduct; but in her simple, yet sincere desire to do good, if she may by humbly 'putting in remembrance,' touch a chord in one kindred bosom — throw a ray of light upon one agitated, inquiring mind — if she may but point out to one hungering and thirsting, fainting soul, the path to true, satisfying and lasting happiness, her point will be gained, her labor amply rewarded.

Wonder not, that one, who has just been brought, by a long and painful disease, apparently close upon that scene which must terminate this mortal life, thus taught, with solemn review, to look upon the things of time as almost past, and about to be brought into still closer, and more solemn and awful review, by the great Searcher of hearts, before his impartial bar — wonder not that she feels, and deeply feels, the importance of fully understanding the great object of life, and of a hearty and diligent use of the means to secure this object. That she is made to mourn over the inattention and neglect, paid by the mass of mankind, to this their highest interest, their best welfare. Nor deem it strange that such an one too, finds a pleasure in trying to win an erring one to the path of virtue and of peace.

Do I address any who have hitherto lived only for self, who have never realized the great and noble purpose for which they were created, nor spent an anxious thought about their future welfare? Imagine yourself laid upon a couch of suffering. Watch your wasting form. Count your sleepless nights. Listen to the almost noiseless footsteps near your bed. Notice the kind and endless efforts of friends beloved, as they crowd around, eager to impart some healing cordial. Read the anxiety of your physician's countenance, as he discovers the nature and danger of your case. Ask him if you are not once more to be restored to health and friends; and in his solemn and confident reply, learn your sad destiny. And now, dear reader, seriously answer, what would be your emotions at such an hour. As you look upon your fondest hopes and anticipations of happiness here, forever blighted, as you look down into the narrow house, so shortly to be your home, as you look upon the worm, as your mother and sister, which will prey upon what has been your chiefest care, — and, oh! as you look forward to what is beyond the grave, what will be your first great and agitating question? How have I lived? For what? Leave not the subject here, but pursue the thought. Settle in your own mind these all-important queries, as you would, did you now realize the scenes we have contemplated; and then resolve to begin the life, to which you could then revert with the greatest calmness and satisfaction. Oh! it is when we view time as connected with eternity, and in the light of eternity, that we feel its importance, and estimate the worth of a proper discharge of its duties. And if, 'when time in his ruthless course, shall have swept away the joys of our youth, and' disease, or perchance 'the cold and comfortless age of decrepitude, shall creep over our sinking forms;' if then the reflection will be so sweet, that 'our lives have been devoted to usefulness and beneficence, and our bosoms have been the seat of innocence and unblushing purity,' is not the great subject now worthy of a thought, yea, more, of our serious and undivided attention?

Let us then inquire, what is the great end for which we live? Why were we formed better than the brutes that perish, and taught in the use and enjoyment of our senses, to aspire after higher good, and ennobling, enduring happiness, than they? And why is this extended to us upon our acceptance? Why endowed with an immortal mind, capable of an infinite degree of eternal happiness, if not to render our desires and aims after inferior good, subservient to this? Why the power of mind over mind; the ability to impart joy or sorrow to the bosoms of our fellow creatures; and why the happiness arising in our own breasts, from the exercise of self-denial in efforts for others' good, if not thereby increasing our obligation to 'works and labors of love?' And above all, why made capable of knowing, loving and serving the Being who made us; of understanding the relations in which we stand to Him, as subjects of his law, stewards of his vineyard, and children of his love and his grace; but to lead us to a hearty consecration of all which He has given us to his delightful and reasonable service?

His delightful service, did I say? None of my candid readers will deny the reasonableness of God's every requirement; but do any hesitate at this, and because they have never felt the Christian's joys, (and oh! they cannot know until they feel them,) look upon his employment as an undesirable, unhappy one? No, dear reader, Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden light; and of every other, this part of his duty, his duty to God I mean, if indeed we may consider it as distinct from the rest, this surely carries with it its own reward of happiness and peace to the heart of him who cheerfully renders it. But willing, unfeigned and cheerful must be the heart's offering, in order to gain the approving smile of Him who looketh at the heart. This was plainly and repeatedly insisted on by the great Teacher himself. No sacrifice, however great, no act, however commendable in the eyes of the world, was approved by Him, while polluted with the stain of hypocrisy, or clad in the garb of cold formality. And on the other hand, no sincere act was deemed too trivial to escape his notice, or gain his acceptance and approbation. He also exemplified what he commended and taught, from the earliest period of his infancy to the last sad hour upon the cross. No act of condescension and kindness to his fellow-man, was so low but He could stoop to perform it, even to wash the feet of those who called Him, Master. He early went about his 'Father's business,' and finished the work given Him to do, shrinking from no self-denial or suffering, however great; intimidated by none of the raging opposition and cruelty which he met; fainting not beneath hardships, temptations and dangers, far greater than we can ever know, not having a will of his own, but preferring the will of Him who sent Him. Not even the agonies of the cross, or the darkness of the tomb, could extinguish his love to his disciples, or in the least diminish his zeal in his Father's cause, as his last command sufficiently testifies. Here, here is our pattern, here our guide. And we have a work to do, for 'we see not yet all things put under him.' He has 'fought the battle,' but has left it for his followers to 'pursue the enemy, win the victory, and collect the spoils.' He also promises them his presence and his grace, if they will but ask of him; and if faithful to the end, 'to be with him where he is, to behold his glory.' What more can we ask to induce us to a holy life? Thus we gain the approbation of God, the favor and friendship of the wise and good, and surely we can only thus secure to ourselves that happiness which is lasting and pure.

I thus speak of the happiness, immediately consequent upon the right performance of duty, not because it should be our highest aim, but because it is the pursuit of this, in which man is continually engaged. Our wise Creator has so formed us, that the love of happiness cannot, and ought not to be wholly extirpated; but alas! for poor, short-sighted man, who vainly imagines true pleasure to consist only in selfish gratifications. Thus, instead of gaining the object of his desire, he only treasures up a store of misery — 'wrath against the day of wrath.'

Happiness, in the language of another, has been truly and beautifully defined, 'the coincidence of the finite will, with the

Infinite.' It is holiness itself; a sweet submission to whatever may be for the moment grievous; a cheerful obedience to every just requisition; a hearty acquiescence in every dispensation of 'Him who doeth all things right;' preferring his will and making his pleasure our own. And this may be attained; and is the only true peace which can be experienced this side of Heaven itself. It has been felt. There have ever been a few 'bright and shining lights,' who, by their devotedness and perseverance, have got to themselves a name above every name; a joy which this world can neither take nor impart; treasures which wax not old; 'an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' May this happiness, kind friend, be yours.

But we have a nobler object in view, which, if gained, will bring this along with it. We have a God to glorify; fellow beings to guide to the port of safety and of peace; and many, many sinful propensities in our own breasts to repent of, and subdue. As individuals, too, each duty is to be met and discharged. Our first work lies with our own hearts; for thence are the issues of life. As a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, as a bitter fountain cannot send forth streams pure and sweet, no more can virtuous acceptable acts, spring from an unrenewed, rebellious and selfish heart. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' It would be inexpedient and I think it unnecessary here to attempt to describe the various workings of the natural heart, or the developments and evidences of the renewed mind. It is true that good, alike with sinful feelings, thrive and strengthen by indulgence. What then is the spirit, which we are daily cultivating in our bosoms, and what the principles which govern our conduct? What is the source of our greatest delight, and what the object of our affections and our efforts? Yes, candid reader, look within. Be faithful and impartial in the work of examination. If you have hitherto been influenced by wrong motives, think no more of what has been regarded by the world or yourself as commendable in your character. If the gem of piety, richest, brightest gem, has never adorned your life, look upon yourself as you are viewed in the eyes of Him, in whose sight this is the pearl of great price. Seek it, put it on, and wear it; not to be taken off in retirement or at home, but constantly, for it will not wax old, or lose its lustre by wear. For there is nothing which so elevates the character, especially the female character, as the influence of grace in the heart; for if it is in the heart I say, it will manifest itself in the life. It will give an additional charm to the loveliness of youth, sweeten its pleasures, and preserve you against its dangers and its snares. It will lighten the cares of active life, and render its possessor useful to all. It will soften the pillow of pain and disease, supply the loss of every temporal good which is denied, smooth the path of declining age, and light the passage to the tomb. Is not this desirable? Shall it not be cultivated in our hearts and lives, while it sheds such a peaceful, holy and happy influence on every thing within its reach? Only this can support us in the day of trial. The day of death will come. It is wise for us now then, to prepare for the evil day. Let us imitate the example of our Saviour, 'who, when he was reviled, reviled not again;' but was meek and patient, submissive and calm under all his sufferings, but was also bold, zealous and persevering, when pleading the cause of his Heavenly Father.

Having seen to it that our guiding principles and motives are pure, and thus laid the foundation for a virtuous life, we have taken the most important step toward rendering ourselves useful in the world. For when the religion of Jesus is exemplified in the conduct of its professors, it is then that its loveliness and reality are seen and felt. Then it is admired and sought. Great is the power of mind over mind. Vast in degree is the amount of influence, which we as individuals exert over those with whom we associate, and thus widening and expanding, extends itself over the very community where we live. My beloved companions, you and I exert an influence every day we live, which will be felt as long as eternity endures. There are minds in the daily routine of the little circle in which we move, which come especially in contact with our own, and over which we exert a most direct and powerful influence. It becomes us seriously to inquire whether it is for good, or evil. Are our abilities and opportunities small? The requisition at our hand is proportional. Do we move in a larger sphere, where many minds are made to feel the power of our example? Our responsibility is equally increased. For 'where much is given much will be required.' And again, 'A man is accepted according to that he hath, not according to that he hath not.'

What then are we doing that the world may be better for our having lived in it? Are we, by a consistent, exemplary life, united with kind and faithful effort, winning other hearts to the exercise of what is virtuous and lovely? Are we willing to deny ourselves a little temporary ease, or if need be, a greater good, thereby to carry consolation and joy to some afflicted heart? In so doing, we receive a blessing in return. For although sometimes our kindness and love may be rewarded only by ingratitude, and though an unfeeling world may ridicule our self-denial and zeal, yet we shall be more than amply rewarded by a place in some grateful heart, by the smile of approving Heaven, and by the sweet consciousness in our own bosoms, that 'we have done what we could.'

The glory of God, which should ever be our highest aim, is immediately connected with the duties we owe to our fellow-men; and, by a right fulfilment of these, is as faithfully promoted, as in the more immediate relations we sustain toward Him. As individuals, however, we are the subjects of his care, of his power and his grace; and therefore as individuals there are obligations resting upon us, which we owe directly to Him.

As subjects of a rightful Sovereign, we owe Him our voluntary, constant and cheerful obedience; a hearty submission to all his righteous dispensations; and a strict regard for the honor of his name. As servants to a kind master, we owe Him our time, our talents, and an entire devotedness of ourselves and our all to his disposal. As children of a worthy parent, we owe Him our supreme affections, and an implicit confidence in Him. And oh! as heirs of his renewing, redeeming grace, we owe a debt which we can never pay. Let us then, as unworthy recipients, manifest the sincerity of our gratitude, by our unconquerable attachment to Him and his cause, our unwavering fidelity and steadfastness to the end.

Beloved reader, our time is short. In the grave, whither we hasten, there is no 'work nor device, knowledge nor wisdom found.' This world's distinctions, honors, pleasures and possessions, can secure us no more than a place to lay the body down. This world is not our home. 'We have no abiding city here.' Then let us live and walk as pilgrims, and while we must necessarily attend upon our wants by the way, and assist and guide our fellow travellers on, still keep our end in view, having our thoughts and conversation there. Having then the glory of God and our eternal enjoyment of Him, as our chief end and aim, continually in view, looking unto Jesus our bright Exemplar, let us press on in every good word and work; and remember as the means to secure our object, that it is only that which makes us more like God, which can fit us for His divine favor here, and the full fruition of His glorious presence and love, hereafter.

Woodstock, Ct.

THE SABBATH.

SWEET Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled prime
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long winged away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day.

On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the lingering echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And bursts the thraldom of terrestrial woes?
Who, in his temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels the majesty of Heaven is there?
The listening silence of the vaulted pile,
Where gathered hearts their homage breathe awhile;
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral incense swelling to the skies,
All raise the soul to energies sublime,
And bless the solemn sadness of the time.

Emblem of Peace! upon the village plain
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the toil-worn swain;
Soon as thy smiles athwart the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the brightening day;
Humble and happy, to his lot resigned,
He feels the inward Sabbath of the mind.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

FEMALE DRESS.

FROM THE FAMILY BOOK.

To very many young women, the love of dress is a great snare; it leads them into a series of mistakes from beginning to end. In the first place, they mistake, by thinking that fine clothes set off their persons to advantage; whereas, all persons of taste acknowledge that real beauty does not need the aid of finery, and that homeliness is only displayed and rendered conspicuous by it.

Next, they imagine that fine clothes give them the appearance of belonging to a higher class of society, and promote their introduction to it. No such thing. The real lady is discovered in her education, speech and manners, which are not easily imitated, and she is more frequently distinguished by plainness of dress than by finery, which generally bears the stamp of vulgarity.

Another mistake is, that fine clothes will recommend them to the notice of young men, and lead to an advantageous marriage. A very unlikely thing! There are many young men who will admire such a girl as they would a peacock, and play with her as a child does with a doll; but no sensible, discreet young man would ever think of making her his wife. 'No, no,' says he; 'give me a wife who does not carry her chief beauty outside, and all her wealth on her back. I must see the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price; and the treasures of understanding and discretion, and the fear of God, which are more precious than rubies, and more rare than diamonds.'

Another mistake of dressy girls is, they believe those young men who flatter them about their beauty and fine appearance are really sincere, and mean what they say; while the truth is, in their heart they despise and ridicule her; or if they feel any of the fondness they profess, it is but a low and selfish passion, to which they will not hesitate to sacrifice their pretty garnished victim. And when such a girl is induced by the love of finery to receive presents with which to indulge it, or perhaps to make free with the property of others — but these are mistakes too dreadful to be entered upon here. Alas! by these mistakes, thousands are every year brought to ruin and disgrace; and she who thoughtlessly begins with the first and simplest of these mistakes, is in danger of proceeding to the last and grossest.

A dressy girl generally makes an untidy, slatternly wife and a negligent mother. I can look round me and see it confirmed in the dirty, blowsy finery of mothers and children, the untidiness of the dwellings they inhabit, and in the remarks of occasional visitors. 'Is it possible that that dirty, untidy slattern is the once so smart, dressy Miss B.? I could not have believed that a few years would have made such an alteration.'

'And who is that neat, respectable matron at the next house, surrounded by her little cleanly, orderly group of children? I certainly recognise the cheerful, modest countenance and respectable appearance which I used so to admire in Miss M. Well, the only change in her is as pleasing as from the chaste blossoms of spring to the ripening fruits of autumn; but in the other, it is as contrary and as disgusting as if the flaunting poppy should ripen to the loathsome toadstool.'

Many a husband who has been won by finery has been weaned by slatternly negligence.

THE BOOK.

This book, this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love,
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last — this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy brought down, and in the night of Time,
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And ever more beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

POLLOK.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

BY REV. THOMAS BAINBRIDGE.

The following amusing incident I believe has never been published. It was related to me by an English preacher who knew all the circumstances, and knew also the young lady referred to; but, as she is still living, I have withheld her name.

Some years ago, as the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke was travelling in an open carriage with his wife and daughters, from London to Oxford, for the purpose of preaching at the dedication of a new church, they overtook a young lady travelling on foot. The Doctor called to the driver to stop, and politely invited her to take a seat with them in the carriage. She readily accepted the kind offer, was handed in, and soon found herself in the most agreeable company she had ever met. She engaged at once in conversation with her new friends, and told them she was going to Oxford to hear the celebrated Doctor Clarke. Having never heard the Doctor she was full of anticipation.

This young lady was remarkable for her pious zeal. Religion had made her happy, and she suffered no opportunity of recommending it to others, to pass unimproved. Seeing that the Doctor was far advanced in life (without knowing to whom she spoke) she began to talk with him about his eternal interests, showing at the same time in a very clear and impressive manner, the difference between a mere formal profession of religion and the religion of the *heart;* observing that the former might do in health and prosperity, but that the latter only would serve us in the time of affliction and at the awful hour of death, an event which he must contemplate as near, being an old man.

The family paid the most serious attention to her conversation, and the Doctor thanked her for her very just remarks, and the good advice she had given him, and hoped he should not lightly esteem it, for certainly it was time for him now, to consider his latter end. Having received such marked attention from the Doctor and his family, she ventured to invite the whole party to go with her and hear the learned preacher; assuring them it would be an intellectual feast to hear such a man.

They all readily consented to go. Fearing, however, that she might have raised their expectations too high, she began to describe the preacher. Having been born in Ireland, she understood he still retained a good deal of the Irish brogue, but his learning, (for he was considered the most learned man of the age,) and talents would make up for that defect. She thought it, however, necessary to mention it, lest they might feel disappointed. The party promised to make every allowance for the brogue and go and hear him. She then offered to wait upon them and conduct them to the place of meeting, and, as she was acquainted in the town, she had no doubt but she could procure them a good seat in the church. They accepted the kind offer, and, at the time appointed, she waited upon the party and found Mrs. C. and her daughters ready to attend her to the meeting, the old gentleman preferring to go alone. A favorable situation was provided for them in the church, where they could have a full view of the preacher. The congregation waited a short time, when the Doctor made his appearance and every eye was turned toward the pulpit. Judge of the confusion of this young lady, when she saw the old gentleman, to whom she had been so earnestly recommending religion, enter the pulpit, as the learned Doctor Clarke. She looked at Mrs. C. and her daughters unutterable things, which seemed to say, 'Why did you permit me to be thus deceived?'

Her confusion, however, did not end here. After the sermon, as the Doctor was walking in the College Green, with a gentleman of his acquaintance, he related the conversation of the young lady and commended her pious zeal. In the evening this gentleman was invited to a tea party, where the young lady was one of the guests; and to amuse the company, he told the whole story as related to him by the Doctor, without knowing she was present.

The Doctor was far from considering the conduct of the young lady censurable; on the contrary, he always mentioned it with admiration, believing that she spoke from the fulness and sincerity of her heart, and wished that all who feel the worth of the immortal soul would imitate her. He ever after honored her with his friendship, calling her his young apostle; and her name is found among the most favored of his correspondents.

Hinsdale, N. Y., May, 1844.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

MY SISTER'S LOVE.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

As from the face of day
The sunlight fades away,
So joys decline;
Yet, with life's woes oppressed,
There is one kindred breast,
Where I may ever rest;
Sister, 'tis thine.

Oft, as on thy brow,
Pencilled with sadness now,
I turn to gaze,
And cease, almost, to feel
Deep wounds, which cannot heal,
Thoughts o'er my spirit steal
Of other days.

How fair, how passing fair
Those dreams of childhood were,
Though false they prove!
Of pleasures I recall,
Nor are they few nor small,
One is more sweet than all,—
My sister's love.

But hours of fond delight,
And visions fair and bright,
Too bright to last,
When Hope, with golden wings,
And syren accents, sings
Of future joyous things,—
All, all are past!

They 're past! Time hurries on —
Friends that we loved are gone,—
We, too, must die;
Yet, as our moments glide,
Firm shall our love abide,
Till, sleeping side by side,
Our ashes lie.

And when Life's sands are run,
When sets our earthly sun,
We meet above,
Then, breathing heavenly air,
Free from all pain and care,
May I forever share
My sister's love!

South Norwich, Ct., May, 1844.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

'I WILL HAVE MY OWN WAY.'

BY REV. J. W. GRISWOLD.

THIS has been the language of many to their unspeakable sorrow. It is the language of too many thoughtless, giddy youth in the morning of life, who are naturally headstrong, self-willed and ungovernable. It was the language of one known to the author of this communication, who is now in a state of wretchedness and hopeless debasement.

In early life she was uncommonly active and of fair promise. As her parents were in moderate circumstances, in their means of living, she sought employment away from home; and, though dependent in her situation, she was obstinate and wilful, and regarded her own way as the best, and *would have* it at all events.

She was disobedient to her parents and indifferent to their advice. Rash, impetuous and unguarded, she often involved herself in serious difficulties, but she was too wise to learn from what she was often taught by sad experience.

From this description, one might, with a good degree of certainty, predict her future history. She was led, in opposition to the wishes of her parents, to connect herself in marriage with one who was the means of her ruin. He was as rash and unrestrainable as herself. He was also intemperate and destitute of religious principle. Consequently, we may well suppose that he was a tyrant in his family, and the source of much misery. As the fruit of his idleness and dissipation, they were soon involved in distracting debts and deep poverty. As their means of living failed, his habits of intemperance and abusiveness of conduct increased, until the only alternative for the wretched wife seemed to be, a separation from him. She returned to her friends, broken-hearted and dispirited. By degrees she became despondent in her feelings, and, at the same time, restless in her situation. She procured means for visiting some distant relatives, and, instead of returning to the paternal roof, commenced a roving life in a distant land, and among strangers, begging her bread from house to house. Insanity soon followed, and she was taken to the almshouse, as the most suitable place for one in her forlorn and wretched condition. Thus ended the career of one who was set upon having her own way.

The design of this short narrative is to caution such as are naturally disposed to be self-willed and ungovernable, against pursuing a similar course. 'The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished.' Modesty, amiability and a docile spirit become the female character. Early piety, too, is of the first importance, that the paths of virtue may be pursued, which are always pleasant and full of peace. Oh! there is that which is unspeakably interesting and lovely as exhibited in the character of the young, amiable and pious female. Even the most abandoned and dissolute cannot but admire such an one, and, as they gaze upon it, to mourn over their own deficiency. Let the young female remember that every thing is depending upon the character she sustains; and, if favored with parents, let her seek of them counsel and advice. Numerous are the unhappy falls occasioned from inconsideration and the want of suitable advisers; and one unhappy step may be attended with consequences which will be felt forever.

Hartland, Vt., May, 1844.

FELICITY.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind!
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

Goldsmith.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE HEART-BROKEN.

BY MRS. LUCY WILDER.

IN the town of S., on the banks of the Connecticut, I became acquainted with a young lady, who, at the time, was residing with an uncle, who was the only surviving relative. She was placed under his care at the death of her father. A year or two passed, and he, too, was called away by death. Thus she was left alone, without kindred or friend. Not long after her uncle's death, she became acquainted with a worthy young gentleman, to whom it was expected she would be united in marriage. He left the place for a few weeks on business. During his absence, a stranger came into the place and found employment in a genteel family, near the boarding place of Miss S. He sought and formed an acquaintance with her. His prepossessing appearance and pleasing address soon gained her attention and affections. In a short time they were married. The delicate appearance of the bridegroom was a subject of frequent remark among the wedding guests. Many of the young ladies thought Mrs. W. peculiarly fortunate in her new relation, and admired her taste in the object of her choice.

In a few weeks, Mr. W., the bridegroom, left his youthful bride on pretence of getting into better business. Those best acquainted with 'poor human nature,' thought he would never return; but the young bride doubted not his faithfulness. She expected soon to be sent for; but weeks and months slowly and painfully rolled away and brought no tidings from him who had promised to be her friend and protector as long as they both should live. Her downcast and sorrowful countenance plainly spoke that she felt forsaken. It was evident that the harbinger of death was making rapid inroads on her already feeble frame. After a severe sickness of two days, she bade adieu to all earthly scenes and slept in death.

Her physician declared, that she died of a broken heart. But little more than a year from the time of the splendid and joyful wedding, was seen, from the same dwelling, the mournful hearse bearing the coffin, containing the remains of that recently doting, but deserted bride, moving slowly toward the silent grave. It was a mournful scene. No relative was there to drop a tear over her untimely grave, or lament her sad fate. Those present turned away, and the orphan girl, the deserted wife, were soon nearly forgotten.

Weeks, months, and years rolled on in rapid succession, and new objects and scenes claimed attention. The remembrance of the unfortunate Mrs. W. had well nigh passed away, when, in the advertised list of letters was seen one bearing her name. It was taken from the office, and found to be from her husband. In that letter he confessed that he had been a *villain;* that he had assumed a fictitious name; that a few weeks before he came to S. he had been an inmate of the State's prison; but said, that he was then in business, and intended to live a better life. He begged of her to forgive the past, and promised, if possible, to make amends for the wrongs he had done her. But redressed or unredressed wrongs were all the same to her. Already, the winds of three winters had sighed their solemn and mournful dirge over the lowly resting-place of the heart-broken Mrs. S. W.

Permit me, in conclusion, to say to all young ladies who may read this sketch — beware of the choice you make, and especially of too hasty an alliance with a stranger.

Cumberland, R. I., May, 1844.

PLEASURE.

Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself is folly's character;
As wisdom's is a modest self-applause.
A change of evils in thy good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustained, the true. Young.

LITERARY NOTICES.

M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. — This is a Universal Gazetteer, or Dictionary, geographical, statistical and historical, of the various countries, places and principal natural objects in the world; in which, the articles relating to the United States have been greatly multiplied and extended and adapted to the present condition of the country, and to the wants of its citizens. It is illustrated with seven large maps.

Twelve numbers of this great work have been published. Each number contains 112 pages. Twenty numbers will complete the work, which will make two volumes of 1120 pages each. As the type is very small, it contains, therefore, a vast amount of reading.

The work was originally prepared and published in England, by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. The American editor, Daniel Haskel, A. M., late President of the University of Vermont, has generally re-written the articles respecting this country and imbodied in them the latest and most authentic information.

Every scholar, student and intelligent person, and every one who wishes to become intelligent, should own a good Biographical Dictionary and a good Universal Gazetteer. Here is the latter.

Published by Harper & Brothers, and sold by Waite, Peirce & Co., No. 1, Cornhill, Boston.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS. Two volumes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is a history of the Puritans, or Protestant Nonconformists, from the Reformation in 1517, to the Revolution, in 1688; comprising an Account of their Principles, their Attempt at a further Reformation in the Church, their Sufferings, and the Lives and Characters of their most considerable Divines. It was written by Daniel Neal, A. M., who was born in England in 1678, and died in 1743, aged 64 years.

Rev. John O. Choules, the American editor, has revised, corrected and enlarged the work, has inserted additional notes, and likewise a life of the author and an account of his writings.

The work is to be completed in eight parts, of 144 pages each, making two volumes of 576 pages each. It will contain nine portraits on steel.

The American editor has done the public a great service by republishing this work, which had become scarce, and was held in high estimation by dissenters.

The History of the Puritans will show what drove the settlers of New England from their native home. It is well for us to be acquainted with these causes, and to know something of their sufferings and trials, which are here related in narratives of deep and thrilling interest.

For sale as above.

RELIGION IN AMERICA; by Rev. Robert Baird. New York City. Harper & Brothers. 1844.

The title of this work should be, '*Religion in the United States*,' as it is an account of the origin, progress, relation to the state and present condition of the evangelical churches in the United States. America extends from the northern pole to Cape Horn, of which the United States is a very small portion.

This work was originally written to meet the wishes of Christians on the European Continent, and was published in England in September last. The great object of the author seems to be to show to the nations of Europe, the superior advantages of the voluntary principle in the support of religion, over the union of church and state.

The author, who is well known as a distinguished philanthropist, is remarkably correct in his statistics and statements.

The work, containing 343 pages, is published in two numbers at 25 cents each. For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co., No. 1, Cornhill.

THE MYSTERIES OPENED; by Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Harper & Brothers. 1844.

Dr. Stone, the author of this book, was recently the pastor of St. Paul's Church in this city. It is intended as a check to certain superstitious notions which have recently been revived in the Episcopal Churches of England and the United States. One of these notions is, that Christ has left himself perpetually incarnate through the sacraments; another, that he deposited the gifts of the Spirit, once for all, in the hands of the priesthood, to be dispensed by their authoritative act alone; and a third, that Christianity is a progressive system — that it was at first but a *germ*, and is now expanding into a *tree*.

The Doctor reasons powerfully and clearly, and exhibits throughout a charitable and a conciliatory spirit.

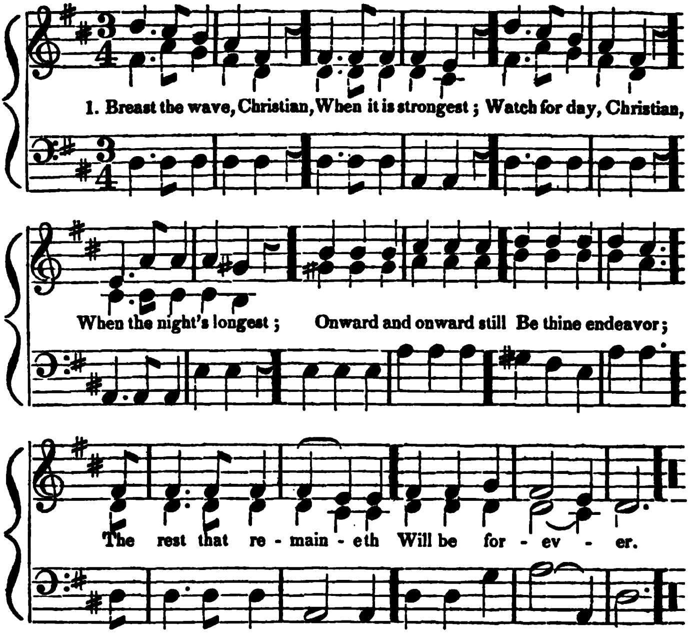
For sale as above.

THE WIDOW'S JEWELS; IN TWO STORIES. By a Lady. — The author of this instructive and very interesting little work, Mrs. Pickard, of New Brunswick, died while it was passing through the press. The narratives are of a deeply touching character, and cannot fail of making a salutary impression upon the heart of the youthful reader, who will find, that, in the common events of life, there is frequently incident more strange than fiction.

Published by Waite, Peirce & Co., No. 1, Cornhill.

Breast the Wave, Christian!

MUSIC BY I. B. WOODBURY.


1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest; Onward and onward still Be thine endeavor;
The rest that re - main - eth Will be for - ev - er.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee:
He, who hath promised thee,
Faltereth never;
The love of the Savior
Flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth:
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
The faithful in heaven shall
Praise Him, for ever!

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM C. BROWN, EDITOR.

'Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life; who, rising up in honor, called
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear, reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.'—POLLOK.

JUNE 1844, TO JANUARY 1845.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM C. BROWN.
1844.

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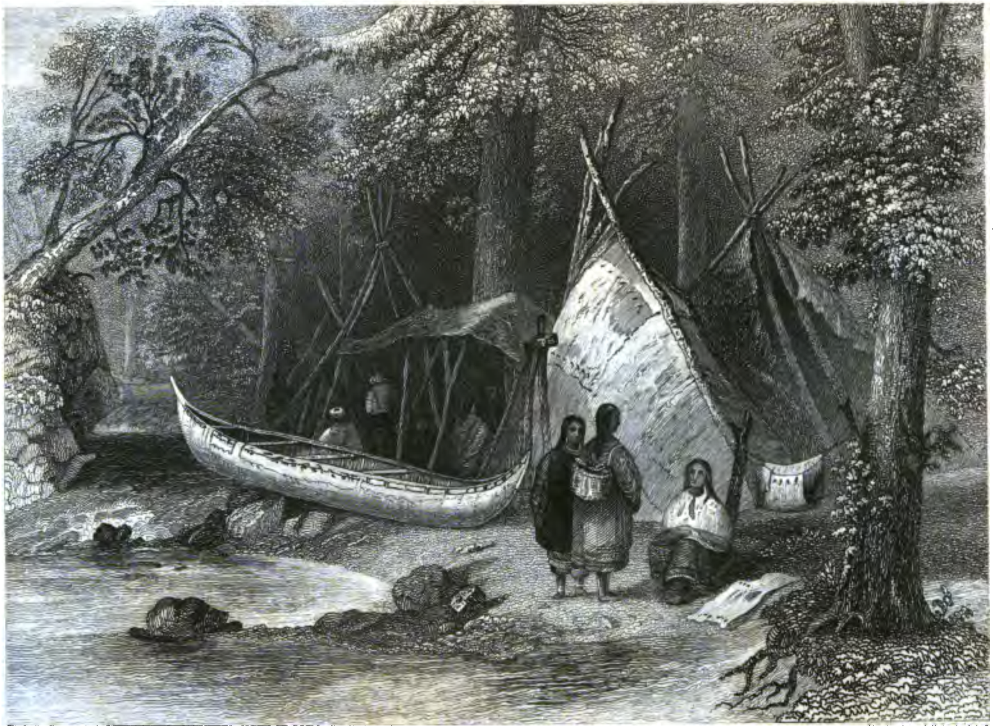

W.H. Bartlett. Wellstood & Whiting.

Wigwam in the Forest.

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THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. V. JULY, 1844. NO. 1.

[Obtained a Prize of Fifteen Dollars.]

A REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. JULIA R. EMERY.

'My early days! my early days,
On Memory's wing borne back!'

It was a clear, bright afternoon, early in December. The Thanksgiving festival had just passed by, and the weather had become settled cold. The streets of our metropolis were thronged with busy, bustling, ever-varying groups, in pursuit of business or pleasure. The Autumn had been so severe, that the inhabitants had lost the blue, crabbed look that attends the first 'cold snap.' The flush of health and hope was on every countenance, and every step was brisk and elastic; for, on such a day, the invalid and the misanthrope were within doors. On many a window pane might be seen the fantastic tracery of a frosty pencil, and closely around many a hearthstone the children gathered; but in the dwelling where I would introduce my reader, the air was as bland as on an afternoon in June; and had you seen the luxuriant foliage, or inhaled the fragrance of the choice plants in the back parlor, you would have fancied yourself surrounded by its rich vegetation. Within this abode, everything wore an air of elegance and comfort, which are seldom seen so well combined; but on entering the parlor, your attention would be immediately diverted from all else, and riveted on the trio of ladies there seated. It was a group on which the amateur might love to gaze; for the faces, though strikingly unlike, were all as strikingly interesting. The oldest of the three, of a tall, slight figure, with a fair, pale face, was dressed in black, while the shadow on her brow told as plainly as her mourning garb, that a heavy, though chastened sorrow oppressed her. Next in age was the lady of the mansion, on whose cheek was still the flush of health and beauty — with whose dark, brown hair time's fingers had but played, and on whose brow its lines were but lightly written. She was tastefully and fashionably dressed. Her manners had all the ease and grace which arise from familiarity with good society. Next came a girl of fair eighteen. She was seated on a low ottoman between her mother and aunt, plying her needle with becoming industry. Her face was characterized by sweetness and intelligence, and her dark, natural ringlets fell over a brow as beautiful as heart could wish. At the moment when I would introduce this group to my readers, the door bell rang. A servant entered and gave a note to 'Miss Edith.' A slight blush and a pleasant smile played over her face as her eye fell on the autograph. 'An invitation to attend the lecture we were speaking of,' said she, extending the note toward her mother.

'From whom, my dear?'

'Edward Hubbard,' she replied.

'He calls on us often of late, Edith. Has he given you reason to suppose he is specially interested in my daughter?' And she touched with her lips the cheek on which the blush was deepening.

'I think he has,' said Edith, turning her sweet, frank face toward the questioner. 'But how shall I answer this note?'

'In the affirmative, of course, my dear. There is not a finer young man in Boston.'

As Edith bounded, like a young gazelle, from the room, to write her reply, an expression of maternal pride lighted up her mother's face.

'A fine match, that would be,' she said, partly to herself and partly to her only auditor.

'Is Mr. Hubbard a Christian, sister?' inquired the lady in black.

'I believe he is not professedly so, but he regularly attends church. He has fine, manly feelings, is enterprising, and from one of the best families in the city.'

'Do you think, sister, that with Edith's interest in religion, she could be happy, connected for life with one, who, to say the least, is indifferent to everything of a serious character?'

'I do not think Edward Hubbard would ever oppose Edith in her religious preferences. I have noticed that he gives very respectful attention to all the services of the Sabbath.'

'But it appears to me, sister, that for those entering the marriage relation, it is very desirable there should be oneness of soul on important subjects, and especially on this. Men of different faith may enter into partnership in business, and get along happily, without interfering with each other's religious views; or two individuals may walk, side by side, in the same pathway, differing in every thing but in the desire to go in one direction. They may even chat pleasantly along the way. But in the most endearing of all relations, there should be uniformity of feeling on important points. They may differ in matters of fancy, or even in reference to church discipline; yet if, in regard to Christ, they be united in sentiment, and at the mercy seat their hearts can melt and mingle, they may be happy.'

'Why, sister! I think you aggravate the difficulties. To see Edward and Edith together, one would not suppose there existed the difference of which you speak.'

'Yet,' continued Edith's aunt, 'if one is a Christian and the other is not, is there not this difference? — a difference, not of taste, but in the great, ruling principle which actuates all the feelings and actions of life? Objects are viewed by them through a different medium. One sees in the starry firmament a display of the greatness and goodness of its Maker; while the other simply admires it for its starry brightness. One looks on the mighty ocean with a heart full of adoration for Him "who holds it in the hollow of His hand;" the other looks out on the waste of waters, thinking of its vastness and power, but giving no thought to Him who says unto its proud waves, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Beside, on moral subjects, the difference will be far greater, and it must increase forever; for moral subjects will wholly occupy the mind in eternity. The contemplation will never be turned off from these, to gaze on the shooting lights in the northern sky, or to analyze the beautiful flowers which now spring up in our pathway. Nor will the heart, occupied by the vision of the Saviour, sigh for the pleasures of earth, which are as fading as its flowers; but alas! for the heart of him who beholds but the blackness of darkness forever!'

'Oh, sister, sister! you put the worst side out. Did I not suppose Edward Hubbard would make Edith happy, I certainly would discourage his attentions.' At this moment, Mrs. Winthrop noticed that Edith had returned to the room, and the conversation ceased.

That night, as Edith retired to rest, there was a sadness at her heart, which was a stranger there. After her return from the lecture, she had knelt to offer her evening sacrifice to Heaven; but she felt it was not with the same singleness of heart as she usually approached the throne of grace. Her father and mother had been many years professors of religion, and Edith had early given *her* heart to the Saviour; but moving as they did, in a gay and fashionable circle, religion was too much a secondary object with them. Her parents had never offered one objection to the attentions of Edward Hubbard, and her young and warm affections had flowed out toward him, and her guileless heart was his, almost before she was herself conscious of it. He had never told her that he loved her, yet she knew that it was so; and, until the moment when she was accidentally a listener to the conversation between her mother and aunt, the thought had given her only pleasure. When, at last, sleep closed her weary eyelids, imagination was still active, and she fancied herself watching travellers ascending a steep hill. The vast plain from which it rose was crowded with people of every age and condition. The young and gay, the decrepit and sad were there; the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, the honored and the despised, the sick and dying, all, all were there. Though on the plain the dwellers were thus numerous, she noticed that on the hill the travellers were few; yet, every now and then, one turned from the pursuit of vanity, and entered one of the many pathways leading to the summit of the hill. As she looked upward, her eye was dazzled by the resplendent beauty and glory of the temple which stood thereon. Its glory was like that of the sun, and its rays were diffused with more or less brightness on every part of the hill. For a moment all else was forgotten, and she exclaimed, with upraised eyes, 'surely this is none other than the goodly mountain my eyes have longed to behold, and Jesus is its temple and its glory! I think I can see its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, and its foundations of precious stones. The river and the tree of life are there, and an innumerable company, whose faces reflect as mirrors the face of my Beloved.' Travellers from the hill were constantly received into one of its twelve gates; and she fancied she heard on the breeze the faint echoes of their shouts of joy, as they entered the presence of the Lamb, and louder notes of praise from the heavenly harps, as they welcomed sister spirits, released from all their clogs, and clothed with immortality. The progress of all on the hill was not equally rapid. Some who started from the base of the hill, soon outstripped those who had been a long time among its rugged footpaths. Some, immediately on leaving the plain, fixed their eye steadily on the light above; their faces reflected its brightness; difficulties vanished at their approach, and they went with joy and singing unto 'Zion, city of our God.' Others, with eyes downward, were ever heard to exclaim, 'There is a *lion* in the way!' Some went hand in hand together up the difficult ascent, alternately aiding and encouraging each other, bearing each other's burden, and so going steadily forward. There was one, on whom Edith's attention was riveted with the most intense feeling. She was a sweet, young creature, and the brightness which occasionally illuminated her face, as she turned toward the temple above, gave it additional beauty. More frequently, however, tears bedewed her cheeks, and her voice, as she sang the songs of Zion, was sad, and often interrupted, and her eye was turned toward the plain. Her progress was slow, and at times apparently retrograde. Edith soon observed that there was one on the plain to whom she was bound by a silken cord — silken, but strong. Often in his eager pursuit of pleasure, he almost occasioned her fall. Edith's anxiety for the bound pilgrim was overpowering, and her involuntary motion to save her from falling, awoke her. Her feelings were agitated, and a cloud rested on her spirits. The question, 'Is it safe for me to connect myself for life with one who does not love the blessed Saviour?' forced itself upon her, and her conscience answered, 'No.' She was *almost* ready to yield to conscience, and say, 'I will follow its dictates.' She went back, in thought, to the time when a faithful and affectionate pastor had taken her by the hand, and pointed her to the straight and narrow way of life — to the struggle which ensued, and then the sweetness with which she had cast herself at Jesus' feet, consecrating herself to his service forever. Oh, father! mother! had your influence and example been such as God approves, your daughter, in this hour of trial, had been enabled to say, 'I will give up all for Christ.' Now, the thought, 'my parents think it right for me to marry Edward Hubbard,' acted as a sort of shield, to ward off every conviction of conscience and every suggestion of reason.

That evening, the sun went down in glory. The clouds were tinged with purple and gold, and Edith watched the sky, until the last tint of daylight faded. Her plants stood in the window facing the 'sweet southwest,' and here Edith loved to linger. As she twined a beautiful vine round its light frame, a voice she loved to hear whispered near her, 'I envy these flowers, Edith, because you love them.'

'I do indeed love them, Mr. Hubbard; and who would not? Do they not look bright and happy beneath my care?'

'Edith,' he said, 'I have long wished to speak to you of the deep and growing attachment, which has sprung up in my breast for you. Since the moment I first saw you, my heart has been yours, and to-day I have obtained your father's consent to win yours if I can. Tell me, Edith, may I hope to succeed? Has my love for you awakened in your heart one answering emotion?'

'Edward,' said Edith, looking into his face, while her sweet, dark eye was filled with tears, 'I freely confess that I love you. I should not do justice to you or to myself, did I not acknowledge it; but Edward —'

'But what? dear Edith,' said he, taking her hand tenderly within his own. 'But what?'

'But, on *one* subject, our hearts are divided. I hope *I* love the Saviour, who has died to redeem us; you say *you* do not.'

'Edith, Edith,' said Edward, almost reproachfully, yet looking sadly on her, 'will you therefore cast me off? You are in the safe path, leading to Heaven; will you leave me to perish, with none to care for my soul? I have sometimes wished to enter the same path' — and a tear fell from his cheek on the hand he held. 'I will never oppose your wishes on the subject of religion; you shall attend church where and when you please, and, when circumstances will allow, I shall ever be happy to accompany you; and, Edith, I think your prayers and example would do much toward inducing me to forsake the world for Christ. Beside, Edith, your father and mother consent to our union. Do *they* not care for your best good?'

'Oh, yes, Edward; I know they do; there is no sacrifice they would not make for my happiness. But, Edward, I have promised —'

She paused, and he convinced her it would be wrong to withdraw the only influence which might save him. That evening, when he left the house, it was with a heart full of joy, for Edith Winthrop was his betrothed wife, and the blessing of her parents still sounded in his ear.

The winter, which to many a sad and suffering one passed tardily, was to our lovers as a fairy vision. They talked, read, and sang together. Every amusement which did not please Edith, Edward willingly gave up; for, far more happy were the hours spent with her, 'who was the rainbow to his sight,' than those in the gayest scene of festivity and mirth; and to her ear his voice was as the sweetest music. The poems she loved were doubly beautiful when they distilled, as the dew, from his lips; and the songs they sang together were, to the end of life, dear to her heart.

Spring opened. All nature, over whose face for months a snowy mantle had been spread, at once started forth, as if rejoicing in its liberation. The fitful April with its sunshine and showers, and May with its lengthened, sunny days, passed away. Early in our beautiful June, Edward and Edith stood at the hymeneal altar, and well might doting parents, and a giddy world, exclaim, 'Nothing is wanting to make them happy.' Attired in simple white, with a tiara of pearls, she stood up in her loveliness, and trustingly committed herself to the noble youth, who held her white and trembling hand within his own. Never to the happy parents of each, had they seemed so lovely.

With light and joyous hearts did the newly wedded pair enter on the business of housekeeping. The beautiful and chaste simplicity with which their new residence was fitted up, showed how perfectly they were assimilated in taste; and so kind and noble was Edward, and so gentle and yielding was Edith, there was little chance for disagreement.

The family altar, Edith missed; but she hoped Edward would soon be disposed to erect one. Meanwhile, the hour directly after breakfast and tea, she designed to spend in her closet, and many were the prayers which there ascended in behalf of her earthly idol. It was long, however, before she could accustom herself to this neglect of household worship. Every day they entered on their usual avocations, and every night retired to rest, without once, as a family, pleading for the guidance and protection of their Heavenly Father.

On another point Edith felt some anxiety. She knew that Edward did not regard the Sabbath as she did. He did not violate it by openly participating in forbidden pleasure, but he sometimes spent its hours in the society of young friends, who felt perfectly at liberty to call on him at his room. To Edith the day was precious. It was on a Sabbath morning, after a season of deep spiritual darkness and anxiety, that the loveliness of the character of Jesus first struck her admiring eye. She *had* regarded him as without beauty, and knew that with such views, she was unfit for heaven. She felt that all was lost. Christ had died to save the lost, but she had no heart to accept of Him, as he is offered in the gospel. What could she do? No alternative presented itself, but to perish—perish forever, and she felt it would be right for God to refuse admittance into heaven to one who had no heart for its employments, and no song of praise for Him who had ransomed a world from death. Her own ingratitude and the forbearance of the Saviour, struck her forcibly. She heard his voice saying, 'Come unto *me*, and *I* will give you rest.' That Sabbath proved a day of rest to her soul. Precious did the Saviour appear—the 'chief among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely.' Since that hour, the Sabbath had been a delight, and she hoped silently, to win Edward over to a strict regard for its sacred hours.

'I forgot to send in the meat for to-morrow, dearest,' said Mr. Hubbard, as he rose from the table the first Saturday evening after their marriage, 'I am so unused to providing for a family; but I will send it in immediately.'

'Oh, I have prepared a very nice dinner for to-morrow, Edward; one I am sure you will be pleased with. I like the habit of avoiding unnecessary cooking on the Sabbath. Would it not suit you just as well, my dear?'

'Oh, yes, Edith,' he replied; 'I dare say I shall like it just as well when I am used to it, but I thought nothing about it, and have invited my friend Blake to dine with us to-morrow. He is very anxious to see how my sweet wife presides at her own table;' and the proud husband laid back her dark tresses, and imprinted a kiss on her beautiful brow. 'Next time, love, I will remember; now one song, and I must away.'

Not disheartened by the disappointment, and with a heart throbbing with hope for the future, Mrs. Hubbard gave directions concerning the dinner, adding, 'I hope, Jane, that you will be able to attend church half of the day, to-morrow, and after to-morrow, as Mr. Hubbard will not wish a dinner prepared on the Sabbath, you can go regularly.'

How little did Edith dream that, at the end of the year, she would find that on more than three fourths of the Sabbaths something peculiar had occurred, rendering it not only desirable, but, in her husband's estimation, absolutely indispensable, to have a hot dinner. How confiding is a true woman's heart. What she hopes, she readily believes.

Six months after their marriage, Edward was suddenly prostrated by a violent typhus fever, which was proving at that season very fatal in the city. Delirium appeared, in its earliest stage. Edith scarcely left his bedside. She bathed his burning brow and smoothed his pillow, during the restless tossings of the fever. He would wildly exclaim, 'Edith, Edith, how can you desert me now, when I am sick and surrounded by all those evil beings, who are trying to torment me?' and she would lay her cool hand upon his face, and whisper in his ear gentle words of love, until he seemed to understand her presence, and sink into repose. Day and night did she hang over his pillow, yet she thought not of fatigue. Self was forgotten. One absorbing thought took possession of her faculties, and occasionally extorted from her the exclamation, 'Oh, my God, take him not hence, without an interest in the great salvation!' Her prayer was heard. Favorable symptoms appeared. The physician, who had given little encouragement before, pronounced the crisis of the disease passed, and his patient out of danger. Then Edith bowed alone in the presence of her Heavenly Father, and poured out a flood of grateful tears. During the long period previous to entire convalescence, Edith tried to lead his mind to the contemplation of eternal things. The circumstances were all favorable, and her disappointment was sad, indeed, when she was constrained to believe that he was wholly disinclined to such meditation. The scenes of this season of trial were never forgotten. A casual observer would have marked no change in her appearance. The same sweet smile played over her features as she welcomed Edward at the quiet eventide, yet the slightest indication of illness again awakened her solicitude, and infused a sorrow in her brightest cup of joy.

'Edward,' said Edith, just after tea one evening, 'can you attend meeting with me to-night? I dare not go alone, and really, my conscience troubles me for so long neglecting our weekly lecture.' A slight shade passed over his face, as he replied:

'I did not think of the meeting, and came home designing to spend the evening with you, which I seldom have the opportunity of doing. Really, love,' and he playfully drew her to him, 'really, love, such a sweet face should not be enveloped in a hood, and then immured in a damp vestry. I hate vestrys, and I do not like to risk my treasure in such unhealthy places. Come, dearest, I will read you, to-night, the poem you wished to hear. ' Will not that be as well as listening to your very demure minister?'

The cheerful fire spread a bright radiance over the room, as she seated herself by her husband's side. It was the hour she usually spent in her closet, and most gladly would she have sought the face and presence of her Saviour; but Edward would feel neglected and sad, should she leave him now. She gently sighed as she said to herself, 'would that *he loved* to pray; how delightful to bow together at the throne of grace. Oh, that I could once hear his voice in prayer and praise!'

He sang with her the songs she loved, and his interesting conversation turned her mind from all else, till the evening passed away. That night, she had no opportunity for private devotion. God has promised to shield us in the midst of spiritual danger, and keep us from falling, when we are in the discharge of our duty to him, but He has not promised to keep us, if we voluntarily place ourselves on wrong ground, and within the very dominion of the enemy of souls.

These were little difficulties, comparatively, of which I have spoken; but in after years, in the education of the little son and daughter placed in their care to train for heaven, the differences of opinion were to Edith of a more trying character. Often, when these beloved little ones were quietly reposing, did she kneel by their bedside, and lift up her heart in earnest supplication, that they might be saved from the evil influences of the world, and fitted for the enjoyment of heaven; and often, in their waking hours, did she take their little hands within her own, and speak to them affectionately of the blessed Jesus, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto *me*, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

But a shadow had come over her own piety. She was often in darkness and doubt, without the sweet light of the Saviour's countenance shining upon her. The path of duty seemed more obscure, and her anxiety for the welfare of her dear children became more intense. Especially was it so now that she felt the approaches of disease, and knew it was fastening itself on the vital energy. What would become of her little ones, if deprived of a mother's care? Who would point them to the Lamb of God, and lead their little wandering feet into life's straight and narrow way? Edward watched the rose tint as it faded from her cheek, and gave place to the fitful hectic. Every medical aid was procured, and every effort made to stay the ravages of the destroyer; but it had fastened on the very seat of life. Then came to Edith a season of deep heart-searching. Her life passed in review before her. She remembered the days of youthful vanity; the voice that had warned her of danger, when in the eager pursuit of pleasure; the preciousness of the Saviour, when, lost and perishing, she had cast herself on Him, and obtained pardon; the day when she stood up in the great congregation, and took the vows of God upon her, and pledged herself to the Redeemer and his cause. Then came the solemn questions, Have I redeemed my pledge? Have I renounced *all* for Christ? Yea, have I not rather, in the great event of my life, chosen as my companion and dearest friend one who, painful as it is to believe it, despises and rejects the Saviour? Has he not often come between my soul and God? Nay, more, have I not made him my idol, and worshipped him? 'Oh!' she exclaimed, in deep anguish of spirit, 'have I not fearful reason to believe that I have never loved God supremely?' What a relief would it have been to her tempest-tossed spirit, in this trying hour, could her husband have knelt beside her, and commended her case to Him who is so ready to forgive. Could he have prayed with her in her weakness, and refreshed her mind by the repetition of scripture invitations and promises, how would it have cheered her, as she walked into the dark valley of death. He was constantly near her, and every luxury which could be purchased he procured, and every attention love could render, he lavished on her; yet all could not remove the cloud which for many days hung over her spirit. Her beloved pastor had never lost sight of her. He regarded her as one of the precious lambs of the flock over which the great Shepherd had made him overseer, and he longed to win her back to the path of peace. He saw her state, and felt that now was the time to pour into her wounded spirit the balm of consolation. With the gentleness of the affectionate pastor, he seated himself by her side, and spoke to her of Jesus; of his willingness to forgive; his constant presence; his sympathy with human sufferers; his consideration of our weakness, and the efficacy of his blood to cleanse from sin. He knelt, and in tender accents commended her to God. He earnestly besought the Lord to appear in mercy, and scatter all the clouds which had gathered between Him and her soul, and prepare her for an abundant entrance into heaven. He then prayed for her husband, that he might now be induced to renounce the world, and lay up treasures where no moth or rust corrupt, and where no destroyer cometh; for the dear little ones, that Jesus would take these lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom; and that the mother might feel it safe to leave them in the care of Him who careth for them, and can do far better for them than the most tender earthly parent. Gradually, her feelings were soothed into sweet trust in the blessed Saviour. From that hour her countenance was changed, and seemed to reflect the light of Heaven. Anxious parents and friends hung over her in doting fondness, and she spoke to them all of Jesus.

'Night dews descend not more gently, and the worn out wind dies not more calmly' than did Edith descend into the valley of the shadow of death, leaning on her Beloved. It was a delightful afternoon in October. Autumn flowers lay withered, and leaves were falling around. Edith was pillowed up in her bed, that she might see the western sky at the sun's decline — a sight on which she had ever loved to gaze. Her husband sat on the bed with his arm around her, while her head rested on his breast.

'Edith,' he said, 'I think you are better to-day;'

> 'To your eye has come a brightness
> That is full of life and hope.'

She fixed her eye tenderly upon him as she replied,

> 'Believe it not;
> That light is from the grave. Doth not the leaf
> Put on its richest hue when deadly frost hath touched it?
> And the flame burn brighter and more clearly,
> When it just is sinking in the socket?'

'Yet the slightest breeze, fanning the taper, may extinguish it forever. Bring me the little ones, ere they retire to rest. Come near me, precious babes, and let me kiss your soft cheeks. Many a time have your sweet, fair faces filled your mother's heart with joy; but who will love you as I have? Oh! they will never more know a mother's love!' Again and again she imprinted such kisses as a dying mother only gives. They looked sadly in her tearful eye, as they returned her caresses, and stepped more lightly than they were wont, as they left the room. Her eye followed them, with a long, earnest gaze, till the door closed; and the tears fell like the gentle rain from her beautiful cheek. Turning to her husband, and putting her arms around his neck, she said, 'I shall never see them more! Oh, Edward! God only knows how dearly I have loved you and my children; but I must leave you. Dearest, will you not give *your* heart to the dear Redeemer, and lead these little ones to him? To me, dearest, he is precious, and he is calling me to himself. Do you not hear his voice, saying, Come, come? Oh! he smiles upon me, and my spirit longs to break away from its imprisonment, and go to be forever with the Lord. Death has to me no terrors. Already do the heavenly breezes fan my brow; and hark! do you not hear the angels' song? Dearest, farewell. I am going to behold the face of Jesus forever. Precious — precious Jesus.'

Edward pressed her for a moment more closely to his bosom, but her arms around his neck relaxed, and he laid her back on her pillow, supposing she had fainted. As scon as his eye fell on her face, he felt that the spirit had departed. He threw himself down by her side, and wept in bitter anguish.

She had done with tears.

'Long years have passed—but in my memory now,
I see the light that quivered o'er her brow.
I see the smile around those dying lips;
The lingering smile which death could not eclipse;
And ever in my thought and in my dream,
I feel the influence of that holy scene.'

Reader, 'long years have passed' since the events transpired which I have related. Do you ask me of the sorrowing husband and the bereaved little ones? It is but little I can tell you.

A gayer bride is now the light of Edward Hubbard's house and heart, and the children now often blend in scenes of gayety in the distant city where their father now resides; but I cannot forget them; and sometimes when I gather my own little ones about me, and offer up for them a mother's petitions, I also plead that their departed mother's prayers may be answered.

When I decided to write on this subject, several instances of connection between religious and irreligious individuals, coming under my own observation, immediately rushed upon my memory; but they were most of them too strongly marked to be of universal application.

In one case, there was decided opposition, and consequent unhappiness.

In another, the first sabbath after marriage, the sacramental supper was administered in the church with which the wife was connected. They passed happily along in company to the house of God, but the moment his eye fell on the table spread with the sacred emblems, his peace was disturbed. As the communicants gathered round the table of the Lord, he retired, vexed, and with all the enmity of his heart aroused. While partaking of the body and blood of Jesus, her thoughts were far more with her offended husband, than with the blessed Being whose dying love she was commemorating. Then sadly and alone, she sought her home to weep.

Had I portrayed either of these cases and the incidents which followed, the lady whose heart was interested in an irreligious man, would have exclaimed, 'My friend will never act or feel thus.'

In a third instance, the wife yielded to the wishes of her husband—mingled in the amusements of a gay and thoughtless world—lost much of her interest in religion, and when death came it was unlooked for, and she made her exit amid spiritual clouds and darkness, most distressing to her own soul and to the anxious friends who watched around her dying bed.

Had I fully presented *this* case, the individual these remarks are designed to benefit, would have said, 'Oh *I* will watch and pray; I will never lose *my* hold on the Saviour.'

But in the case I have selected, the circumstances were especially favorable. Nominally of the same faith, and both amiable and kind, there was the fairest trial of the safety of such a connection.

In another class of cases, the engagement was entered into previous to either of the parties becoming pious. This *materially* alters the case. The individual, probably, ought not to break an engagement on this ground, and she may hope her efforts to benefit her companion, will be blessed. She has not made that compromise at the commencement, which *she* makes, who, being a disciple of Jesus, chooses for her dearest friend, one who is the enemy of God. This first step must make her husband feel that it is safe to calculate on her doing, in such matters, about as he desires.

Oh! should not the followers of Jesus be careful how they place themselves in circumstances where they will be peculiarly tempted to desert Him? Do not such have anxiety and sorrow in life, and often plant with thorns a dying bed?

Bedford, Mass.

A life all turbulence and noise may seem
To him who leads it, wise and to be praised;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies. COWPER.

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

[From Catlin's North American Indians.]

WIGWAM IN THE FOREST.

(See Engraving.)

THE Blackfeet, the Crows, the Sioux and Assinneboins, have nearly the same mode of constructing their wigwam or lodge; in which tribes it is made of buffalo skins sewed together, after being dressed, and made into the form of a tent; supported within by some twenty or thirty pine poles of twenty-five feet in height, with an apex or aperture at the top, through which the smoke escapes and light is admitted. These lodges, or tents, are taken down in a few minutes by the squaws, when they wish to change their location, and easily transported to any part of the country where they wish to encamp; and they generally move some six or eight times in the course of the summer; following the immense herds of buffaloes, as they range over the vast plains, from east to west, and north to south. The objects for which they do this are two-fold; to procure and dress their skins, which are brought in, in the fall and winter, and sold to the Fur Company, for white man's luxury; and for the purpose of killing and drying buffalo meat, which they bring in from their hunts, packed on their horses' backs, in great quantities; making pemican, and preserving the marrow-fat for their winter quarters; which are generally taken up in some heavy-timbered bottom, on the banks of some stream, deeply imbedded within the surrounding bluffs, which break off the winds, and make their long and tedious winter tolerable and supportable. They then sometimes erect their skin lodges among the timber, and dwell in them during the winter months; but more frequently cut logs and make a miserable and rude sort of log cabin, in which they can live much warmer and better protected from the assaults of their enemies, in case they are attacked; in which case a log cabin is a tolerable fort against Indian weapons.

The Crows, of all the tribes, make the most beautiful lodge. They construct them as the Sioux do, and make them of the same material; yet they oftentimes dress the skins of which they are composed almost as white as linen, and beautifully garnish them with porcupine quills, and paint and ornament them in such a variety of ways, as renders them exceedingly picturesque and agreeable to the eye. I have procured a very beautiful one of this description, highly ornamented, and fringed with scalp-locks, and sufficiently large for forty men to dine under. The polls which support it are about thirty in number, of pine, and all cut in the Rocky Mountains, having been some hundred years, perhaps, in use. This tent when erected, is about twenty-five feet high, and has a very pleasing effect; with the Great or Good Spirit painted on one side, and the Evil Spirit on the other. It is a beautiful and exceedingly interesting specimen of their skill.

The manner in which an encampment of Indians strike their tents and transport them is curious, and to the traveller among them, a very novel and unexpected sight, when he first beholds it. I saw an encampment of the Sioux, near the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, consisting of six hundred of these lodges, struck, and all things packed and on the move in a very few minutes. The chief sends his runners or criers (for such all chiefs keep in their employment,) through the village, a few hours before they are to start; announcing his determination to move, and the hour fixed upon, and the necessary preparations are in the meantime making; and at the time announced, the lodge of the chief is seen flapping in the wind, a part of the poles having been taken out from under it. This is the signal; and in one minute, six hundred of them (on a level and beautiful prairie,) which before had been strained tight and fixed, were seen waving and flapping in the wind, and in one minute more, all were flat upon the ground. Their horses and dogs, of which they had a vast number, had all been secured upon the spot, in readiness; and each one was speedily loaded with the burthen allotted to it, and ready to fall in the grand procession.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

BY EPES YOUNG, JR.

In a lonely cottage on the bank of a small bay in the eastern part of the State of Massachusetts, lived the family of Ezra Williams. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were, in the common acceptation of the terms, respectable and virtuous, but, like many others, neglected to give suitable attention to the instruction of their children. They had four, the youngest of whom is the subject of this sketch. Joseph, for this was his name, being an only son and a child of the parent's old age, was regarded by them as a favorite child, and in his younger years was in fact a mere toy. The gratification of his unrestrained passions and will, was made the ruling principle in the management of his father's family.

The nature of Mr. Williams's occupation was such, that it called him from home most of the time during the juvenile years of his son. Joseph was consequently left to roam abroad and contract such habits as his inclination prompted him to prefer.

At the age of fifteen, he was placed, as an apprentice, with a pious mechanic. In this new relation, Joseph was expected to perform the various duties which his situation imposed upon him. But duties or restraints were new things to him. He was required to attend church and the Sabbath school. This he regarded as a great restraint.

Before learning any other art, he was expected to take his first lessons in that of submission. Although he had been a teacher, he had never been a learner in this art. His will being too obstinate to allow him to render obedience to the most reasonable requests of the gentleman under whose care he had been placed, he truantly returned home. To justify himself in this, he filled the ears of his mother with false and slanderous reports respecting the character of his master. The fond and deceived Mrs. Williams commended Joseph for his conduct, and, after stating to him her usual compliment, by saying, 'he never had a fault,' she assured him he should remain with her and be injured by no one.

Years rolled on and Joseph arrived to adult age. He became the keeper of a grocery, in which he sold intoxicating liquor, and contributed much to the misery of his neighbors and townsmen. Since the temperance reform, those who descend to the employment of the rum-seller, frequently partake of kindred vices, namely, Sabbath-breaking, profanity, gambling, &c. This was the case with Joseph. Often has he been known to entice unsuspecting youth into his den of iniquity, where almost every kind of wickedness was practised. Soon after the commencement of his business, he added to his other vices that of drunkenness. His appetite for intoxicating liquor became so strong, that he frequently had recourse to it at the midnight hour. The Sabbath he considered his best day for sensual gratification, and devoted its sacred hours to indulgence in beastly intoxication. When he arrived at this pitch, it was but a few months before he filled a drunkard's grave.

Mrs. Williams often regrets he had not died in infancy, and mourns most bitterly in view of her folly and sin, in not restraining him in childhood, and training him to practical virtue and usefulness. But, alas! although his career was short, its effects are felt and will be felt by many in time and eternity.

From the above we may learn, in some measure, the responsibility of parents, and especially of mothers. If Joseph had, in his younger days, been trained to habitual obedience to his parents, to a proper observance of the Sabbath and things sacred, we have reason to believe he would have been his parents' hope and joy, and a blessing to society.

Reader, is your influence over your children what it should be? Is it your constant endeavor, mingled with much prayer, that they may be trained up in the way they should go? Let the miserable end of Joseph Williams, and thousands of others like him, prompt you to greater diligence in the work.

Rockport, Mass., June, 1844.

The spider's thread is cable to man's tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze. YOUNG.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE MOTHER WAKING HER CHILD.

BY. REV. B. F. TEFFT, A. M.

Up! up! my little sleeper, see!
The sun lights up the sparkling lea;
The fields are sown with orient pearls,
The floweret of the hill unfurls
Its bloom and beauty to the breeze,
That blows so soft from southern seas.

Up! up! the matin-bird on high,
Awakes the chorus of the sky;
The red-breast sits upon the tree,
And dedicates a song to thee;
While all the warblers of the wood
Are chanting in their gayest mood.

Up! up! my little darling boy,
And share the universal joy!
Shake off the drapery of night,
And robe thee in the morning light!
Then hie thee to the sylvan bowers,
And emulate the rosy hours,
Whose task Auroral quickly o'er,
They cultivate the pleasing lore
That feeds young Fancy's glowing fires,
And fills the soul with high desires.

Awake, arouse thee, gentle son!
Along the brookside, up! and run!
Go, catch the Fairy of the stream!
Compel her subjects to redeem
Their captive mistress from your arms,
By telling you their mighty charms.
Or up the glade, nor yet by stealth,
Pursue the flying Queen of Health;
Who, coy of strangers, stops with joy,
To gratify her well-known boy.
How many kisses has she pressed
Upon thy little heaving breast!
And when for breath thou couldst not speak,
She painted roses on thy cheek!

Rise! break the drowsy seals
Of leaden sleep that o'er thee steals!
Thou 'lt draw such vigor from the air
That rustles in thy silken hair,
And in thy morning rambles find
The secret of a healthy mind;
A secret that thy mother dear
Would whisper in thy waking ear.

June, 1844.

MARRIED LIFE.

'DECEIVE not one another in small things or in great. One little single lie has before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle, — laziness is the devil's cushion?' Do not run much from home. 'One's own health is gold worth?'

'Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow, likewise, and its day after to-morrow too. 'Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter.'

'Consider, my daughters, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hands he must be able to confide house and family; be able to entrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping, his well-being is in her hand. Think of this!

'And you, my sons, be faithful husbands and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.'

Frederika Bremer.

LITERARY NOTICES.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER. — Harper and Brothers have published a volume with this title. It contains, in addition to the poems and ballads of Schiller, a brief sketch of the author's life — the whole translated from the German by Sir Edward L. Bulwer.

The Life of Schiller occupies about 120 pages, and contains much matter not to be found in Carlyle's biography of the poet. Schiller was born in 1759, and died in 1805, at the age of 46. The 'Life' is comprehensive, embracing the most interesting events of his brilliant career.

The remainder, 300 pages, is occupied with the poems and ballads of Schiller. The public attention has been recently called to these poems, by the publication of a number of them in Blackwood's Magazine. Some of Schiller's poetical productions are of an ordinary character, but generally they are of a high order, and deserve the praise which has been for many years freely bestowed upon them.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.—This edition contains those inimitable tracts by Legh Richmond, 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' 'The Young Cottager,' and 'The Negro Servant.' Fifty pages of the most interesting matter have been added to the Dairyman's Daughter, namely, four additional letters written by Miss Wallbridge, and two others, which were addressed to her by Mr. Richmond; a farther account of the Dairyman's Daughter, by the Rev. Benjamin Carvosso; and a short account of the Dairyman, himself.

No language can describe our admiration of this book. We will not, therefore, attempt it.

Published by Lane and Tippett, N. Y. city, and for sale at No. 1 Cornhill, Boston.

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE. Observations in Europe, principally in France and Great Britain. By John P. Durbin, D. D., President of Dickinson College. In two volumes. New York City. Harper and Brothers, 1844.

Books of travel have of late years become so numerous, that the announcement of a new publication of this sort awakens but little interest. Our readers, however, may be assured that in these two volumes they will find something out of the common track—something more than the ordinary monotonous details of a traveller's journal. They will find the most entertaining and attractive descriptions of things and scenes, and observations, moral, political and philosophical, exhibiting a mind at once discriminating and comprehensive.

The press is liberal in praise of the work, and we presume it will be generally read.

For sale by Waite, Peirce and Co., Boston.

AN INQUIRY presented to the Conscience of the Christian Reader. By the Rev. Caesar Malan, D. D., Pastor of the 'Church of the Testimony,' Geneva. Harper and Brothers, 1844.

This work is translated from the second French edition, by Rev. Dr. Baird, who has also written an introduction.

Dr. Malan was converted from Romanism at about the age of 25. He is a poet, a musician, a theologian, and an author. His name is found in some of the musical publications of this country.

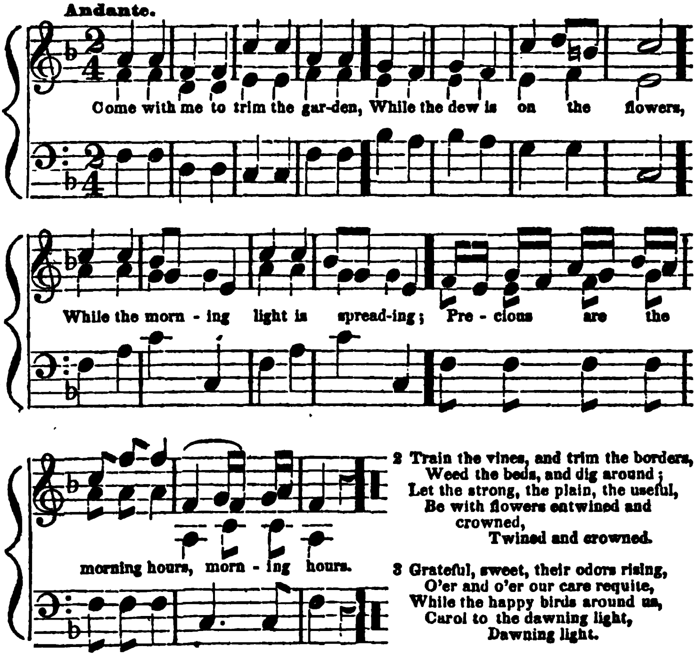
The work is a triumphant refutation of the superstitious notions and erroneous doctrines of the Roman Catholics.

THE YOUNG SAILOR. Written by Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana, author of the Northern and Southern Harp, &c., and published by Harper and Brothers.

'The main incidents in this narrative were taken from a manuscript journal belonging to the individual to whom these incidents occurred.' It is dedicated to seamen, and the profits are to be given to the Charleston Port Society.

"COME WITH ME."

FROM COMMON SCHOOL SONGSTER. **MUSIC BY PAESIELLO.**


Andante.
Come with me to trim the gar-den, While the dew is on the flowers,
While the morn - ing light is spread-ing; Pre - cious are the
morning hours, morn - ing hours.

2 Train the vines, and trim the borders,
Weed the beds, and dig around;
Let the strong, the plain, the useful,
Be with flowers entwined and crowned,
Twined and crowned.

3 Grateful, sweet, their odors rising,
O'er and o'er our care requite,
While the happy birds around us,
Carol to the dawning light,
Dawning light.

4 See how apple flowers are falling,
Bright as snow-flakes touched with red!
Fair ones! here you must not linger,
Littering thus our |:garden bed :|

5 While you on your stems were growing,
You were sweet and very fair;
But, disordered, useless lying,
You become but |:rubbish here.:|

6 So are things most rare and costly,
Out of use, and out of place;
But though plain, and cheap, and common,
Use and order, |:give them grace.:|

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1844. NO. 2.

[Obtained a Prize of Five Dollars.]

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE VALUE OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MR. SAMUEL BURNHAM.

NOTHING short of the deprivation of a mother's affection will enable a child to realize, in any just degree, its depth or intensity. From the earliest dawn of its existence, the infant's feeble cry is answered by the soothing voice and tender caresses of that friend, whose place no other one could fill.

As it grows in years, and its wants increase, carefully does the fond mother watch over it, and anticipate those wants which none but a mother could know. Days and nights of care and watching are spent over the little one when sickness enters its weak frame, and not until the brilliancy has returned to its eye and its busy prattle is again resumed, does the smile of hope light up the countenance of the anxious mother.

And with what interest does she behold her child as first with tottering step he attempts to walk, or when, though scarcely understood by any but herself, in lisping accents, he pronounces, 'Mother.' Who, when the child has learned to make known his wants, can like her, direct his young mind to that Being from whom comes every blessing, and as he kneels beside her, who so well can teach him to say, 'Our Father?' At such times religious impressions are often made strong and abiding, and ultimately result in turning the soul to God.

Often does the instruction of a pious mother, given at this early age, result in the salvation of the child, even before 'the heart has grown familiar with the paths of sin, and sown seed, to garner up its bitter fruit.'

But though all a mother's prayers and endeavors for the good of the immortal souls committed to her care, seem unavailing, and an immediate answer does not appear to be given, though a deep sense of her responsibility as a parent, makes her doubly urgent and faithful in her supplications for a blessing on her efforts, yet often, warnings and advice which she has given, and which she, almost despairing, had thought forgotten, are long remembered, and finally produce the effect for which she so ardently sought. What a loss, to be deprived of a Christian mother! Why is it, that among yonder group of children, busy in their play, we look with pity upon one who has just been deprived of that friend? They all sport on, he alike unconscious of trouble or bereavement with the rest, — his voice as merry, — his laugh as loud. Why should we single him out, and a silent prayer ascend from our hearts that God would guard the child? Why? He has no mother. A kind father may yet live, but not to him as to a mother can he tell his little troubles and unburthen his heart. Not like her, can a father sympathize with, and comfort him in every childish grief.

Almost unconsciously we exercise toward such an one charity for faults, which, in others, would not be so easily overlooked. Kind words and gentle treatment, when we meet him, are the involuntary promptings of our hearts, and we feel that soon enough will he learn what has been his loss; soon enough wherein his case differs from that of his companions.

He looked upon that mother's face as she lay cold in death, and started when he touched her hand, but knew not why it chilled him so. He saw friends gathering to the house of mourning on the day of her burial, but, happier in ignorance, he knew not why they were so silent and why they wept. He heard the tolling bell as he followed her to the grave, saw her laid in it, and wondered why his mother should be left there all alone. Some vague impressions that he never more should see her, doubtless passed through his mind, and he wept perhaps, for *what* he hardly knew, except that others did the same, yet new scenes and the lightness of heart which so quickly drive away the troubles of childhood, have the same effect upon him, and again he is happy. Yet the time is not far distant, when he will remember that once he had a dear friend, whose loss he now begins to feel, and then will the little kindnesses which she was wont to do, come up fresh to his remembrance.

He has no mother! Oh! how few who have that friend, know the sad import of these words. How ungrateful the children, who, so far from considering it a privilege to have a parent's care, seem eager to throw off their restraint, and even envy others, so unfortunate, as by neglect at home, to be left to follow their own inclinations; though such, being undirected, and unwatched over by Christian parents, almost invariably fall in with unsuitable companions, and with them acquire sinful habits, which it is very difficult to eradicate.

It is indeed true, that of a Christian mother's influence and example, words can hardly tell the value; and if, as all will acknowledge, the child, more than a person at any other period of life, is constantly watching and striving to imitate what he sees done by others, how careful should a mother be that he may see nothing in her example and daily deportment which it would injure him to follow. Sooner does a child seem to learn angry words and improper actions, even where such are seldom heard or seen, and where much is done to prevent them, than to do or speak those things which are good, though great pains may be taken to teach him what is right.

When harsh language from parents is frequent, and they punish their children on the impulse of the moment, seemingly in a passion, who has not noticed how very soon a little one in the family learns to utter the same passionate words and endeavors to retaliate by blows when any one has injured or displeased him? If the child has committed any fault, the mother who really seeks the good of that child, will correct him, tenderly, but firmly for it; for, as has been observed, it is no part of true parental affection, when a parent suffers to pass unnoticed, any fault in a child. At this age, if ever, should bad habits, which are beginning to be formed, be overcome, and a most culpable omission of duty must it be in a Christian parent, to allow the first risings of sinful propensities in the young mind to grow and increase in strength, as they surely will, until it is almost impossible to tear them from the heart where they have become so firmly fixed. For as the tender plant, just as it appears above the ground, may be plucked, or crushed without difficulty, but when the same has grown to be a large tree it is almost impossible to uproot it, even so the young shoots of sin, if, when seen, they are immediately attended to, can be easily destroyed, or at least, a far more hopeless task is it, when the mind, by constant commission of those sins, becomes hardened in them.

Though a child seems to have its mind early filled with that which parents would have kept far from him, yet the *susceptibility of religious impressions*, which characterizes childhood, has been often remarked. And though it is true that religious instruction may be given in such a manner as to disgust rather than please, yet it may also be so given to a child, especially by a mother, as that, instead of considering the time she may devote to conversation with him upon serious subjects, burdensome or disagreeable, he may never be more pleased than when such an hour arrives.

Every one knows the eagerness with which children listen to an anecdote; and whether it be of a religious tendency, or otherwise, if told in familiar language and suited to their capacities, it never fails to interest. How easy then, whenever such an opportunity is presented, for the Christian mother in some simple narration from the Bible, to mingle words of tender admonition and warning, which, not like a foolish story, without meaning, will not merely be heard and forgotten, but treasured up in the heart, and remembered, perhaps, long after she has gone to her everlasting home.

For though 'the delicate tracery of early impressions is often hidden under the sterner stamp of maturer years, yet it is all there,' and circumstances may occur, which in an unexpected hour will bring the remembrance of those impressions forth from the heart in their original freshness and strength.

Scarcely can a mother herself be conscious of the highly responsible part she has to perform in moulding the character of her child, and deciding his future destiny. The first impulses which his young soul receives, are given by her, and they will either direct him to the straight and narrow way, that leads to Heaven, or to that broad road which ends in darkness and despair. Great are the encouragements for her to labor, watch, and pray.

The smile of God's approbation, such efforts ever have and ever will receive; and though the child for whom many an anxious hour of fervent prayer has been spent, may live to go and stand by the grave of her whose admonitions he has slighted, yet then, and there, in loud and solemn language, will that departed mother speak. Her voice in life was disregarded, but it may be heard in death. Her kind instructions, and tender, but faithful warnings, will come crowding back upon his mind, and a hard heart must it be to resist such an appeal.

Despair not, then, fond mother, of success, nor fear that the labors, which your affection for the *souls* of your children, causes, are vain. Even if the consciousness of having discharged a Christian duty, were your only reward in this life, that would be much; but faith in God's promises may lead you to expect *more,* not because it is deserved, but because He, in numberless instances, has seen fit to bless such efforts of parents in the early conversion of their children. And what an unspeakable reward for a life of unwearied toil will it be, if, when you have arrived safely home, your children also are brought there through His blessing upon your instrumentality.

South Boston, Mass.

FAMILY EDUCATION.—So indispensable to the happiness and security of our country is family education, that he who may devise the best system for conducting it, will be more worthy of a splendid reward from a nation, than the inventor of any process for separating gold from ore, or, if it were possible, for converting stones into precious gems. Any country is poor and miserable, which calls not its children its jewels.—*Father's Book.*

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

BY MRS. SARAH L. HALE.

I.

ONE kiss, my boy, upon thy cheek,
  That cheek so young and bright,
And once again I'd hear thee speak
  Thy softly lisped 'good night,'
Then rest and not a shade of earth
  Can cloud thy slumbers fair;
Dark dreams from worldly cares have birth,
  And thou hast nought of care.
O why might not life's silver tide,
With thee, thus ever smoothly glide!

II.

Who gazes on the bloom of May,
  Nor sighs that all will wither?
And yet the blossoms must decay,
  Ere we the fruit may gather;
And life's sweet morning buds of joy,
  Like spring flowers soon depart;
And thou must change, yet wear, my boy,
  Life's freshness in thy heart.
Pure feelings like the flower's perfume,
Embalm the memory of its bloom.

III.

Man's lot, dominion o'er the earth,
  Maketh his sinews strong,
And that proud lot will lead thee forth,
  All ardent 'mid the throng.
Life's onward path is wrapped in night,
  And dangers are its fame;
Ambition holds an eagle flight,
  And spurns at quiet's name,
And pleasure's siren sons entice,
And flowers conceal the precipice.

IV.

O! wilt thou wander then, my boy?
  Away! ye idle fears,
Why shroud our sun of present joy,
  In clouds of future years?
There 's *One* will watch thee though I sleep
  Where morning never shone;
There 's *One* thy faltering steps can keep,
  Wouldst thou His voice were known?
Then list amid the world's wide din,
The still, small voice thy heart within.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

COMMON SCENES AND DAILY EVENTS.

BY REV. A. P. PEABODY.

ONE of the greatest trials which we, who, in our mature years, aim to cultivate spirituality of character, have to encounter, is the difficulty of looking at familiar scenes and common events in a religious point of view, and tracing God in what is minute and daily. We can trace him in great events, in overwhelming sorrows, or in sudden and unexpected deliverances and favors; but it is hard to hear him in the vernal breeze, to see him in the sunshine, to draw in his inspiration on the breath of flowers and in the music of the grove, to feel his love in the brightness of our firesides and in the plenty of our tables. And why do we find this difficulty? Chiefly, as I think, because our *first* ideas of these things were not religious ideas. We, indeed, were taught that God made the sun and moon, and that he gives us food and raiment. But we studied and recited these things out of a printed book, instead of reading them in the open book of nature. But, could the same lessons be taught the child when he first takes cognizance of these objects, and not taught his head alone, but inscribed on the fleshly tablets of his heart, he would grow up spiritual and heavenly minded. His first impressions would be his abiding ones.

I might illustrate the natural and necessary effect of this mode of teaching, by what takes place with regard to presents from a friend. Let some valued friend give a child a book or a toy, and let that book or toy be in daily use for years, the child will never forget who gave it; he will connect the giver's name with it, and may, by means of it, be enabled to retain strong feelings of interest and affection for a long absent giver. In like manner, could you, the first time your child takes distinct and pleasurable cognizance of the bright sunshine or the flower-clad field, connect with them the idea of his heavenly Father, and, while his young spirit is revelling in the beauty of the infant year, point his thoughts to Him, who lights the sunbeam, and whose smile the flowers are, the impression of that first happy moment of communion with nature would not fade away; but the same bright scenes, as often as they passed before him, would bring up their Maker's name and image. So, too, if so soon as his eating, drinking and playing became any thing more than instinctive acts, so soon as he had any idea of the difference between plenty and want, health and sickness, you should point out to him singly the comforts and blessings of home as the gifts of God, and unfold to him, as clearly as he could understand them, the chain of causes, which leads the devout man up to God, while it hides him from the undevout, he would learn to look upon these things as presents from his heavenly Father, and would never more enjoy the gift without blending with it the image of the Giver.

In ways like this, by exchanging technical for practical instruction, by mingling with the teachings of books, the ever ready lessons of nature and of life, is it in the power of parents to train up a generation, whose piety shall be not that of the letter, but of spirit and of life,—a pervading and all-consecrating principle, an ever breathing incense, an ever burning flame.

Portsmouth, N. H., July, 1844.

RETIREMENT.

'HE was there alone' when even
Had round earth its mantle thrown;
Holding intercourse with Heaven,
'He was there alone.'

There his innocent heart's emotion
Made he to his Father known;
In the spirit of devotion,
Musing there 'alone.'

So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek our God and Father's throne;
And to other scenes aspiring,
'Train our hearts alone.'

Thus when time its course hath ended,
And the joys of earth are flown,
We, by hope and bliss attended,
Shall not be 'alone.'

BOWRING.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.'

BY REV. FRANKLIN FISK.

'The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight;
The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.'

When on my way to Washington, in the early part of last winter, I tarried for a night with Rev. Mr. Tuttle, in the village of Bordentown, New Jersey. Speaking of the pleasantness of his location, he made mention of Rev. Mr. Lothrop, the Episcopal clergyman of the village, as a companionable and worthy man. He remarked of him that he was poor, having a wife and six children, while his entire income was the pew-rent of a small church, embracing but one male member; but that by the economy of a frugal companion, he had struggled along on this scanty salary for some years.

On my return, in four weeks, I learned that the following reverses had taken place with this family. Mr. L. had been appointed chaplain in the navy, on a salary of $1,500 per year, which so pleasantly changed their temporal prospects, as to excite an unwonted cheerfulness in every bosom. Accompanying his commission was a request that he would be ready to sail for the Mediterranean at Christmas; so that but little time was afforded him to prepare for a two years' voyage, or for his beloved family to brood in sadness over thoughts of being so long separated from an endeared husband and father. Christmas morning came, and with it came the parting scene. The customary salutations and farewells were exchanged, the sympathic tear wiped away, and all returned to the cheerfulness and feasting of the day.

On the arrival of Mr. L. at Philadelphia, whence he was to sail, he stepped into an office to attend to an item of business, and as he closed the door on his exit, he fell, and was found in a dying condition! Whether his fall caused his death, or sudden disease caused his fall, cannot now be known, for he was speechless and immediately died; and the train of cars which bore him away in the morning, in the evening brought back the news of his death!

Two messengers were appointed to bear the tidings to the bereaved family. The first found Mrs. L. unusually cheerful, and only informed her that he had learned Mr. L. had met with a very serious accident. She manifested the utmost eagerness to learn the particulars, while she seemed to forget her infant, and prepared herself to go immediately to Philadelphia. It was in vain she was told her husband had all the attention which could possibly be useful, and entreated to delay her journey of thirty miles till next morning. At this point the second messenger came in, and informed her that her husband was dead. At this announcement she sunk into a chair, and remained all night, without removing her cloak or bonnet, or speaking a word, or shedding a tear, or noticing for a moment the almost incessant cries of her babe; and when in the morning she was pressed to nurse it, the spell in which she seemed to be bound was broken; she screamed, burst into a flood of tears, and refused to be comforted. The remains of her husband were brought back to Bordentown, and on the last day of 1843, deposited beneath the pulpit from which, but the Sabbath before, he had preached his farewell sermon.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! We see a poor family whose temporal prospects are darkening as wants increase. Suddenly they are illuminated, and as suddenly their light becomes darkness by the removal of the medium through which it shone, and their only dependance of former years!

May we learn to make the Lord our only trust, and to hold 'our nearest friends, the partners of our blood,' as 'but blessings,' which may at any time be called for.

Mansfield, Mass., July, 1844.

LITERARY NOTICES.

M'ILVAINE'S EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. Charles M'Ilvaine, D. D. Sixth Edition, revised and improved by the Author. New York city: Harper & Brothers. 1844.

MEN are naturally prone to avoid their duty and forget their responsibility to God. And there is also, connected with this, a tendency in the minds of the young to infidelity. But no candid mind, infected with skepticism, can read this book, without being convinced of the divine authenticity of the Scriptures, and of course of their adaptation to meet and remedy the fallen condition of man.

Bishop M'Ilvaine is a man of fine talents and deep piety, and has distinguished himself by his masterly exposure of the errors of Puseyism.

This work has been republished in England by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. Lord Bexley, the president of the British and Foreign Bible Society, remarks of it, that, added to many other excellences, no opportunity is lost of giving the argument of the work a practical application, and of impressing holiness on the heart, as well as conviction on the understanding. For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co., No. 1, Cornhill.

WEBER'S MUSICAL WORKS. — A portion of the musical works of that celebrated writer, Godfrey Weber, has been translated into English by Mr. James F. Warner. Two numbers have been published, making an aggregate of 629 pages.

The first number is called *The General Music Teacher*, and 'constitutes the introductory portion of the entire treatise. It is adapted to the wants of every one who studies music in any form whatever.' This number has a table of contents, a general index, and a dictionary of musical terms, containing 88 pages, in small type.

The second part is entitled *Musical Composition*, and is the great work of Dr. Weber's life. 'No book of the kind holds so high a standing in Europe at the present time.' An English writer has said, 'Of all the books ever written on the science, this is the most important and the most valuable.'

Published and for sale by J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter, Boston.

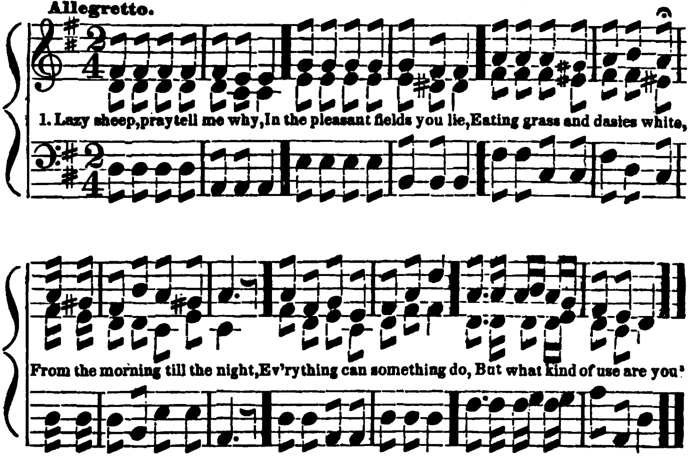
HARPERS' ILLUMINATED BIBLE. — We have received the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th numbers of this beautiful work. These six numbers carry the sacred text forward to the close of the book, Deuteronomy.

The engravings in this work are of a most exquisite character. Joseph supplying corn from the Egyptian store-houses — Joseph making himself known to his brethren — The funeral of Jacob — Casting the male children into the Nile — are not only exquisite in workmanship, but they are masterly in design and touching in expression. Waite, Peirce & Co.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS. — The sixth number of this valuable and interesting work is published. Two numbers more complete the work.

THE SHEEP.

FROM "LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS."


Allegretto.
1. Lazy sheep, pray tell me why, In the pleasant fields you lie, Eating grass and dasies white,
From the morning till the night, Ev'rything can something do, But what kind of use are you?

2 Nay, my little master, nay
Do not serve me so I pray,
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, oh, very cold you'd be
If I did not give it thee.

3 Sure it seems a pleasant thing;
Nipping dasies in the spring;
But how many nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or I get my dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

4 Then the farmer comes at last
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly coat away,
For your clothes in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

MY EARLY FRIENDS — WHERE ARE THEY?

It now lacks more than three hours of sunrise. I do not often leave my bed so early. It is two hours since I awoke, and, as I have lain upon my bed, my reflections have wandered back to the days of my childhood. I have called to remembrance the scenes, the employments and the companions of my early years. But more particularly have I dwelt on those with whom I once associated, and whom I shall see on earth no more. Where are they? Where are they with whom I met at the old district school-house? Where they with whom I joined in our childish sports? With whom I wandered through the grove, and gathered violets from the mossy knoll, or plucked the wild flower which grew upon the margin of the little brook that meandered its course to the Susquehanna? I sigh to think how many of them are gone, — gone to the spirit-world to return no more!

Though I still am young, my youth not having passed away, I have to number among the dead a large proportion of those with whom I once associated. Almost the first thing which I can remember to have occurred in my childhood, is the funeral of my little cousin Fanny. I could not well understand what it was to die, but I distinctly remember how strange and sad I felt as I gazed upon her pale and ghastly corpse — the first I ever saw. Soon after, my cousin Flora and her sister Harriet were laid in one grave. Not long after Fanny G—— and Sarah M—— were unexpectedly taken away from earth.

Then Frances, then Jane died; and, about the same time, John was crushed to death by a falling tree.

For the last twelve years, I have been, most of the time, absent from the place of my nativity. But I learn by an occasional visit and by frequent correspondence, that death continues its dread work among the companions of my childhood. Four years ago, at nearly the same time, four young men, all of them about my own age, all of them my companions and intimate friends in our early years, were taken from time to eternity. Orin, Ransom, William and Henry; ah! can it be that *they* are gone? Yes, all are gone. William was, without a moment's warning, by the lightning of heaven, called to meet his God. Of them all I could speak in terms of commendation, for they were all worthy young men. But my respect for one of the number demands more particular notice. All loved Henry Douglass. So amiable and intelligent was he, that we doubted not he was destined to become a highly useful and distinguished man. But our hopes were disappointed, for he fell, the victim of disease, in a foreign land. His parents and sisters still weep at the mention of Henry, their only son and brother.

But time would fail me to name the many of my associates in the academy, at college, and in the theological seminary, who have fallen beneath the conquering arm of death. I trust they all left this world of death for the abodes of eternal life. And while I, sleepless upon my couch, mourn their early departure, they, I trust, are bright and blessed spirits in that world of which it is said, 'there is no night there.'

'Happy spirits, ye are fled,
    Where no grief can entrance find.'

Christ is the resurrection and the life; and they who, while here, believed on Him, though dead, still live.

Of those whom I followed to the grave during the two years I have been a pastor, it is not proper that I should speak. I have stood by the dying bed of some of them. I have seen their eyes grow dim. I have heard their death groans. I have mingled my tears with the tears of their weeping relatives. I have seen them buried. But I dare not hope that I shall meet them *all* in heaven.

I have just read in the papers the death of Jane ——. Ah! how little did I imagine, when I, a few weeks since, saw her so healthy, so cheerful and so happy, that she was so soon to die. There are few such young ladies as Jane was. She possessed all the requisites of a perfect lady. In her social qualities and her manners, she was most attractive. So perfectly polite, and yet so free from affectation. So dignified in her carriage and conversation, and yet so unassuming and free from pride. Her society was sought and valued by all; for even the rude and untaught were charmed by the grace and ease of her manners, and the kindness of her attentions.

In her intellectual qualities she was also greatly distinguished. Her mind, naturally of a high order, had been improved by a thorough and substantial education. Her leisure hours were mostly devoted to reading, but not to that kind of reading so much the delight of a large class of young ladies who seek amusement and excitement, rather than information on subjects of importance. But her moral character was the most perfect of all her shining accomplishments. Beyond a doubt, she was a child of God. Though only twenty years of age at the time of her death, she had, for some time, I believe about four years, adorned her profession of religion by a life of godliness. She loved the duties of religion, both public and private. She loved the hour of secret communion with God. In the Sabbath school, in the Bible class and in the female prayer meeting, she always well sustained her part. Death came unlooked for, but she was prepared. After one week of extreme suffering, her pure spirit went to its everlasting rest. She was composed and calm while struggling with death. She bade her friends farewell, affectionately urging an unconverted parent to prepare to meet her in heaven.

But 'the day breaketh,' and I must dwell at present no longer upon the loved and departed companions of my childhood and youth. Soon my time to follow them will come. Then 'let me die the death of the righteous.' And who would not wish to close his eyes on earth, animated with the precious hope of dwelling forever with God and angels and the spirits of the just made perfect?

My young friends, let me affectionately and seriously urge you to make full preparation for death. Do you dream of long life? Do you say that you have no expectation of dying in youth? But remember how many of the young die, who expected death as little as you. Can you not call to mind some of your own acquaintances who have, as young as you are, been called to meet their God? Then live, prepared to die. Not many months since, I saw a young lady die, for whose soul's salvation I could not indulge the faintest hope. It was a scene of horror upon which I cannot bear to dwell. I would, but cannot forget the thoughts which ran through my mind when she ceased to breathe. From such a scene, may the reader of these lines be spared, but especially from such a death. Remember that,

> ''T is not the whole of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die.'

New Haven, *Ct.*, *July*, 1844.

PRAISE OF THE DEITY IN SOLITUDE.

How beautiful this dome of sky,
And the vast hills in fluctuation fixed
At *thy* command, how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice;
My lips that may forget thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget thee here; where thou hast built,
For thy own glory in the wilderness!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
For such a temple.

WORDSWORTH.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

FLOWERS.

BY MRS. R. ALLYN.

By the universal consent of mankind, flowers have been made the emblems of loveliness and beauty; and some of the richest and most delicate of all figurative language, has been suggested by their transcendant graces. We compare the coy damsel to the tender violet of spring; the modest maiden to the snow-white lily of the vale; and the reigning belle to the blooming rose of summer. We liken the young and affectionate to the woodland flowerets, which cover the valleys and enliven our daily paths; while the departure of the gay and gentle is like the fading of the sweetest blossoms. We trace a resemblance to the pious and devoted in the humble wild-flowers, which deck the unfrequented glens of the mountain; and find the parallel of the proud and courtly in the peerless exotics, which crown the cultivated parterres of the rich and noble. Innocence is represented by a thousand opening blossoms, which spread their delicate petals to the morning sun; while one, the deadly night-shade, alone personifies guilt. Love and affection find innumerable flowers by which they speak to the heart; but hate, malice and revenge seem never to have sought for a tongue among these tender creations of natural beauty and loveliness. Friendship has consecrated many a plant to the tender emotions of the soul; but distrust and misanthropy have forgotten to look here for representatives, or they have met only with a cold, forbidding repulse wherever they have sought for flowers to convey their dreadful sentiments.

The imaginative of all times have delighted to contemplate the images thus called into mental existence; and minds, which have possessed the true poetic spirit, have attributed to flowers an emblematic language, replete with the sweetest and tenderest thoughts; a language silent, yet filled with the deepest pathos and the most affecting delicacy. It is this language of flowers which causes the budding rose to speak so joyfully to the heart of the love-lorn maiden; which makes these frailest things in nature messengers of the most acceptable sympathy to the mind of the mourning friend, and puts a tongue of moving eloquence into every gaudy petal which decks the broad face of creation.

From flowers, too, we derive some of the most instructive lessons of trust and confidence in God; and the voice of inspiration has chosen them as illustrations of the most important truths. We are reminded by their frailty of our own transitory nature; 'for the glory of man is as the flower of grass.'

They speak, indeed, from a lowly pulpit, but they speak in eloquent thoughts; they preach sublime truths, and proclaim them in a glowing and fascinating language. There is not one but can tell a tale of interest, or convey a lesson of instruction. The humblest among them may open the book of memory, and we shall hear of friends long since departed; of joys forever fled; or of hopes, oh, how sadly blasted! The lowliest in the train of spring, may send forth a small still voice, which may awaken the sleeping chords of the heart, and fill the soul with childhood's buoyant melody. The meanest floweret, which rises from the ground, may find a language which shall melt the heart with tenderness, or cause it to burn with the purest and holiest emotions. It is indeed true, that these fragile, little flowers, which grow in our paths, and looking upward to heaven, smile so sweetly in our faces,

'In their silence say
More to the mind than thunder to the ear.'

The influence of flowers, in cheering and enlivening our pilgrimage through this transitory world, though often depreciated, is great and powerful. They soften the heart and comfort the mind; they cultivate the affections and purify the soul, and wherever they are most appreciated, there we find man the most polite, the most refined, and the most benevolent. These lowly flowers have often encouraged the christian on his toilsome pathway toward heaven. The traveller on the lone desert has often taken fresh courage, as he has gazed upon these, nature's loveliest children. All the affectionate and good have ever been enamored of the lovely foliage and flowers of spring. The wild flowers of the meadows and woods afford most delight and pleasure, because more humble and less gaudy. These are objects of desire to the tasteful and benevolent, because they more fully display the skill of the Creator in all its inimitable perfection.

Mungo Park, when almost overcome by despair in the deserts of Africa, felt his spirits revive at the sight of the 'slightest moss in germination.' The sainted Dr. Fisk, as he stood upon the hoary Alps, could not conceal his rapturous emotions, while looking upon the 'soft velvet flowers which sprung almost from a bed of snow.' And the heavenly-minded Martyn, while ascending Table Mount, could mark with admiration 'the beautiful flame-colored flower,' and imagine it 'an emblem of heaven, as it opens upon the weary, earth-worn Christian, as he escapes from the embraces of death.'

If these men were thus impressed with the worth and loveliness of flowers, what lessons may we learn from them, as they constantly grow beneath our feet? What a store of rich instruction may we gather from them, as they every day glow and bloom along our pathways. What a fund of patience, resignation, hope, and of trust in God, may we derive from them, as they stand before us, clothed in the richest robes, and tell us that they are manifestations of our heavenly Father's wisdom, skill, and goodness.

Then let us not scorn the fragile flowers; for every blossom is decked with colors which Titian or Raphael could never imitate. Let us not despise the tender flowers; for every petal is inscribed with an oracle, more eloquent and impressive than all the leaves of the fabled Sibyl. O let us not look down upon the lowly flowers; for they may be messengers of joy, to cheer our saddest moments of despondency or anguish. But whenever they cluster, like angels of beauty on the green hillsides and verdant valleys, let us make them our silent *friends*, and faithfully follow the lessons which they impart.

Colchester, *Ct.*, *July*, 1844.

TOO LATE!

BY MRS. ABDY.

Too late — too late! How heavily that phrase
  Comes, like a knell, upon the shuddering ear;
Telling of slighted duties, wasted days,
  Of privileges lost, of hopes once dear,
Now quenched in gloom and darkness. Words like these
  The worldling's callous heart must penetrate —
All that he might have been, in thought he sees,
  And sorrows o'er his wreck — too late.

Too late — too late! The prodigal who strays
  Through the dim groves and winding bowers of sin;
The cold and false deceiver who betrays
  The trusting heart he fondly hoped to win;
The spendthrift, scattering his golden store,
  And left in age despised and desolate,
All may their faults confess, forsake, deplore,
  Yet struggle to retrieve the past — too late.

Too late — too late! O dark and fatal ban.
  Is there a spell thy terrors to assuage?
There is — there is! But seek it not from man;
  Seek for the healing balm in God's own page;
Read of thy Saviour's love; to Him repair;
  He looks with pity on thy guilty state;
Kneel at his throne in deep and fervent prayer;
  Kneel and repent, ere yet it is too late.

Too late — too late! That direful sound portends
  Sorrow on earth, but not immortal pain;
Thou may'st have lost the confidence of friends,
  The love of kindred thou may'st ne'er regain;
But there is One above who marks thy tears,
  And opes for thee salvation's golden gate.
Come, then, poor mourner; cast away thy fears;
  Believe, and enter; it is not too late!

'GIVE ME THINE HEART.' — Feel it, my dear young friends, to be your duty to be religious. If you acknowledge the sacred obligation to 'obey your parents,' do you not owe equal obedience to that Father in heaven, whose command is, 'Give me thine heart?' It is of immense importance that religion be secured in youth. Those years which so easily take stamp and coloring from surrounding objects, impress their own likeness upon a series of other years. They may determine the character through life and the destinies of eternity. — *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE FATAL ALLIANCE.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER.

It was one of those beautiful days of spring which awaken nature from her wintry slumbers, and give freshness and buoyancy to one's spirits, that I entered the room of Mrs. C. But a few years since, she was the young and amiable Miss Amelia, possessing many personal charms, all of which were adorned and sanctified by a deep and cheerful piety. Though not of wealthy parentage, she was a stranger to want, and could count upon an ample inheritance with moral certainty. But now, alas, how changed! Trouble had made deep furrows upon her fair cheek; her eyes were sunken in their sockets; a tinny paleness had usurped the throne of blushing beauty, and she sat, sad and demure, staring on vacancy, like one bemoaning the wreck of hope. Beside her was her only dear little one, whose ghastly and forlorn appearance indicated any thing but happiness, and added a thousand pangs to her bleeding heart. Death, however, with angel pity, soon relieved its woes, and she survived but a few weeks, and then bade adieu to a short and checkered life, made more than worthless by a single error. Her history in brief is this: —

At an early period she embraced the Saviour, and walked in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless. At length she received the addresses of a young man of some talent and worldly enterprise, who had entirely neglected the claims of religion, except to deny, and hold them up to ridicule. Here was a difficulty which he soon discovered. To be wedded to one of this character, she could not. But at once there was a change in his habits. Not that he professed to be a Christian. Respect for his reputation forbade so glaring hypocrisy. But he concealed his opposition, spoke favorably, accompanied her to church, and exhibited various indications of radical improvement. An observer could not mistake his object.

The deception was glaring. But her attachment to him magnified all these little circumstances into bright omens of decided piety; and she cherished the fond hope that he would ere long submit his heart to God, and unite with her in his service. The difficulty was now removed. The fatal vow was made. The nuptial ceremonies were performed. The whole scene was redolent with joy and hope. The bridal exhibition was made the next Sabbath in style, and excited the envy of many a fair heart.

But here the scene begins to change. She was now seldom seen in the sanctuary. The social circle was no longer cheered with her sweet songs, or sanctified by her devotion. Care began to mark her brow, and the cheerful air of former days was lost in the deep gloom of dejection and despair. But wherefore none could tell. At length a friend interrogated her husband as to their absence from church, referring to their former punctuality. In the coarse and ugly style of a heartless deceiver, he replied—'Before we were married, I obeyed her, and went where she said, but *now she has to obey me, and I will neither let her go, nor go myself.*'

The secret was now out. He had feigned to respect religion for her sake, or rather to deceive her into a compliance with his wishes, till he could make sure of his victim, and now he was triumphing over her like a demon! Instead of the kind and loving husband, she found him a merciless tyrant. Her spirit fainted under the weight of disappointment and cruel oppression; health declined, and she sunk into a premature grave, the wreck of a beautiful and promising daughter, and a monument of the danger of conjugal connection with an enemy of God.

Fair reader, are you contemplating a similar step? Stop and *consider!* Your feet take hold on death! Let the woes of poor Amelia admonish you. The smiles which charm you are the deceptive forgeries of a fiendish heart. Now is your only chance of escape. Break the fatal spell before you are drawn into a whirlpool from which there is no deliverance.

Lynn, Mass., July, 1844.

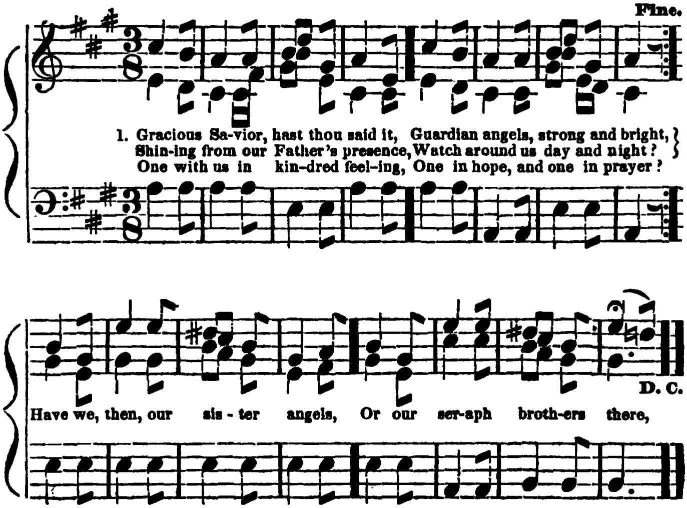
DUTY AND PLEASURE OF WOMAN.

GREAT, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? Who can exaggerate its importance? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires, but to form those by whom laws are made, and armies led, and empires governed; to guard from the slightest taint of possible infirmity the frail, and as yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than his physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments, which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to bless: to soften firmness into mercy, to chasten honor into refinement, to exalt generosity into virtue; by her soothing cares to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be the compensation for hopes that are blighted, for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation — the couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of a rejected Saviour; these are the scenes of woman's excellence, these are the theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny, to visit the forsaken, to attend to the neglected; amid the forgetfulness of myriads to remember — amid the execrations of multitudes to bless; when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples fly, to remain unshaken and unchanged; and to exhibit, on this lower world, a type of that love — pure, constant, and ineffable — which, in another world, we are taught to believe the best reward of virtue. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

VALUE OF TIME.— We prize beauty because it charms the eye, though it fades like the summer rose; wealth, because it purchases the things we call good, though they perish in the using; reputation, because the consciousness of it is pleasant, though a breath may blast it. Do not then forget to value above all these possessions, *time*, which may be so improved as to purchase the bliss of eternity. — *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

POETRY BY WM. CUTTER.

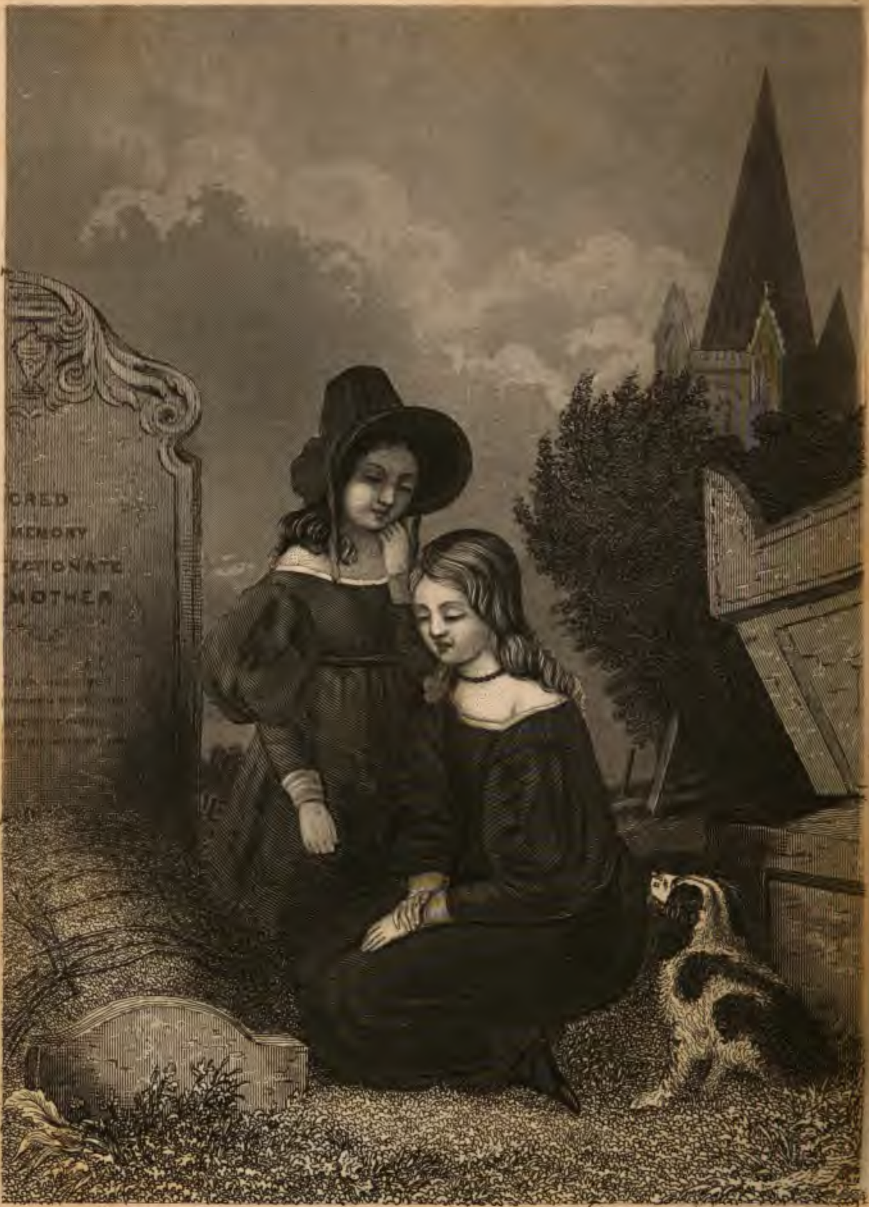

Fine.
1. Gracious Sa-vior, hast thou said it, Guardian angels, strong and bright,
Shin-ing from our Father's presence, Watch around us day and night?
One with us in kin-dred feel-ing, One in hope, and one in prayer?
Have we, then, our sis - ter angels, Or our ser-aph broth-ers there,
D. C.

2

And do they undimmed beholding,
  Our Redeemer's glorious face,
Feel, when we are grieved or wounded,
  All our sorrow and distress?
Blest indeed thy least disciple,
  Represented thus above!
Who would value wealth or glory,
  When compared with angel's love?

3

Gracious Savior, deign to set us,
  From our deep corruptions free;
By thine inward teaching make us
  Meet for angels, meet for thee—
Meet for this divine communion
  With thy holy ones below—
Meet for that eternal union
  Ransomed souls in bliss shall know.


CRED
MEMORY
ECTIONATE
MOTHER

The Mother's Grave

in defiance of such a punishment?' 'And was it not
in your power to have obeyed the one and avoided the
the sentence was then passed with the greatest solemn

The Mother's Grave.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1844. NO. 3.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE DIVINE LAW IN THE FAMILY.

One of the best and greatest characters I ever knew, says Coleridge, on assuming the command of a man-of-war, found a mutinous crew, more than half of them uneducated Irishmen. 'What terror could effect by severity, and frequent acts of discipline, had been effected; which had but changed open violence into secret plots and conspiracies, and the external order of the crew was but the brooding of a tempest. The new commander instantly commenced a system of discipline as nearly as possible to that of ordinary *law*, avoiding in his own person the least appearance of any will, or arbitrary power, to vary or remit punishment. The rules to be observed were affixed to a conspicuous part of the ship, with the particular penalties for the breach of each particular rule; and care was taken, that every individual of the ship should know and understand this code. A space was usually afforded of twenty-four hours, for the second hearing of the cause; at which time, the person accused was allowed and required to bring forward whatever he thought conducive to his defence, or palliation. If no answer could be returned to the three questions, 'Did you not commit the act?' 'Did you not know that it was in contempt of such a rule, and in defiance of such a punishment?' 'And was it not wholly in your power to have obeyed the one and avoided the other?' the sentence was then passed with the greatest solemnity, and another but shorter space was allowed before the actual execution; during which, the feelings of the commander were so well blended with his *inflexibility as the organ of law*, that it was a common saying among the crew, 'The captain takes it to heart more than the fellow himself.'

But whenever the commander perceived any germs of noble feeling, he would say, 'It is not the pain you are about to suffer which grieves me, but that being a man, and one who is to fight for his king and his country, you should have made it necessary to treat you as a beast.' It is this which grieves me.

The success of this plan was such as astonished the oldest officers and convinced the most incredulous. Ruffians were tamed and overpowered; how, or why, they themselves knew not. From the fiercest spirits were heard the most earnest entreaties of forgiveness of their commander, and this, after the punishment was over, and the pain remembered as but a dream. An invisible power it was which quelled them—*the power of law;* and who dares struggle with an invisible combatant, which commands but cannot be commanded? Such is the spirit of law.

If such be the force of human law upon beings so ferocious, as to soften and subdue the most obdurate, what might be the effect of the divine law, when elevated to its place in the social circle, not indeed on the hardened conscience of an outlaw, but on the tender and flexible spirit of childhood? It has been justly said, that 'God has given power to the parent, altogether sufficient to control his child;' not indeed physical power, opposed to physical weakness, nor the power of arbitrary will, which is too often met by the pride of endurance; but the invisible power of his own inflexible law, which must not be broken; and, when suitably sustained, is inscribed on the conscience of the youngest child.

A few days ago, I said to my little boy, 'You must not go out of door, while it rains.' Although usually obedient, the temptation to disobey was in this instance irresistible, and presently I saw him in the yard with his brothers. I called him, and led him immediately to my room. 'Willie,' said I, 'you have disobeyed me, and offended God; for he has said, "Children, obey your parents." What must be done?' With a swelling heart, the child replied, 'You must punish me.' 'But I am sorry to do this.' 'I am afraid I shall do so again,' said he. Was it not the divine displeasure which he feared?

Nothing is more common than the general regret, that family government is at a low ebb; that in avoiding the extreme of puritanical rigor, we have swerved to the opposite of extreme laxity in discipline. And we are startled too as we listen to the footsteps of retributive justice in the precocious developments of youthful crime; fearful indications of a corrupt generation, rising up to take our places, and wield the destinies of this republic. Amid such anxieties, which are confined to no class or rank of society, is it not wise to inquire, whether we have given to divine law that reverence and attention which it deserves? Do the precepts, commands and admonitions of the blessed Redeemer, as a dying legacy bequeathed to us, occupy a conspicuous place in our apartments? Are they inscribed 'upon our door-posts?' Are they remembered as we sit down, and as we rise up? Are they explained to our children, so that every one may clearly comprehend them?

When these commands are violated, do they perceive that our grief arises, not because *our* rules are broken, nor that they must suffer pain, but chiefly because the Savior is treated with contempt; that they could be capable of disobedience to Him, whose laws are *our* delight, and 'the rejoicing of our hearts?'

Let us cherish this gracious code of divine law as the guardian angel of our dwellings; and while we endeavor to keep our own wills in subjection, let us appreciate the majesty, strength, love and benevolence of that all-sufficient power with which God has invested us as parents, and for which we are surely accountable.

Rochester, Mass., August, 1844.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the highways of Usefulness,
Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

[See Engraving.]

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

As twilight drew near, two little girls stole through the gate of the village churchyard; slowly and sadly they went, with eyes cast down; the merry sports of glad children turned them not aside; the joyful laugh and playful sally found no echo within their hearts; they sought a grass-grown grave, and there sat down, with tearful eyes; it was their mother's grave.

'Oh! if I could only see my mother's smile,' said the youngest, sobbing, 'it used to make me so happy.' 'We shall never see it here again,' replied the elder, with a quivering lip, 'but if we remember our mother's prayers, we shall see her smile in heaven.'

The smiles and prayers of a Christian mother, what unspeakable blessings to a home, what a precious legacy to inherit! There are no smiles like those beaming from a mother's face, upon her little ones; so loving, and yet so thoughtful; so full, and yet so calm; other smiles deceive, flatter, betray; hers, so hearty, so earnest, so sincere, so all-embracing; they are sunshine, clear skies, soft winds, to infant spirits; they are hope, life, encouragement, to shrinking girlhood; they are restraint, approval, motive, to careless boyhood; they are soft summer clouds, skirting the horizon of maturer days.

And a mother's prayers! What blessings, so full of promise; what inheritance, forms so rich a treasury! What can the mother, in the deep and intense solicitude of her heart, do for her absent ones? She can sigh in the silence of her chamber, but its echo cannot reach them; she can counsel and warn, but her voice may be lost in the whirl of pleasure or the bustle of business. She can do more than these; she *can pray;* and then a still, small voice comes to them from God, and there are golden links let down from heaven, to snatch them from perils and perdition, and plant their wandering feet on the narrow way.

Sweet children, if you seek the smile of the great Father, you will behold your mother's smile in heaven.

Portsmouth, N. H., August, 1844.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

BY REV. A. K. MOULTON.

Few incidents in the pilgrimage of the Savior are fraught with deeper interest to the pious parent, than that when he took little children into his arms and blessed them. We may imagine our blessed Lord, after having silenced the cavils of the self-righteous Pharisees, and obtained a moment's respite from the long-continued endurance of the contradiction of sinners against himself, sinking into his seat, almost exhausted, and for a single moment closing his eyes upon the mock splendor and wretched deformity of this depraved and fallen world, while he soothed and tranquillized his soul in the bosom of the Father. We may imagine that unseen angels hovered around his head, and vied with each other in their anxious watchfulness to administer to his consolation, or add to his repose. But there had been *mothers* in the crowd, who had eagerly devoured the words of life, which, like the balmy dews of Hermon, had from his lips distilled. And fathers, and their older children had been there. But how should the unconscious nursling, which nestled on its mother's bosom, and the loved little ones, whose unfolding intellects were still inadequate to comprehend those truths profound which seemed like living bread, receive their share?

The news that he had, while in Galilee, a few days previous, taken a little child and placed him in the midst, and made him the text for a lecture, to check in embryo the rising ambition of his own disciples, had crossed the Jordan and reached the remote border of Judea. This circumstance encouraged them, and helped to fix their purpose. And then, he seemed the very soul of gentleness and compassion, although a Godlike majesty dwelt upon his brow. All other wishes now seem lost in one — the one desire to have their children blessed. They determine to hazard all consequences, yet for worlds they would not encounter his frown, or meet with a repulse. It would freeze the very fires his words had kindled in them. But this they trusted would not be.

But, as they bear along their precious charges, and approach the Son of God, they encounter the disciples, who repel their advances. 'Your children,' say they, 'are, doubtless, dear to you, but what possible interest can our Master take in their welfare? His mission is to higher intellects, and his labors with them are most intense. If ever he would deign to notice these almost unconscious babes, he would not *now*. It would be most cruel to arouse him from his brief repose. Good mothers, take your children hence. Your maternal fondness should not induce you to obtrude your babes upon the notice of him who holds high destinies in his immortal hands.' The big drops tremble upon the eyelids of those mothers, as the deathblow is thus given to all their hopes of securing, to the objects of their deepest solicitude, the blessing of Him who works as never man wrought, and speaks as never man spake. Mortified at the rebuke, and half angry with themselves for their presumption, and grieved, more deeply than tongue can tell, that their fond hopes were crushed, they avert their eyes from the surrounding multitude, that they may not encounter the angry and contemptuous glances from almost every eye; and, with their hearts upraised to heaven, they cast one longing look toward the Redeemer of mankind, as though they knew not whether to ask the aid of the Almighty God, or Him who seemed far more than human, that they might still succeed, or bear with patience their disappointment. The very angels stop to gaze and pity them.

That prayer prevails. For He whose blessing they desire has taken their request, and in the Father's court presented it. Suddenly he looks upon the group, as they are about retiring with almost bursting hearts. This look, so full of heavenly radiance, at once assures them of his love. Then, turning to his disciples, he says, 'You should have known me better. You should have understood that not a son or daughter of Adam escapes my notice, or stands without the bounds of my commission. These children's interests are as dear to me as those of crowned heads. I deeply sympathize with these mothers, and will relieve them. Did I not tell you, when in Galilee, that the little child was a pattern of what *ye* must be, and every one who would receive the kingdom? Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The mothers' hearts are almost melted within them. With one consent they rush forward to place their offspring in their Savior's arms. The children shrink from his embrace; but a smile of more than angel purity plays over his features, as he extends his hands toward them, and in a voice, whose silver tones make every chord throughout the soul to vibrate, he bids them "come." He receives a child and sits it on his knee. "Come," says the Savior. Another runs to his embrace, — another, and another he receives, until the little prattlers throng him on every side. Breathless the mothers stand, with hearts too full for utterance, while the blessed Jesus raises his all-seeing eyes toward the Father's throne, and speaks a blessing on their little heads. Even a *mother's* heart could ask no more. Mothers, *remember* CHRIST IS STILL THE SAME.

Portland, Me., Aug., 1844.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

PRAYER FOR A SICK CHILD.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

FATHER, the gentle child,
Whom we have loved so tenderly and long,
And guarded, lest his spirit be defiled
By the world's ministry of care and wrong, —

This fragile being lies
Upon his little couch of grief and pain!
The sunlight hath no beauty in his eyes,
And the glad sports of childhood woo in vain!

The merry voice is hushed,
Or speaks in the sad wailing of disease!
Like a fair lily by the tempest crushed,
He hath bent meekly to thy just decrees!

Though but a little child,
O, how he needeth thy paternal care!
Bend to him, Father, and in accents mild,
Teach him the burden of his life to bear!

If unto us he die,
Aid us to see Thou doest all things well!
Guide the young spirit to its home on high,
In its unsinning loveliness to dwell.

Boston, Mass., Aug., 1844.]

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

TEACHING CHILDREN TO UTTER FALSEHOODS.

BY REV. T. H. MUDGE.

VISITING a brother lately, in a neighboring town, I heard the following fact, which may serve to set an old truth in a new light.

On one occasion, a minister preached upon depravity, and in his discourse dwelt upon the text —'They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies.' Among those who heard him, was an individual somewhat skeptical, who afterward said to his sister, a professed Christian, 'I was much pleased with Mr. B., but I think he was mistaken when he said it was natural for children to utter falsehoods. That they do, I know; but they are taught to do it.'

'Taught to do it! by whom?' said his sister.

'By their mothers.'

'By their mothers!' said she. 'Here are my children; I confess they do not always tell the truth, but I never taught them to tell falsehoods.'

'Yes, you have taught them,' replied the brother.

'When, or how?'

'I do not now remember, but I shall have an opportunity to show you soon.'

That same evening, at tea, one of the children manifested a disposition to partake more largely of one of the dishes than the mother thought best for him.

'Here,' said she to the maid, 'take this to the closet.' Then turning to the child she said, 'there, it is all gone;' intimating it had all been eaten.

'There,' said her brother, 'I have caught you.' And again during the same evening was the good woman compelled to acknowledge that she was using deception.

'Never tell me,' said the skeptic, 'that it is natural for children to utter falsehoods, when they are thus taught to do so by their mothers.'

Though I would not draw the inference the skeptic drew, that our race is not depraved, yet, mother, is it not possible that this tendency to sin may be strengthened by maternal example? And who so ready to learn as the child? And by whom is he so readily taught as by his parents?

Leominster, Mass., Aug., 1844.

A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe,
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue
The shadow of my heart will always pass;
A heart that, from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her. But, O God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burden; and if Thou hast given
To nurture such as Thine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,
Take Thou its love, I pray thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child,
And link us close, O God, when near to heaven!

CONSCIOUS RECTITUDE.

WHAT are dominion, pomp,
The wealth of nations; nay, of all the world;
The world itself; or what a thousand worlds,
When weighed with faith unspotted, heavenly truth;
Thoughts free from guilt; the empire of the mind,
And all the triumphs of a godlike breast,
Firm and unmoved in the great cause of virtue?

JOHN HUGHES.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

I WILL venture to make a suggestion to parents, which is the more important from the fact that selfishness sometimes puts on the guise of virtue, and deceives even those who are concerned in the trick. There are parents, who, from the ambition to have their children shine, stimulate them by base excitements to exertion, thus sacrificing the purity of the heart, and often the health of the body. There are parents, who, from a frivolous vanity, dress their children in an extravagant manner; thus tarnishing the youthful spirit with the same paltry vice which sways themselves. There are some people who are flattered if their children appear precocious, and those usually attempt to make them prodigies.

I once knew a mother who was possessed with this insane ambition in respect to an only child. This was a little boy, of bright intellect, but feeble constitution. There was, by nature, a tendency to a premature development of the mental faculties, and this dangerous predisposition was seconded by all the art and influence of the mother. The consequence was, that while the boy's head grew rapidly, and at last became enormous, his limbs became shrunken and almost useless. His mind too advanced, and at the age of eight years he was indeed a prodigy. At ten, he died, and his mother, who was a literary lady, performed the task of writing and publishing his biography. In all this, she seemed to imagine that she was actuated by benevolent motives, and never appeared to suspect the truth, plain and obvious to others, that this child was as truly sacrificed by a mother's selfishness to the demon of vanity, as the Hindoo infant, given by its mother to the god of the Ganges, is immolated on the altar of superstition. Let parents beware, then, how they permit their own selfishness, their own vanity or ambition, to lead them into the sacrifice of their children's happiness. Let it be remembered that premature fruit never ripens well, and that precocious children are usually inferior men or women. Parents, therefore, should be afraid of prodigies. Nothing is in a worse taste, than for parents to show off their children as remarkable for wit, or, indeed, for anything. — *Fireside Education.*

☞ **The following note was received, a short time since, at this office. It was written by Mrs. Wade, of the Baptist Mission in Burmah. We take the liberty to publish it, as it contains good news from a far country, and will no doubt be gratifying to our readers. — Editor.**

Tavoy, Feb. 28th, 1844.

Mr. Wm. C. Brown: —

My Dear Brother, — I most gladly avail myself of my husband's kind offer to enclose this small note in an over-land letter by way of England, that I may thus return my grateful thanks for the beautiful volume of the 'Mother's Assistant and Young Ladies Friend,' lately received. Not to speak of the literary merits of a work which must stand high among those of a kindred character, the subjects are generally of a nature deeply interesting to me, and calculated to render me the most essential service in discharging the awfully responsible duties of the station to which I am called.

You say you are a friend to the Burman Mission, and pray for us. You will therefore sympathize in the happiness I enjoy, in being surrounded by above six hundred dear Karen Christians — sixty-two lately baptized, and a lovely number of our pupils, like young converts at home, now rejoicing in their 'first love.' Permit me to beg a continuance of your kind remembrance and prayers, while I take the liberty of subscribing myself,

Your obliged and affectionate sister,

D. B. L. Wade.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. SONNET.

BY J. E. SANBORN.

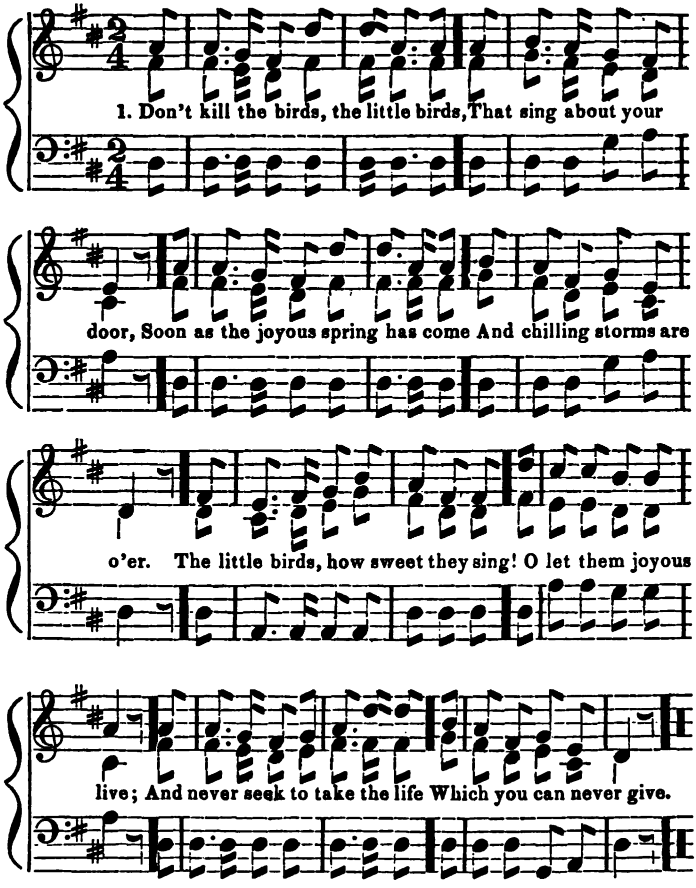
I dreamed. I saw an infant's lovely form,
And from his mother's smile, and tender kiss
So full of love, he drank deep draughts of bliss.
But soon the tide of life and manhood's storm
Came bursting on his noble soul. An hour
It was deeply to feel, and try, and prove,
The hallowed impulse of a mother's love.
Temptations dark came o'er him. But the power
That lived in her mild words, and her meek eye,
Had snatched his soul from crime and shame. The gloom
Of age came o'er him. And anon the tomb
Called for its prey. He went, prepared to die.

The moral is, prize well a mother's love,
It tells of joys on earth, and joys above.

Wesleyan University, Aug., 1844.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS!

FROM AMERICAN SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK. MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE.


1. Don't kill the birds, the little birds, That sing about your
door, Soon as the joyous spring has come And chilling storms are
o'er. The little birds, how sweet they sing! O let them joyous
live; And never seek to take the life Which you can never give.

2 Don't kill the birds, the little birds
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds, how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs
Till winter cuts them short.

3 Don't kill the birds, the happy birds
That bless the field and grove:
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see;
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where'er their presence be.

THE
YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Obtained a Prize of Five Dollars.]

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE GRACES OF YOUTH.

BY CHARLES HOLDEN, ESQ.

> 'Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

How mistaken are those — and their number is very great — who think honor and exaltation only accompany wealth and parade; who think the humble in life cannot win approbation and honor, but must be content to remain in that state of insignificance in which the want of fortune, and the ability to dazzle the eyes of the thoughtless, have placed them. In all the contemplations of moral beauty which this world affords, I know of no one more lovely than that of the maiden in humble life, struggling against the adverse circumstances which the prejudices of a thoughtless world has thrown around her, and winning her way, slowly but surely, to great excellence and eminence. Our country is full of such pleasant sights. Thanks to the genius of our institutions, they encourage the lovely and pure-hearted, of all conditions, to look beyond the petty prejudices of the superficial, so that they may win character and stations of honor in the school of usefulness, which shall bless them through all their lives.

How cheering the sight — and it may be seen in every village and circle in the country — of some gentle girl, just blossoming to womanhood, who, strong in the purity of her soul, is striving to be a star in the kingdom of heaven, by doing gentle deeds on earth! How many such have I seen within a few years past. How innumerable the phalanx which the world has taken no note of, who, in their quiet retreats, away from the noise of the world, and the din of its wildness and prodigality, have been a blessing to the circle in which they moved; meliorating the condition of the sick, relieving the wants of the poor, teaching a class in Sabbath school, guiding the tottering steps of the little one over the village green, teaching its lisping tongue to frame words of joy; or by her solace, firmness and kindness, lifting a mother's heart from the dust, where sorrow has abased it; guiding the faltering steps of a father from intemperance to the pledge, singing the praises of God in the church on the Sabbath, and performing the countless acts of kindness which the heart dictates. How lovely are these exhibitions; how preservative of the noble feelings of the heart; how elevated and superior to the grovelling pleasures of dress and a life of frivolity, into which another class of our maidens fall! The world is made better by every act of goodness. How contented and happy should they be who thus bless their sex and the world.

Amid the many lovely exhibitions which I have seen of female purity and usefulness in youth, one rests upon my mind as vividly as though it were but yesterday it passed before me.

There came to our quiet town, a maiden of surpassing loveliness of person. The eyes of all were fascinated. She was about seventeen, and as artless as a child. As her acquaintance was made, it was soon shown that her person was but the beautiful casket of a mind and soul attuned by the sweetest sympathies of heaven. She was a poor girl, in the world's estimation of poverty, but rich, indeed, in the sight of the good, when compared with many, who were deemed the great and powerful of earth. She was an orphan. How elevated were the sympathies which the helplessness of our visiter drew out. Her living was to be earned by her needle. She fell easily and naturally into the most useful society about her; and, as accurately as the law of gravitation draws falling bodies to the earth, so did her purity, and desire to do good, draw her toward that class of our people. Was there a kind act to be done? The thought turned to her as its executor. Often on the winter night, while the merry sleigh-bells were ringing in the clear cold air, as the gay parties were driving to the village ball, was our orphan girl watching at the bedside of the sick, or arranging garments to protect the poor from the stinging cold. 'How brightly shines a good deed in this naughty world,' sang a great bard. How brightly shone the thousand good deeds of this humble girl, heaven will reveal, in their true splendor. On earth, they often drew tears of gratitude from their recipients.

Thus, for two years, passed our pleasant acquaintance. The memory of those two years, which have long since passed away, linger about my heart, like a pleasant dream, in which the pure pleasures of a holier atmosphere flit over the visions of the soul.

In the midst of this scene of quiet usefulness, which was operating as an ever-living example to the misses and young women of our town, she fell sick. Yesterday, as it were, she was engaged in her avocations, and who would have predicted that a long life was not before her? The hue of health played on her cheek; the buoyant, innocent language of the soul shone in her speaking eye. To-day, she lies in the extremity of death! What a lesson the death of the young reads to the survivors. As you view them, rich in health and hope, you judge, if any might escape the universal ravager for long years, they would. But, as though to illustrate, by the most extreme cases, that '*all* flesh is grass,' God suffers them occasionally to fall by the hand of death. Then it was, that the estimate was passed upon her worth. It was, as though a great calamity was about to befall the village. I have seen the rich, the great, the honored, pass away. The muffled drum, the arms reversed, the mournful music, have spoken out at their sepulture. This was public mourning. The great heart of the people was not affected. But when this maiden lay sick, every countenance, belonging to the wide circle of her acquaintance, indicated a calamity which could not be contemplated without deep sorrow.

From that sudden illness the orphan never rose. But a little time intervened after the hue of health had vanished from her cheek, before the marble polish of death crowned her brow! She died! At the early age of nineteen years she fell asleep. The dreamy reality of many years have passed my vision since, but that day stands out from all these. The testimony of the estimation in which her worth was held, now needed no subduing. It flowed out from weeping hearts. She was arrayed for the grave in spotless white, with a heavenly smile (which death could not dispel) chiseled on her rigid features, by that inimitable sculptor, a heavenly spirit. Hundreds came to kiss her pallid brow, to weep over her gloomy coffin!

The death of that maiden, the love and feeling drawn out by that event, showed the most gay of our female associates, that it was in the power of an humble girl, lowly in life, poor in this world's goods, and a stranger in the land, to bless a community in her life, and to sadden the hearts of all in her death! This universal tribute, of high and low, to the virtues of this youthful philanthropist, was a lovely sight.

The day of burial came. It was a bland, sweet afternoon. The heavens were radiant with beauty and sublimity. The prize of an immortal spirit lost to earth, seemed to have been welcomed there, and while those on our little spot of earth wept, the heavens were wreathed in smiles. It was on the Sabbath day. In neat attire, youth and age of both sexes came forth, and, after the afternoon service, as is customary in New England, the funeral occurred. There was not a dry eye in the house where the corpse lay, when the prayer was uttered. It was sorrow for the living, because of their great loss, which drew tears from many eyes. The procession moved toward the resting-place for the dead. In our place, that sacred spot is on the margin of a hill, a little way from the heart of the town. It is a quiet retreat. Ambition and strife for wealth, and superiority and power, all lay on one level together there, an emblem of the frailty of human life. Hither was borne the orphan, and there may be seen the hillock which rises over her coffin. Long years have passed since, and newer graves and costly head-stones have, in a measure, concealed her humble bed; but, in the genial season of the year, yet, a wanderer may be occasionally seen lingering about the spot — some youthful companion or friend, who has not schooled her heart to forget the scenes of her youth. Once it was, when hundreds made their short pilgrimage to that grave. But time has thinned their ranks, and some of them have lain down upon the bosom of their mother earth, near the bed of one they loved, to rest, after the turmoils of life are over.

What a lesson in goodness do these simple incidents read to the young ladies of our country. The delusive and tedious round of pleasure and dress, will not appease the desires of the immortal mind. How much it is wronged when habits of this kind are formed. The quiet, peaceful, faithful performance of duty, (which is the highest pleasure,) in the most humble and retiring — how it will bless them! Its manifestations may not be so apparent in life, but let the 'golden bowl be broken,' and the true estimate will then be given of their worth, which the dullest cannot mistake. It is a lesson, I would all the maidens of this happy country would learn, that the deepest, truest pleasure lies, not in the giddy round of exhilaration, dress and show, but in the simple path of duty. That they themselves are not a bubble on the vast sea of time, flashing in the sun for a moment and then disappearing into their native element, but rather that they have the high privilege and pleasure before them, of being beloved and venerated for their virtues. How necessary it is, that these things be impressed upon the minds of that lovely class, the maidens of our land! Some one should speak to them. I have ventured, without method, to do so. If they are blessed, in their kind labors of love and usefulness, as the promise is, and as all examples prove, how happy must be their lot. With such bright resolves in their hearts, and promises before them, how soon they will see, that 'there's not a wind that blows but bears with it some rainbow promise,' which will be fulfilled; and thus seeing, rejoice in sight of a boundless happiness hereafter, if this duty be but done, though

'Not a moment flies,
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.'

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

TO THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK.

BY HORTENSE.

Beautiful stranger! Whence art thou,
With thy snowy form and thy starry brow?
Comest thou not from a purer sphere,
Bearing some holy embassy here?
Here, in the busy and bustling mart,
Where reign the pomp and pride of art;
Where passeth the gay and brilliant throng,
And the care-worn presseth heavily on —
Where the splendid show, and the curious sight,
Or the promise of pleasure, all eyes invite.
Here dost thou sparkle, and leap, and play,
And scatter thy gems in the face of day.
Thy aim ever upward, noble thy mien,
A lonely thing, 'mid the crowded scene;
Each movement, each grace, to nature true,
And borrowing nothing from fashions new.
Thy snowy robe, of ethereal white,
The envy of princesses might invite,
While the circlet of gems thou dost always wear,
Would grace the brow of an empress fair.
Yet all untrammeled by fashion and art,
Thou dancest on in thy joy of heart;
True to thy nature, ever at ease,
Thou hast power the gay or the sad to please.
O, speakest thou not to each passer-by,
In the name of Nature and purity;
Bidding him cease from factitious life,
With its hollow forms and unceasing strife;
And seek no longer the world to please,
By formal *seeming* and studied ease;
But endeavor his social sphere to bless,
By the simple charm of *truthfulness*?

New York City, *Aug.*, 1844.

STRIKE THE CRIME.

'It is thy skill
To strike the *crime*, but spare the person still;
As he who, when he saw the serpent wreathed
About his sleeping son, and, as he breathed,
Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive.'

Cartwright.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

OUR CHILDHOOD HOME.

BY E. S. T.

'And parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed,
Around one parent knee.'

I LOVE to see a family circle. I love to see children at play in the spring-time, the pleasant summer eve, or the bright winter day. I love to join in their merry games by the quiet evening fireside. I love to hear their sweet voices in the morning and evening hymn, as they gather about the family altar. And yet a sadness steals over me, as I think of the time when this circle must be broken, and these hearts, now so happy in each other's love, so free from care, must separate; to stem alone the tide of the world's fortune, never again to find on earth the happiness and love, and the freedom from care, which blessed them in their childhood's home. Ah! how much power has a happy childhood, a peaceful, carefully guarded home, to shield the heart from temptation and sin in after life. How fresh in my memory, even thus late in life, is the time when I made one of a band of loved and loving ones! A happy family were we, happy in the strong love which bound us together, blessed in pious, faithful parents, by whose teachings and prayers all of us were early gathered into the fold of Christ. Our home was to each one of us the dearest, holiest spot on earth; and though, as we grew in years, we looked with bright hopes and joyous hearts into the untried world before us, we mingled with all our dreams of happiness the joys of many future meetings and happy thanksgivings in our dear old home. Alas! the family once separated, the golden chain once broken, it is seldom all united again on earth. Happy the hearts, nevertheless, though severed widely here, who can look forward through one faith in Christ to a happy meeting, a whole family in a home whence we shall go no more out. The first to leave our hearth departed for a college home. He was not far away, and we talked cheerfully of his absence. Soon another left us for a southern clime. He went with bright prospects and high hopes, but his stay might be long, and we bade him farewell with many tears, and followed him with many prayers. Letters reached us, full of happiness and pleasure. He spoke with love and affection of his home, but hoped to find business and usefulness in his new situation. In a few short weeks, a letter, in an unknown hand, brought tidings which wrung our hearts. In cold terms, we read of his violent fever and death! No farther tidings reached us, until a kind stranger sent us his Bible. Precious relic! It contained all we could ask to know of his last days. On a blank page he had feebly traced, in the few rational moments preceding his death, a single line, '*Mother, I trust in Jesus.*' Dear brother! Strangers administered to thy last necessities, while thy dear ones were far distant. Stranger hands laid thee in thy last resting-place, while no one of the many who loved thee shed a tear over thy grave. But the Savior, in whom was thy trust, gave his angels charge concerning thee. They guarded thy spirit home. They will watch thy dust till the last trump shall sound.

* * * * * * * *

I had one sister, and she, perhaps, more dear to me than any member of our band. She was to all of us a cherished flower, but she was near my own age, and from infancy was my companion and friend. She shared my infant sports, soothed my childish sorrows, and was the companion of my youthful years. O! is there in this world a holier bond, a dearer tie, than that which unites a brother to an only sister? To others there may be, but to me, none; yet, alas! I have long been sisterless. Mary left us at an early age for a happy home, with the chosen of her youth. We yielded her with bitter grief, even to the bright prospect before her. To me she was still the same. I saw her often, and when separated, her letters, breathing love to me and her heavenly Father, were a talisman, to keep me from many temptations which beset my path. Suddenly we heard of her dangerous illness. We hastened to her, only in time to catch her last farewell, and watch the light go out from the eyes so dear. Her end was peace, her trust in God unshaken, though called in the spring-time of her life from a world all bright to her, from friends to whom she made the light in this dark world. There is *now* sweet consolation in this thought, abundant comfort in the hope of meeting her soon before the throne; but *then* I only realized, that thenceforth my life would be uncheered by a sister's love, and unblessed by a sister's tenderness.

* * * * * * * *

Years have rolled away. I, the youngest of our household band, am past the meridian of life. Our parents have been 'gathered to their fathers.' One of the brothers who remain on earth is on the treacherous sea, the other in the far West. We may never meet again on earth, but deep in our inmost hearts dwells the memory of our early days, that brightest spot in our pilgrimage, and we look forward with joy to a family reunion, when our mortal shall put on immortality. I live in the old home of our childhood. Children, like olive plants, have sprung up around my table. Bright faces smile upon me, glad voices call me 'father.' Some of them bear the names, and others, I fondly think, the faces, of the companions of my childish years. May my heavenly Father assist me so to educate them, that, amid the trials and changes of life, they may look back on their present home, as the place, whose prayers and teachings led them to their God.

Houlton, Me., August, 1844.

TIME. PAST AND FUTURE.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

Dr. Young.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE DEAD.

BY BENJAMIN PITMAN.

It is good for us, in our still and thoughtful hours, to go where the loved dead have been when once they dwelt among us — stand where they have stood, and behold what once they looked upon, for it brings to the mind a sober, chastening influence. We feel that those who once cheered the place with their living presence, are now gone — forever gone! But yet we seem

> 'To see them still;
> Here was their summer noon retreat;
> Here was their favorite fire-side seat;
> This was their chamber — here, each day
> We sat, and watched their sad decay;
> Here on this bed they last did lie,
> Here on this pillow did they die.
> We see them still.'

It forms an association connecting death with life, eternity with time, and immortality with this brief and troubled probation. Every silent memento seems to speak, as if the grave had uttered its voice. The inspiration of eternity is breathed upon us, recalling the past, and revealing the future. The dreams of life flee; its illusions fade; its noisy din is hushed; and the awed and quiet spirit deeply meditates on the evanescence of life — the endless destiny before it, with the vast interests which lie beyond the limits of time. While we in vain look round on each well-known spot for those wonted forms which we shall behold no more, we feel that we, also, are but strangers and sojourners here, as all our fathers were. All other teaching has failed to make us feel, as we now do, that we are passing away, that man goeth to his long home; that he goeth down to his grave and shall come up no more. It is good, for man needs such meditation. Our most elevated thoughts and purposes turn earthward — our affections strike their roots deep in the soil of this world, and twine their tendrils closely round the fragile plants of time. But when we pause on this cypress mount, and, in our musings, turn our eyes backward on the dim receding shadows which yet linger on the desolate path we have trodden, and lift them onward to the enduring realities of the future, while me miss so many of the young, lovely and good, once our associates, but who have now perished forever from among the frail children of earth — we acquire a more just conception of both worlds. We feel that aught we may here suffer or enjoy, is but as the thin vapor flitting o'er our pathway; and a voice breaks on the stillness, telling us that all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field; that the flower thereof fadeth, and the grace of the fashion thereof perisheth, and man passeth away.

New Bedford, Mass., Aug., 1844.

WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Take, for example, a young girl, bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood — in a boarding-school through her youth, never accustomed either to air or exercise, two things that the *law* of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through her hard offices of giving birth to children, suckling and watching over them, and dies early; and her acquaintances lamentingly exclaim, 'What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken, in the midst of life, from her children!' Was it Providence? No! Providence had assigned her threescore years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of 'What a striking Providence!' This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and in the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary, in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid winter. A healthy blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. 'What a sad Providence!' exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly?

A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for whoever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over. 'What a Providence!' exclaims the world. 'Cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!' Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or in drinking, or in study, or in business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this 'goodly temple,' would gradually decay, and men would die, as if falling asleep.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1844. NO. 4.

[Obtained a Prize of Five Dollars.]

[Original.]

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.—THE BOOK CLUB.

'O, mother,' said Laura Henderson, a bright, intelligent girl of fifteen, as she sat at work with her mother, 'why *don't* you persuade father to join the Book Club; then we should have all the new and interesting works of the day?'

'For the best of reasons,' replied her mother. 'We have already more books than we can read. In our own library there are many standard works which you have never read, and with which every lady should be familiar.'

'But,' interrupted Laura, 'we have not a dozen novels, and not one of those funny books Mr. Lover has written; and even the works of Boz, so admired by every body, father will not buy, though Jane Redman says *her* father reads them all, and allows her to read them too. She knows the stories in the Pick-Wick papers almost by heart, and she says they have in the Club now the most interesting book she ever *did* read, The Mysteries of Paris. She thinks it is perfectly bewitching; I *do* wish father was only one of the Book Club.'

'If he was, my dear,' said Mrs. H., 'I am very sure he would not permit you to look into the books you have mentioned; certainly while your mind is unstored with useful and important knowledge; with those things which will make you good as well as wise.'

'Why mother,' observed Laura, 'you say Jane is a fine girl; I heard you tell aunt Mary that you knew no one of her age, her superior. She has read my little history, and she says she hates it; and "those serious books," as she calls them, in our library, she cannot bear to look into. Biography she thinks is perfectly horrid, and she is sure I should not like such books any better than she does, if I could only read those which belong to the Book Club. If such reading makes her so "superior," I cannot imagine why I may not enjoy it too.'

'It is true,' replied Mrs. Henderson, 'that I have often spoken of Jane as a superior girl, but I alluded to her intellect; for she has naturally a superior mind, and what is quite as important, a sweet, lovely disposition, and a feeling heart; but I doubt very much whether her mind is not injured, as I am sure her heart is, by the kind of reading in which she is indulged. You know, Laura, that it is not pleasant to me to speak of the mistakes or defects of my friends. I love and respect Mr. and Mrs. Redman, and value them as excellent friends; but when you appeal to them as examples for my imitation, or to their children as models for mine, I am constrained, in justifying my own views, to condemn them. You have hit upon the only weak spot in their character, namely, a want of firmness in refusing to their children an indulgence full of dangerous consequences. It astonishes me, I am constrained to say, that persons of such good sense, such good principles, such good taste, and such discernment in other matters, should suffer Jane to devote so much time — time peculiarly precious at this period of her life, to works of mere amusement, and more especially to works of fiction, of that exciting character which make the incidents of real life tame and insipid, and through which sentiments are scattered, and scenes pictured, which should never sully the eye or endanger the principles of a female. When you were very young, I felt that it would be safe to put into your hands any story of a good moral tendency. Miss Edgeworth's minor works, being sketches of every day life, I felt would be harmless; and Mrs. Sherwood's, being what might be termed "religious tales," I hoped would not be injurious, but I early detected, in her

Lady of the Manor, an influence which was giving you a distaste for less exciting books; and therefore I at once took them from you; and but for the advice and influence of Jane, I believe you would have remained quite satisfied and contented with the course of reading which your father and myself have believed would make you a sensible, refined, and useful woman.'

'I am sure,' exclaimed Laura, 'that I never objected to the books you have given me to read, but I do want just to look into those which Jane thinks are so beautiful.'

'That was what Jane, probably, wished to do at first, and her parents, by gratifying this wish, cultivated, unthinkingly, a taste for that frivolous, pernicious reading which she now loves. Mr. R. endeavors to be a perfect pattern for his children, and what I have termed his weakness, originates in his reluctance to do any thing which he cannot allow them to do. I think this a great mistake; for a parent may indulge in many things which would be ruinous to a child. Mr. Redman, for instance, is a gentleman of leisure, and a decided Christian; his principles are fixed — his mind is enriched with the choicest of ancient and modern literature; and if he is amused, or his studies diversified, by the ephemeral productions of the day, perhaps he may read them without harm; but it is positively wrong to expose the pure, unformed mind and susceptible heart of his daughter to their baneful influence. I will not, at this time, explain to you fully, why I deny you the enjoyment Jane thinks so sweet. The tendency of that *enjoyment* I wish you to learn from observation. The fashionable world, even some of our own acquaintance, are so hurried and absorbed by the rush of demoralizing books from our presses, that they have no time for the sweet charities of life; and you have only to watch these lovers of perpetual excitement, to learn whether such reading improves the heart, or endears the relations of domestic life. — I do not forget that you are to spend this evening at Mr. Redman's, and it is time you were away.'

When Laura reached Mr. Redman's, she found Jane engrossed by a thickly printed volume; and when her mother, to catch her attention, said, 'here is Laura,' she replied, 'yes, I know it; but I must just finish this page.' Laura said to herself, that certainly is not a book which teaches one to be courteous. Still she was not surprised, after her hat and shawl were laid away, to hear Jane exclaim, 'O, Laura, this is that delightful book I told you about, — The Mysteries of Paris. I have just come to a most thrilling scene, and if you will look over me we can read it together.' Laura might have done so, but for the conversation before she left home; she therefore simply said, 'no Jane, my mother would not be pleased; she does not like novels.'

'But, Laura,' retorted Jane, 'this is not a real novel; it is only a sort of history of the Paris people, that we never can get any where else. It takes you into all the splendor you can imagine; such decorations and magnificent dresses you never dreamed of. It describes such elevation of spirit, in the midst of intense suffering, as is beyond belief. It tells you of the most depraved and wicked of the lowest classes, as well as the crimes and trials and love affairs of the nobility. Oh! such deep-laid plots; such sweet, devoted attachment, and yet such villany you never read of. I do wish your father belonged to the Book Club; then you could be as happy as I am.'

'If my father read such books,' said Laura, 'he would not think it best for me to neglect my studies, or my reading, for them.'

'Why, you need not neglect your studies,' replied Jane, 'and this is the best of reading; beside, if he read them himself, he would not refuse your reading them too. My father never reads a book which I may not see, at least a part of it.'

The book was put aside, and they amused themselves with work till tea was brought in. Before they left the table, a letter from an absent brother arrived. While Mr. and Mrs. Redman and the elder children were eagerly devouring its contents, Jane was stealing a peep into her bewitching book, but every now and then closing it hastily; if Laura's eye turned that way, she slyly slipped it into her chair; when her brother, tossing the welcome letter to her, said, 'there, Jenny, it is your turn to read it. He says no words can tell how he loves *you*.' Laura was amazed to hear her say, 'O, I don't wish to read that.'

-'Not *Henry's* letter!' asked her brother, 'whom you pretend to love so dearly?'

'So I do love him, but I don't like to read letters; they are dull things; and, beside, his vacation will soon come.'

Ah! thought Laura, if that was from *my* brother, it would be worth all the mysteries which ever were heard of in Paris.

The evening glided away very pleasantly to Laura, in listening to Jane's varied and amusing conversation; in looking at the little articles of fancy work which displayed the taste and skill of Jane, and in playing with the group around the table a game of 'Dr. Busby's' cards. This ingenious invention of some fair nymph of Salem, was new to Laura, and she was delighted with such an amusing device for strengthening the memory.

When the bell rang for nine, Mrs. R. said to Jane, 'it is time Ann had her medicine, and as I am busy you must take it to her.'

'O, mother,' replied Jane, 'why must I go? Mary Ann can take it, as well as any body; and you know I hate the smell of a sick room.'

Her father, looking up from his newspaper, said, 'fie, Jane; I am ashamed of you; Ann has always been kind to you, and I should think it would give you great pleasure to show *her* any kindness, now she is sick.'

'I like her well enough,' said Jane, 'but I never desire to go near a sick person; there is something so disgusting about sickness, I cannot endure it.'

Her mother, however, insisted upon being obeyed, and off she went with the glass, though she was back in a moment. 'How did you find Ann?' asked her mother.

'I am sure I did not stop to inquire,' said Jane; 'it was as much as I could do to carry the dirty stuff.'

'O, my child,' sighed Mrs. R., 'I am afraid you will be punished by having some unfeeling nurse when you are sick.'

When Laura reached home, she missed from the circle an elder sister, the sharer of all her pleasures, and to whom she was eager to communicate the incidents of her visit; and her first question was, 'where is Catherine?' 'She learned,' said Mrs. H., 'soon after you left home, that poor Mrs. Smith was dying, and supposing no one was with her but her infirm sister, she went over to comfort the poor creature.' 'It is well for Jane,' remarked Laura, 'that she was not obliged to go in Catherine's place, for she can't bear to go into a sick room, even into the nice, comfortable rooms in her father's house; and I am sure it would destroy her to go into such a miserable, cold, and filthy place as Mrs. Smith's.'

'You are quite severe upon your friend,' said Mr. Henderson; 'you make her as unfeeling and sensitive as the heroine of some romance.' At that moment Catherine entered, languid and exhausted.

'You are late,' said her mother.

'Yes,' she answered, 'and tired too; yet I would not have lost the scenes of this evening for all the comfort I might have had at home. In the first place I went to Mrs. Smith's. She was tossing in great agony, but she knew me, and taking my hand exclaimed, "you never forget this poor creature; I am only just alive." She then commenced the repetition of the words which fell on my ear as I opened the door, "Lord, have mercy on me! Lord, have mercy on my soul!" in a strikingly urgent tone. I interrupted her by whispering, "you know God will have mercy upon you, if you sincerely and penitently desire it."

'Oh! yes, I know it,' said she, 'but all day I have seemed to see the Saviour among the saints and angels, and I have stretched out my arm to reach him, but he will not touch it. I have stayed away from him more than eighty years, and now he will not look upon me!'

'Nothing I could suggest would stop her piercing cry, of "Lord, have mercy on my soul!" and her sun will probably go down in this dark cloud. You can imagine nothing more repulsive than her sick room. Infirmity has deprived her sister of the power to make her room or her person cleanly. They are very destitute, and every thing is in confusion. Mary Brewer aided me in preparing them for the night, and in making the room tolerable for the watchers. On my way I stopped to inquire after little Bel White. The doctor was just leaving the house, and begged me not to leave Mrs. White, as he feared Bel would not survive the night. The atmosphere of the hall was full of fever, so that it oppressed me painfully as I entered from the fresh air. Mr. White, with many expressions of gratitude for my proffered aid, led me into the room of the little sufferer. Oh! how I was shocked. Mrs. White was bending over a pale, disfigured object, which I could hardly believe was the sweet, beautiful Bel we have loved so dearly. Those soft, sparkling eyes we so often admired, no longer lighted up her face. One is entirely gone from its socket, and the other half closed and lustreless. Her bright cherry lips are incrusted with a black covering. Her temple and throat covered with angry tumors, and scarred with marks of leeches; and she is so deaf, that even the familiar tones of her mother's voice seldom penetrate her ears. What a lesson upon the frail, perishing nature of beauty and loveliness! No flower in her mother's garden was as bright and fair as her own dear Bel. Several artists have wished to perpetuate her beauty, and on canvass it might have glowed our little day, but now, where is it? Blotted out forever! I had no idea of the scarlet fever before. When her mother said, " dear Bel, here is a friend you love," she heeded it not. The joyful spring with which she was wont to clasp my neck no longer gladdened my heart, but she went on repeating, in the same hurried manner she had done for hours, two broken lines from a verse she loved to sing.

" The light of day,
Soon for me will pass away."

'You cannot imagine how exhausting it was, to hear it over and over again, varied only for a moment with

" Holy angels round thy bed."

'No opiates quieted her, for it was the restlessness which presaged death. I had been there two hours, perhaps, when she fell into a slumber, from which she would occasionally arouse, crying out, in an imploring tone, "I want to go home, to my home in heaven." Her weeping mother, amid her sobs, said, "sweet cherub, you'll soon be there; we have no heart to keep you here; you have been a precious treasure, but you were only *lent*, and we can rejoice to lay you back upon the bosom of that 'gentle Shepherd,' of whom you loved to hear." I was on the point of sending to tell you I should stay through the night, when the mother and sister of Mrs. W. arrived, and, unwilling to interrupt the sacredness of such a meeting, I stole away.'

When Laura was alone with her mother, the next morning, she said, 'I could not but wish that Jane had been here when sister came home last night, for if she only knew how much comfort Kate takes in visiting the sick and suffering, she *could* not think a sick room such a *disgusting place*. I guess her parents don't know much about it, or she would not have such false impressions.'

'My dear Laura,' replied her mother, 'you have no right to *guess* that; beside, you are entirely mistaken. There are no two persons in this village more truly benevolent, more devoted to the afflicted and miserable, than Mr. and Mrs. Redman. There is no dwelling so obscure that they do not seek it out, and no beings too low or wretched to be relieved by their charities and blessed by their prayers. The want of sympathy and those kindly feelings of humanity which Jane manifests, is not the result of education, and she never can plead the example of her parents for any wrong course she may pursue. No being ever had a more susceptible heart than Jane. You can remember when the sorrows and trials of others would distress her. This change has been brought about by the *books* she loves so well; the fictitious distress which she finds pictured in glowing colors, makes the every-day trials of life very insipid to her. Her once warm heart has become strangely insensible to the woes of others, and I fear you will ere long find it equally indifferent to the endearments of domestic life; for I have never known an instance where this was not the effect of such reading as Jane loves. Perhaps you have even now noticed some diminution of affection for those who should be as dear to her as her own life.'

Laura remembered Henry's letter, and was obliged to confess to her mother that she regarded it as a proof of what she had told her in relation to the injury those books would bring to her *heart*,—'and now, dear mother, as I have found how they ruin the *heart*, I wish you would tell me how her *mind* is to be hurt.'

'Let me first ask you, Laura,' said Mrs. H., 'how one who is fed daily with plumb pudding and sweet sauce, and all manner of delicacies, would relish our plain, substantial fare? If you can answer this question, you can tell how a mind which is cloyed with light, frivolous, highly-wrought tales of a corrupt imagination, can relish the plain details of history, the sterling good sense of the Spectator, the Rambler, and other standard works of that age; the excellent works of Miss More; much less works of mere philosophy, or those of a metaphysical character; such as the useful and interesting volumes of Stewart and Alison. Must not the mind which is enfeebled by being filled with trash, be incapable of thought and reflection? Will it not cease to think? And of what use is knowledge without a *thinking* mind? But the books I so much condemn, are less to be dreaded as making a wreck of the mind, than as bringing a blight over the moral character. They open haunts of vice into which no female eye should ever look. They make one familiar with scenes and with language of a most corrupting influence. They make every species of artifice, deception, and even crime, not only justifiable, but commendable. They make the most vicious objects of the deepest interest, and the warmest admiration. The most mischievous and ruinous among them are puffed in our papers as exhibiting the most "ELEVATED MORALITY," and the "DEEPEST RELIGIOUS FEELING;" and those puffs serve as a net, to draw the unthinking votaries of fiction into an admiration of something which is dressed up as a substitute for true religion. You may rest assured, Laura, that these books never excited one spark of love for the Bible, that best of books. The touching pathos of Ruth, the melting scene where Joseph meets his brethren, the lofty poetry of Job, or the sweet songs of

David, have no charms for the victims of Bulwer and Sue. Jane is more favored than most of their readers; for in the example and precepts of her parents, she has a strong counteracting influence; but even in her case you see a perverted taste, and a want of respect and love for sacred things; and, I might add, a kind of contempt for her pious friends,—such as crept out the other day, when you told her I had promised you, as a new year's gift, the works of Charlotte Elizabeth; and your brother, Prescott's Mexico. Did you notice her reply?'

'Yes, I remember just the manner in which she said, "*I* should beg to be excused from taking those *dull* things;" and when I remarked that I had read Judah's Lion, and the Siege of Derry, with great interest, and thought them very exciting, she said, "Well, *I* think they are hateful, perfect humbugs; for the writer thrusts in so many of her own prosy reflections the whole time, that she spoils the story. I would give twenty times as much for the Rescued Nun, or for the works of Dickens. I don't know any of those serious books I would take, unless, perhaps, Mrs. Sherwood's, for her Nun is pretty good. Perhaps James may like Prescott's work, because it is a handsome, large book. Henry might like it, for he is always poring over such sober, solid works, but I know Robert would not look at it, for he can buy just as many stories and novels as he wants for twenty-five cents."

'As we parted, she said she really pitied me, for she verily believed some of my relations thought it absolutely wicked to read any thing but the Bible, or Charlotte Elizabeth's books, and such solemn things.'

'Now, my dear,' said Mrs. Henderson, 'I trust you realize why your father will not expose you to the indiscriminate reading of the Book Club. There are no doubt many useful, valuable works in their collection, but while there is one which can tarnish the purity, or bring a blush to the cheek of a refined and delicate female, one which can debase and pollute the mind, chill the best feelings of the heart, and destroy the only sure foundation for happiness, both in this life and the life to come, I shall never ask him to join it.'

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. SOPHIA A. HEWES.

A MOTHER'S Love! Go — ask the wave
How deep its treasures are concealed!
What power can search its hidden grave!
Who hath its richer gems revealed!

A mother's Love! Go — ask yon star,
Who hath its higher mysteries known!
Who hath explored, so vast, so far —
The bosom of that brilliant one!

Deeper its hidden fountains swell
Than ocean's costliest pearls can prove;
Higher than all those mysteries dwell,
Which deck the azure vault above.

It lives through every scene on earth,
And knows no change while life endures;
It dies but with her latest breath,
And *dying — endless life secures.*

N. H., Sept., 1844.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HUNTER'S INSTRUCTION BOOK. Boston. Oliver Ditson, Washington street.

ONE of the most pleasing features of the present day, is the rapidly increasing taste for music, both instrumental and vocal. By this we do not mean a disposition merely to listen to music, but to acquire a practical and theoretical knowledge of it.

The use of the piano forte has so much increased within a few years, that manufactories are springing up on every hand, and vast numbers of the young of both sexes are learning to play it. The moral tendency of this is of the most salutary character.

The question, 'which is the best instruction book for this instrument,' is frequently proposed to us. Our reply is, that Hunter's is almost universally preferred by teachers, and is probably used more than all others combined.

Published and for sale by Oliver Ditson, Boston.

Keith's Land of Israel, according to the Covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. By Alexander Keith, D. D. New York City. Harper & Brothers. 1844.

The author of this work will be recognized by some of our readers as the able writer of the volume entitled '*Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion*.'

The book contains 366 pages, and is embellished with sixteen steel-plate engravings, and two maps; one, 'The Land of Israel,' and the other, 'The Coast of the Land of Israel.'

Need we say any thing in relation to the interesting character of the contents of this work? We think not. Its mere announcement, in this day of Bible study, must make thousands of purchasers.

For sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co., No. 1, Cornhill.

My Early Home, and other Tales: designed to promote the welfare and happiness of the family. Boston. Published by Waite, Peirce, & Co.

This beautiful book is made of four stories, originally published in this work. Three of them were prize articles; and all are productions of the most interesting and useful character.

My Early Home, the first in the series, was written by Mrs. Helen C. Knight, of Portsmouth, N. H.; the second, entitled *The Restored Family*, by Mrs. M. O. Stevens, of this city; the third, called *The Broken Vase*, by Miss Mary M. Griffin, of this city; and the fourth, *A Reminiscence*, by Mrs. Julia A. Emery, of Bedford, Mass.

Does the reader of this notice know, by sweet experience, the indescribable joys of domestic felicity—where harmony, peace, quiet, and good-will reign predominant—where each strives to outdo the rest in acts of kindness and expressions of love? If he does, happy is he. And would he like to see this happiness diffused throughout the community, so as to find its way into every family? If so, let him circulate this beautiful, delightful, eloquent little book. Wherever it is read, it will leave its traces of good. Parents' hearts will be made better by it, and children will improve under its salutary influence.

We call the attention of Sabbath School Teachers to this work. There should be, at least, a dozen copies of this in every Sabbath School in the country.

The publishers deserve much credit for the beautiful frontispiece, and for the elegant and substantial manner in which they have got up the work.

M'Culloch's Gazetteer.

Since we last noticed this important publication, the 13th and 18th numbers inclusive, have been issued, carrying the work forward to the letter T. Three numbers more complete the work.

This publication is not only indispensable to the general reader as a book of reference, but the principal articles afford interesting and instructive matter for perusal.

Waite, Peirce, & Co., No. 1, Cornhill.

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ We hope the following excellent article will be carefully perused by all our readers. Its influence cannot fail to be of the most salutary character.

Editor.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

A WORD WITH DAUGHTERS.

'When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.'

What child has not been familiar, from his cradle, with these beautiful lines, and, in the warmth of his young affections, often repeated them to the charmed ear of his listening mother? What child has not, in his inmost soul, often responded to their generous import, and longed for the time when he could begin, in some way, to repay her thousand nameless offices of love? Yet are there not some who are beginning to lose, or who have already lost, this youthful impulse? some, on whose heads the dew of a mother's love daily distils, who, more insensible than the flowers of the field, have become strangely unmindful of their obligations, and render back no offering of fragrance and beauty? Not because they have altogether ceased to love the nourisher of their infancy, the supporter of their tottering footsteps — the instructor of their dawning minds. No; this is impossible. Her unceasing devotion to their interests, her unwearied self-denial, her incessant effort in their behalf, they cannot quite forget; and sometimes a ray of gratitude steals over their hearts, and lights up the barrenness of their life with some act of love or duty. Indeed, they would not be called undutiful children by the world; perhaps they have never suspected themselves of any deficiency in this respect; yet, to the eye of an impartial and discerning observer, they are cold and selfish — lovers of themselves more than of aught beside; so that, if their own schemes prosper, they are regardless even of a mother's happiness.

Indeed, there are some who can go on in a round of employments or amusements, from day to day, so completely absorbed in self, as to forget all that is due to her feelings and wishes. Perhaps her eye follows them with sorrowful solicitude, or tender expostulation; perhaps with a languid endeavor to arrest their attention, and obtain some small portion of their time and regard. They see her not, heed her not, — forget that they owe her a single duty, a single hour of that time they so lavishly bestow upon themselves. She may labor unceasingly for them; devote her thoughts, her time, perhaps her toil, to their convenience, yet they receive it all as a matter of course, as justly their due, and seem never to think of her happiness in return. But should her efforts in their behalf suddenly cease, should disease or death at once deprive them of her care, then, for the first time, they begin to know her worth; to appreciate her love; and, perhaps, for the first time, their mother receives her full tribute of affectionate regard at their hands. Alas for them, if it be a fruitless offering at her tomb! We speak here more particularly of *daughters*, from whom a mother may reasonably expect more than from her sons. In how many ways the latter may contribute to her happiness many a glad maternal heart could testify. Like the external pillars of the family mansion, they have a strength and importance peculiar to themselves, and no parent can dispense with their aid, in sustaining the fabric of domestic happiness. But what avails it, that the building is well supported, if there be no finish, no perfection within? If, instead of diffusing their fragrance throughout the abode, and pouring their richest sweets into the bosom of maternal love, the flowers of this mansion bloom only for the stranger's eye, and exhale their sweetness only in the crowd; fit only to grace the drawing-room window, and invite a glance of admiration from every passer by? Alas! for the mothers and the daughters of our land, that there should be any originals to such a picture; but so it is, and therefore we cannot refrain from raising the warning voice, and pointing to 'a more excellent way;' a way full of encouragement and pleasure to both.

And here let me present a case, which fell, not long since, under my own observation. I had taken a seat in a stage-coach, for one of our eastern cities. The places were all filled, and on looking up to take a survey of my companions, I discovered nothing of sufficient interest in any, to warrant the expectation of entertainment from that quarter; so, betaking myself to the resources I had provided in my travelling-bag, I was soon absorbed over the pages of an interesting periodical. Occasionally, however, the words, 'dear mother, are you comfortable now?' or, 'can I do any thing for you, dear mother?' uttered in a low and gentle voice, broke upon my ear, and at length effectually diverted my attention from the page before me, to the source whence they proceeded. This I found to be a young lady of plain, but by no means unpromising appearance; at least I thought so, as I watched her earnest look, directed frequently to a lady who sat on the seat behind her. She was evidently an invalid, and bore the marks of suffering; but seemed so cheerful and serene, that I could hardly persuade myself there was any occasion for the extreme solicitude of her daughter. To her repeated inquiries, she would reply, 'better, my dear;' or something to that effect, evidently to allay her anxiety.

We travelled together for several days, and every hour gave some new proof of that daughter's devotion. It was manifested not in words only, but in deeds. At every stopping-place, in every change of conveyance, her mother was evidently the theme of her thoughts, the object of her first and kindest endeavors. Next to her mother, was the care of her young sister, and the convenience of other members of the party, as one of which I was now happy to be recognized.

There was a noble self-forgetfulness about her, which gave to every thing she said and did an inexpressible charm. She was lively as the liveliest, when she saw nothing she could do for the happiness of any. Her fine singing, by moonlight, will not soon be forgotten. Did any one express the least want, or inconvenience, especially could she discover any indication of discomfort in the object of her fondest devotion, she was instantly ready with her sympathy, and if possible, her aid. In short, every thing in her actions and manner toward her mother, seemed to say, 'this is my earliest and my best friend.'

O, thought I, how happy that mother, in the midst of her pain, her weakness, her weariness. How inexpressibly happy, in the love of such a generous and devoted being! Nor was I mistaken. Subsequent acquaintance, and a look into their own happy domicil, have abundantly confirmed my supposition. Health has resumed its glad impress on the mother's brow, but the tender assiduity of the daughter has not ceased. Her attentions are marked by less solicitude, indeed, but are no less ready to every call of duty, every impulse of affection. Indeed, in her case, affection seems to leave nothing for duty to do. How often must the heart of that widowed mother 'sing for joy,' as she sees how heaven hath recompensed the labor of her youth.

Would that this model could be held up to the imitation of every daughter in our land; that every one who sustains this endearing name, might behold the picture, in the beauty and freshness of its original! Would that every son, worthy the name, might find such a being, self-sacrificing, self-forgetting in her earliest devotion, to become the partner of his joys! With her love, second though it should be to this earliest, holiest impulse, he might be abundantly satisfied; nor need he fear that she, who has thus adorned the relation of a daughter, will prove less generous, less devoted, in that of a wife. No — were I a second Cœlebs, I would go the world over to find such a truthful, generous, devoted heart.

And here we may remark, as has been often done before, the intimate union which exists between the social virtues. The heart which truly and purely loves, which goes out of itself in its devotion to the interests and happiness of another, is the only heart qualified for true friendship.

> 'Enlarged by a true sympathy with one,
> It grows beautiful to all.'

It is not among the worldly, the selfish, the ambitious, then, that we must look for such examples of filial devotion. She who has been taught, that to shine in society is the great end of education, and whose ruling aim is display, will not be very likely to excel in any relation of life, certainly not in that of a daughter.

But are mothers altogether guiltless here? Do not many by their actions, if not their language, begin from an early age to impress on the susceptible minds of their daughters the importance of making a good figure in society? For this they are taught to play, to sing, to dance. For this their time is spent in acquiring the modern languages, and other fashionable branches of education. They find that the care of their mother has reference, mainly, to this; that for this, she willingly excuses them from all participation in domestic duty; and, moreover, that she readily does for them many things which they would otherwise be obliged to do for themselves. Thus the season of training passes on; and when, at length, they are emancipated from their books and masters, is it strange that they begin eagerly to exercise the accomplishments they have been so long acquiring, and feel that all the time they are obliged to devote to aught beside display, is so much taken from the great business of life? How different the result, had they been taught to value every accomplishment, only in proportion to its power of rendering home a happier and more desirable place; had they learned, that to make good daughters, good wives, and good mothers, is the true end of female education. Then, instead of hearing them assign as a reason for leaving to their mothers the sole burden of domestic affairs, perhaps of supplying with their own hands the demands of their neglected wardrobes, that 'this had so long been their mother's choice they could not think of interfering,' we should see them seeking to make amends for her past sacrifices, by embracing every opportunity of lessening the number of her burdens, and by doing for themselves and for her, all in their power.

'It is astonishing,' says an excellent female writer, 'how duties out of doors accumulate upon persons who are glad of any excuse to escape from those at home.' We often see this exemplified in the case of those we are attempting to describe. Is their society or their service particularly needed at home, in some work of necessity or of mercy? How pressing are their engagements abroad! Some walk, or some ride, some unpaid visit, or some lecture, it may be some *indispensable shopping*, is immediately remembered, as of paramount importance, and away flies the giddy girl, glad to escape from the thought of confinement and exertion. Or is she a little more considerate, consenting to relinquish her proposed excursion, and attend to the duty in question? It may be that her ungracious manner in complying has robbed the service of all its value, and rendered it irksome rather than desirable. Think of this, ye who are in the daily habit of yielding a reluctant assent to a mother's wishes; who refuse not in words, the daily services of love to which she is entitled, but never with

'The speaking eye her love repay,
Whose heart for you, with ceaseless care,
Is stirred both night and day.'

Think of it, and inquire, if it is thus you can best redeem the promise of your early days; if it is thus you can best 'soothe her pains away'! Think of it, ye who still revere the hallowed name, 'mother,' and whose hearts are stirred by one pulsation of gratitude for her countless services; and if your hearts condemn you in this matter, rest not until you have laid bare the monster of filial ingratitude, even under his fairest disguises, and utterly expelled him from your breast.

To assist you in doing this, let me ask a few plain questions.

Is your mother or yourself the chief object of your thoughts and aims?

When you rise in the morning, do you inquire, how may I best perform to-day my duty to her, and contribute to the pleasures of home?

Is a small request from her more likely to be granted, than when presented by a stranger?

Do you consult her feelings and views in the regulation of your time, your dress, your expenses, your company, your amusements?

Are you quick to notice her least symptom of illness, or weariness; and does the pallid cheek, or drooping eye, instantly awaken your tenderest solicitude and care?

Would you deem it *a great hardship* to absent yourself from the circle of glad and innocent enjoyment, in order to enliven her with your pleasant society, or minister to the wants of her feverish frame?

O, if you cannot answer most or all these questions in the affirmative, do not flatter yourself with the belief that you are properly fulfilling your part in the sweet sympathies, the sacred duties of home. Fulfil them you cannot, while you remain at home, dependent on the care and the support of your parents, until you have learned to forego your own gratification for theirs, and to make their happiness the first business of your lives. Who, that has read the writings of Miss Eliza Cook, has not been struck with the depth and purity of her love to her mother? The deepest, sweetest tones of her lyre, are always awakened at the mention of that honored name. How often has the inimitable pathos of 'The Old Arm Chair,' drawn tears from eyes unused to weeping, and awakened a sentiment of tenderness which slumbers in every daughter's heart! Would that her mantle might rest on other daughters of song, until this earliest, purest, holiest impulse of the heart, shall receive the homage it deserves.

But should the lessons of the poet and the moralist fail to incite to the faithful performance of filial duty, let the voice of God be heard; let the precepts of his word be regarded, and no longer will any mother be neglected by her offspring. Nay, should this duty, in general so easy, so pleasant, in its observance, become difficult and painful; should it call for numerous sacrifices and constant self-denial; should the infirmities of disease, or the querulousness of age, render her who was the delight of your infancy an object of constant care and solicitude, you will still remember what is due to her from a child, and will spare no exertions, no privations in your power, to soothe her cares, relieve her pains, and render peaceful and pleasant her declining days. Such instances of filial devotedness are not altogether unknown. One have I witnessed, where every claim of society, of friendship, of religion, was surrendered, if necessary, to this; where, for years, an evening was rarely spent away from her room, or an engagement made, otherwise than with a conditional reference to her. And this, when there were two daughters, and not one only, to minister to her wants, and when her health seldom required the presence of both. Said one of these to a Christian friend, 'If I did not believe myself in the place assigned me by God, I could not forego so many privileges.' But acting under a sense of his approbation, how pleasant becomes the path of sacrifice and self-denial! Who can doubt that such daughters, in the midst of their privations, are blessed with a calmness, a content, of which those who forsake their mother for worldly or even for religious pleasures know nothing?

Let us remember, my sisters, how soon the grave will separate us from these objects of our earliest affection! How soon those eyes will beam on us no longer; those ears become deaf to our tenderest entreaties; those hands, endeared to us by their long ministration of kindness, be folded in the stillness of death! O, let us begin at once to obey every dictate of filial gratitude, to requite as we best may their countless, unbought offices of love.

Bankrupts though we are and ever must remain, let us not be wholly regardless of the mighty debt we have contracted; but let every day witness some effort at requital, some expression of tender solicitude, which shall cause them to feel they have not lived and loved in vain.

New York City, Sept., 1844.

From Chambers's Journal.

MR. HAYNES BAYLY, THE POET.

WHILE Mr. Bayly was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student, who fell into consumption and died. At an early stage of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr. Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick bed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody, in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr. Bayly. Afterwards, his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one, by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief; the poet sympathized, and 'pity is akin to love.' It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr. Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel ——, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted — never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another. Mr. Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, 'O, no! we never mention her;' also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments: —

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend;
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;
With worldly smiles, and worldly words, I could not pass thee by,
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless and the gay;
I could not bear to view thee decked in fashion's bright array;
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of none but thee;
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn for me;
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from the tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy now;
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the bough:
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste of snow,
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee, by one unworthy thought.
No — blest with some belovèd one, from care and sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me.

BLISS OF HEAVEN.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
  As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
  One minute of heaven is worth them all.

T. MOORE.

DUTY TO AGED PARENTS.

Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath;
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
Pope.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Instructions in Thorough Bass. Being an Easy Method of learning to play Church Music on the Piano-Forte or Organ. By A. N. Johnson. Boston. Geo. P. Read.

The author of this publication has struck out a new path, based upon the principle that *Thorough Bass* and *Harmony* are two entirely distinct studies; the latter teaching how chords should be *written*, the former how they should be *played*, when written. Hence, he infers that Thorough Bass can be learned without studying Harmony; whereas, the usual practice has been to enforce the study of Harmony along with the practice of Thorough Bass on the piano-forte, or organ. We think the author's theory plausible, and that it deserves to be fairly tested.

The exercises are numerous, embracing about 80 pages, and they are of an inductive character, presenting but one new idea in each example. There are also 33 pages of explanations of the exercises.

As prerequisites for the study of this book, the student should be acquainted with the elementary principles of music, and should be able to strike the common chord and the chord of the seventh.

In this experiment we wish the enterprising and intelligent young author much success.

The Vocalist: consisting of short and easy Glees, or Songs, in Parts. Arranged for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass voices. By Lowell Mason & Geo. J. Webb, Professors in the Boston Academy of Music. J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter. Boston.

Quite a number of Glee Books have already been published, but they are not adapted to popular use, the music being generally too difficult for ready performance. This work will suit the mass, and will, no doubt, meet with a ready sale.

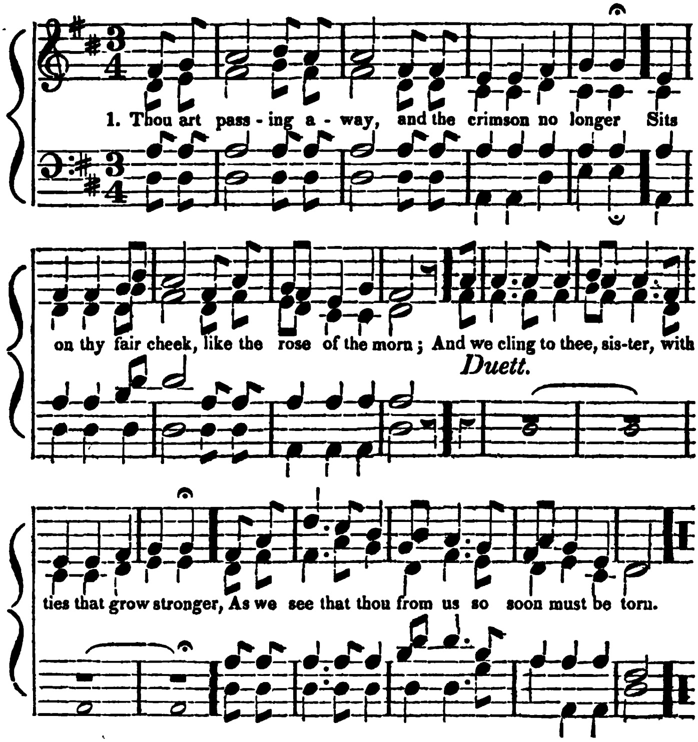
The selection has been made chiefly from German authors, the poetry being either a free translation, or written in imitation of the original.

There are 200 pages, and 112 songs.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

"THOU ART PASSING AWAY."

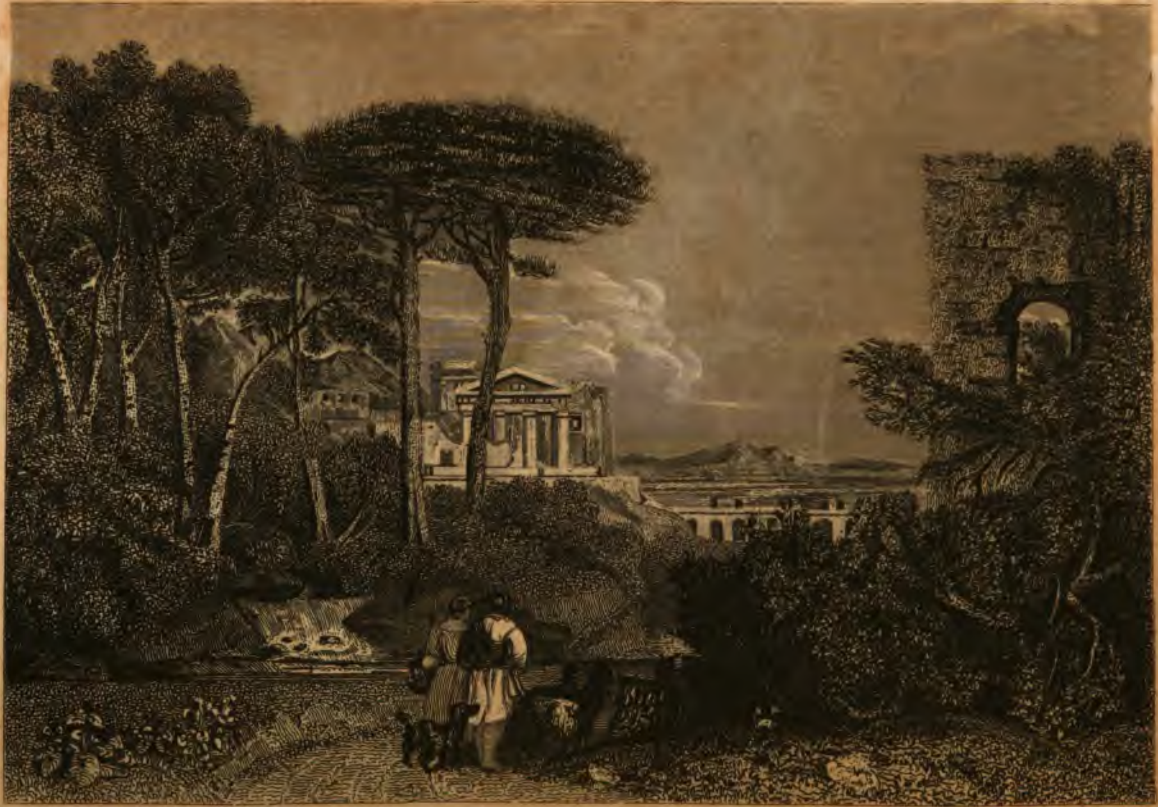
Poetry by Rev. F. A. Crafts.—Music by Mr. Parker Wood


1. Thou art pass - ing a - way, and the crimson no longer Sits
on thy fair cheek, like the rose of the morn; And we cling to thee, sis-ter, with
Duett.
ties that grow stronger, As we see that thou from us so soon must be torn.

2 Thou art passing away, but I will not forget thee;
O no, dearest sister, thy image shall dwell
On my heart, and in sorrow thy smile it shall cheer me,
And long shall my tongue of thy tenderness tell.

3 Thou art passing away, in thy youth and thy beauty,
And hearts are bewailing thy early demise;
Thy look, like the sunset of autumn, beams on me,
As if saying weep not, we meet in the skies.

4 Thou art passing away, and we will not detain thee,
The chariot is waiting to bear thee away;
Farewell, till where partings ne'er enter we greet thee;
Transporting the prospect! O haste the glad day



VIEW IN ATHENS, GREECE

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1844. NO. 5.

[Obtained a Prize of Five Dollars.]

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

HOMELY HINTS.

BY MISS SUSAN A. TUCKER.

I HAVE often pondered the signification of that little word, '*homely*,' and have been ready, a hundred times, to quarrel with the dictionary-maker for sanctioning its usage, as applied to the 'coarse' and 'inelegant.' Who first contrived this application, or made it the vehicle for expressing our ideas of unloveliness, I know not. He must have been a poor, unfortunate man — a stranger to

> 'The paradise of home, with all its joys.'

At any rate, he could not have known the sweetest charm of that cherished spot — the charm of refined and kindly manners, of polite and agreeable behavior among its inmates, or he never would have chosen so unsuitable a word, with which to express his idea of the coarse and common-place. I am aware that the word may be used in another signification, not unappropriate, and implying nothing disagreeable; but this is not enough, as long as it is continually made to express also the rude and uninviting. In some parts of the country, it is even employed to express the want of personal beauty, as if there were no call for such a superfluity at the domestic hearth — as if, at that place, all was allowed to be coarse, unsightly, and unlovely — and personal grace and beauty were reserved for the eyes of an admiring world alone.

That such is not the real state of the case we are most happy to admit, for numerous are the pleasant, happy homes of our own New England; but the use of the word alone most plainly points to such a supposition; and we ask, does not the fact of such a usage, and its existence among us, prove that something is wanting to render the prevailing idea of home as pure and ennobling as it should be?

'Home! Sure, some spirit formed the word,
For some bright, holy clime above;
And then, o'er every letter, poured
His sweetest spells of power and love.'

So thought one who was emphatically an ornament to her home; and if so sweet and sacred be the name, what a sad misapplication to render it into an adjective expressive almost of contempt! Indeed, to one unacquainted with common usage in this respect, and whose eye for the first time reposed upon the word, would it not suggest far different ideas; and would he not be ready to define it, as 'pleasant, dear, delightful,'—in short, as highly expressive of the agreeable? So should it read in *our* dictionary, if, by any mischance, we should ever be led to make one; but until that time comes we see no way of redress for this grievous wrong to one of the sweetest words in our language, but to expose it in such colors as we may, and seek to counteract its pernicious influence. I say pernicious, for we cannot doubt that our sentiments and words exert a reciprocal influence upon each other, and that if the latter are ill-formed, or so formed as to convey an unhappy association, the former will in some degree be contaminated. Suppose a child, for instance, is taught to regard plain, or coarse, or unsightly objects, as *homely;* if he has any reflection, will he not soon come to feel, that there is a close connection between such objects and *home?* In other words, that it matters little how he appears there, in regard to dress, behavior, &c., but that when he goes abroad he must always strive to look and behave as well as possible? Happily for society, other influences beside that of language are busily at work upon his young mind; and by means of the example and instruction of his parents and friends he is delivered, in part, from the baneful effects of such an impression. Otherwise he might grow up *so homely*, in all particulars dependent on himself, as to prove quite unfit even for home itself. 'Unshorn and unshaven,' from day to day, his dress torn and neglected, a perfect boor in manners and address; except, forsooth, when some occasion invited him from the privileged precincts of home, when he must suddenly become as *unhomely* as possible, would he not be a pest to all about him?

But we have indulged long enough our vexation at this abuse of words. Let us now inquire what are some of those things, which, if called by their right names, would be *the truly homely*. For a general answer, we would say, 'whatsoever things are lovely and of good report,' in dwelling, dress, or mien. Nought else deserves to be called by this truly honorable name. The neglected house, the ill-arranged dress, the surly demeanor, the impolite act — call not these *homely*. They are at utter variance with all which is, or ought to be, included in the idea of home. They should be strangers and aliens, not inmates beneath every roof. And if there be a dwelling where they are habitually found, it deserves not the name '*home*.' There may be a house, and parents, and children; and brothers and sisters, may be found in it; but the peace, the purity, the sweetness of home are not there.

But let us look attentively at those practices *we* consider *truly homely;* and, first, the arrangement of the house. In order to have this produce the best and happiest, in other words, the *homeliest* effect, it must be executed with taste, order, and neatness. One has happily said, 'The poor man's house can be as tasteful as the rich man's; for taste does not consist in "the abundance of the things it possesseth," but in the use which is made of what it has. Neatness and order, pretty inventions in furniture and ornament, are within the reach of all. Every common man's house, or cottage, might be more than a palace — a little abode of tastefulness and refined happiness.' I know that this is regarded by many as a matter of very small consequence, but when we consider its bearing upon present enjoyment, and its influence on the future character of those who, in their turn, are to become householders, we feel that there is little danger of magnifying its importance. Enter such a dwelling as has been described. Every thing pleases, though it may not dazzle the eye. There may be an utter absence of any thing merely ornamental — but the whole, itself, is ornamental, by its just selection and happy arrangement. There is a certain something, which whispers that good taste and good sense preside over the scene. Let those who affect to despise or think lightly of such things, talk of the superior importance of *comfort*, and assert that utility and convenience are alone to be consulted. They are welcome to all the comfort and convenience they can possibly derive from ill-assorted or ill-arranged furniture, disordered rooms, and unsightly closets. Let them labor on in their own way, and be as comfortable as they can, in their neglect of the agreeable; but we can assure them, if they once knew at what a sad disadvantage they pursue their vocation, they would never again grudge the time and care necessary to render their abode a little more inviting to their neighbors and friends. My object is to point such, but especially those whose habits are not yet formed, to 'a more excellent way'; and happy shall I be, if but one may be induced to walk therein.

The foregoing remarks apply also to *dress*. How many seem to think it of no importance whatever, to exercise taste and neatness in this respect, as long as they are safe from the observing eye of strangers. From their negligent appearance, one might suppose they were totally indifferent to all *personal* charms; but behold them when 'company' changes, or is about to change, the familiar scene. The care with which they are then arrayed, is sufficient to prove that they know well the value of a tasteful toilet, and only need the stimulus of an occasion, to call forth their powers in this respect. Gladly would I convince them, that neatness and tastefulness of dress are never more worthily bestowed, than in 'the little world, home'; and that whatever they may think, there is, after all, no other *world*, which it is much worth their while to try to please. But I forbear. Their fault seems incorrigible.

Mrs. Ellis says, 'there is not an hour in the day, in which a man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness, as when she leaves her bedroom and sits down to breakfast.' There is a world of meaning and of truth in this remark, and many a poor man's taste would be saved from grievous and frequent offence, were it universally believed and acted upon. Do any say, 'this is a small matter, talk to us of some domestic virtue, diligence, frugality, patience, or the like, and we will hear you to the end of the chapter; but to make so much of mere *appearance*, is quite unworthy your efforts, or our attention; *we* prefer the old proverb, "handsome is that handsome does," and intend to abide by that.' Pardon me, good friends, you err, if you suppose *that* to be the only kind of beauty. Our Creator has endowed us with a faculty called *taste*, by which we are necessarily pleased with some external forms and displeased with others; and, furthermore, He intends to have us, in all lawful ways, gratify and cherish this faculty, instead of crucifying it. I go farther, and affirm that it is a positive virtue, and one which deserves to be ranked high among the domestic virtues, to exercise this faculty, in all matters which come under our control. Hear a distinguished living writer on this subject. 'Taste,' says he, 'sorts with every thing good and dignified in human society. She learns to read the world and trace the holy signatures of truth, which God has written on his works. She catches a divine expression from all outward beauty'; and, we may add, despises not the less while she appreciates the greater. No; let the hermit permit his beard and his nails to grow, and go, if he please, with dishevelled hair and tattered coat; but let not the habitant of a home, 'be it ever so homely,' or the dweller of a cottage, be it ever so lowly, refuse to pay all needful honor to the 'outer man,' or fear to increase its comeliness, by any lawful means in his power. And, above all, let not woman, the acknowledged ornament the chief attraction of home, be guilty of neglect in this respect. Let her home-attire be truly *homely;* that is, neat and attractive, however much it may yield in costliness and show to that reserved for other occasions. Surely, the eye of affection is the one we should most dearly love to please, and no admiration of a stranger, no applause of the world, can ever be worth the approving smile of a father, brother, or husband, who sees in our neatness of person a delicate compliment to his taste and affection. So far, then, as regards the abode and the attire of its inmates, can there be any doubt that the word *homely*, in its present acceptation, ought to be wholly inapplicable, and that the every-day appearance of both should be as tasteful and as pleasant as possible? But we are not ready to part with the word, after all, notwithstanding the disservice it has done us; and cannot help using it, in defiance of custom, as a suitable term to express the pleasant and agreeable. In short, we would say, that a homely abode, and a homely array, ought to be the very prettiest imaginable.

As regards *mien* or *manners*, the case is no less evident. So far from home being the fitting place for the display of incivility and rudeness, we hesitate not to say, that it is the very last place where they should ever make their appearance. Society, we know, does not tolerate such things, and it is deeply to be regretted that home should be obliged to; but so it is; and often the very persons who are the most charming abroad, 'the admired of all observers,' scruple not to indulge in all sorts of impolite and unamiable behavior at home. That is the place, the only place, in which they feel at liberty to vent their discontent, and gratify a sullen humor; and so they deal out their frowns, complaints, and impertinences by the wholesale, making themselves thoroughly disagreeable to all about them. Or, if the case be not quite so bad as this, and the temper be not soured, there is often an utter disregard of all the usages of polite society, we fear sometimes of politeness itself; defined, as we believe it should be, a cheerful recognition of the rights of another; a doing to others as we would they should do to us. Now, why this law should prevail in society, and be null at home, — why we should be duly attentive to the wants of strangers, and inattentive to those of our nearest and dearest friends, our own kith and kin, I know not; nor can, I am sure, any good reason be assigned. It is not enough to say, that at home every one is free to ask for such attentions as he wants, and that then it will readily be bestowed. This may be true in urgent cases, but in the multiplied minutia of daily life, there are a thousand occasions in which the word or look of sympathy, the deed of ready and uninvited kindness, will convey more real satisfaction, than all which was ever obtained by the asking. As regards, too, the conventional forms of politeness, etiquette, if you please, though to this word I have an objection, can any reason be assigned for its banishment from the precincts of home? Is any one the happier, the more truly 'at home,' for feeling that he may say and do what he pleases, no matter how annoying to others? That he need never speak unless he feels like it, and then in as short and repulsive a manner as happens to suit his mood? That he need never open his eyes to the wants of others, at table, or any where else, (unless perchance there are *strangers* present,) never notice them except when the humor takes him, and, especially, never exchange with them any of the common civilities of life? All these, and other *privileges*, too numerous to mention, are sometimes assumed as properly belonging to home; but never, in my opinion, was assumption more false. Were I called on to name the place, where true politeness and kind attention to one another are most beautiful, I should, without hesitation, answer, '*home*.' Not that I would banish ease and freedom from their wonted abode, or introduce the slightest tinge of that cold formality so prevalent in the world, to chill its genial atmosphere. No; this is quite another thing from that for which I plead. The friendly morning salute and nightly farewell, the ready hand to meet another's wants, the cheerful step to perform their bidding, — the smile, the look, the word of kindness, the unexpected friendly attention, patience with each other's faults and follies, 'in honor preferring one another,' — and, above all, the entire suppression of whatever can wound or annoy — these are among the sweet charities for which I plead, and of which one has beautifully said, she would 'sooner tear up the flowers, which God has left to smile on our daily path through a sin-blighted wilderness, than cease to cherish, to foster, to delight in the sweeter flowers of domestic love, carried to the full extent of all its endearing capabilities.' These, and such as these, are the principal ingredients in the cup of domestic happiness,

> 'The only bliss of Paradise
> Which has survived the fall.'

How justly does the poet complain —

> 'Few now taste thee, unimpaired and pure,
> Or tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
> Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
> Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
> Or temper sheds into the crystal cup.'

But notwithstanding the mighty influence of good taste in these matters, one thing is still wanting to render home the paradise it may become, if PIETY does not dignify and ennoble the whole. If religion has no altar beside the domestic hearth, and no worshipper amid the domestic circle, there may be elegance, grace, and refinement in a high degree, but the essential of happiness is wanting; and to the pious eye, a dark, sad void presents itself, instead of the gladness and sunshine of a Christian home. 'Passing away,' is written on all their love and enjoyment, for it is based on time, and with time must end. Tholuck somewhere suggests the beautiful picture of a family, the members of which, on meeting in the morning, are each conscious that the others have prayed for him. Who would not love to belong to such a happy and harmonious group?

But after all we have said in behalf of taste, and much more might be said, it is to religion, in connection with a refined taste, that we must look for the highest and happiest development of all which contributes to make a happy home. Indeed, it should never be forgotten, that rarely does taste exert its most beneficent power, but in connection with religion. To quote again from the author above alluded to, 'By the altars of religion, she is ever like to choose her abode. The horns of the altar are shaped by her hand, the veil which hides the cherubim is wrought by her needle. All the relations of our mortal state she loves to acknowledge, discerns a divine beauty in them, and moves us to render back to them a tribute of beauty in our conduct. She dwells about the homes, blessing the joys of domestic love; and if ever the day shall come when all the dwellers on earth are righteous men, when manners are pure and lovely, when the conduct is amiable, when every relationship is filled, and every habitation a habitation of beauty, then will it be seen that taste, under the guidance of grace, has set the traces of her finishing work on every part of the scene.'

Greenfield, Mass.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM?

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

'Why do the flow'rets bloom, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers bloom,
And brightest those we reared, mother,
Around my brother's tomb?'
'To fill the world with gladness,
My child, were flow'rets given,—
To crown the earth with beauty,
And show the road to Heaven!'

'Then why do the flow'rets fade, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers fade,
When winter's dreary clouds, mother,
Earth's brightest scenes pervade?'
'My child, those flowers that wither,
Have seeds that still remain,
That the sunshine and the summer
Restore to life again!'

'And shall not those who die, mother,
Come back to live once more,
E'en as the rain and sun, mother,
Those beauteous flowers restore?'
'Yes,—yes, my child—such powers
To human flowers are given,
Here earth's frail flowers may blossom,
But *we* may rise—*in Heaven*.'

Beautiful Example of Parental Solicitude.—Taking up a Bible in the Sabbath School belonging to one of the lads in our class, we found the following written on one of the blank leaves. It is an affectionate indication of a mother's tender anxiety for the spiritual welfare of her son.—Ed.

'Presented to Albert, by his affectionate mother, on his leaving *home* for the first time, to attend school. It is my request that you read at least two chapters a day, morning and evening. Search the Scriptures daily; may they be a "lamp to your feet," in all their windings, and a "light to your path," all your days. May you be guided and directed by the precepts and examples there laid down.

'Study and remember the commandments.

'Try to love and serve God better every day you live. Never neglect secret prayer; but morning, noon, and evening let your supplications and thanksgivings ascend to God.

'May the Lord bless you, and keep you from sin and every evil.

'Walk in the path of virtue and piety, that you may be a blessing to us.

'This is the sincere prayer of her who loves you and will continue to pray for you.'

September 12, 1842.

DOING GOOD.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, 'He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.' Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion to benefit which follows *individual attempts* to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.—*Crabbe.*

GOOD CHILDREN.

If little children love to pray,
And keep their tempers all the day,
And never speak a wicked word,
Whatever language they have heard,—
Or if they struggle hard and pray,
To drive all naughty thoughts away;

Then they'll be happy all day long,
As wild birds in their merry song;
And they will have no cause for fear,
When sickness comes and death is near;
For they will go to worlds on high,
And live with God above the sky.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Psalmodist: a Choice Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, chiefly new; adapted to the very numerous Metres now in use, together with Chants, Anthems, Motets, and various other Pieces; for the use of Choirs, Congregations, Singing Schools, and Musical Associations; most of which are now for the first time presented to the American public. By Thomas Hastings and Wm. B. Bradbury. New York City. Published by Mark H. Newman.

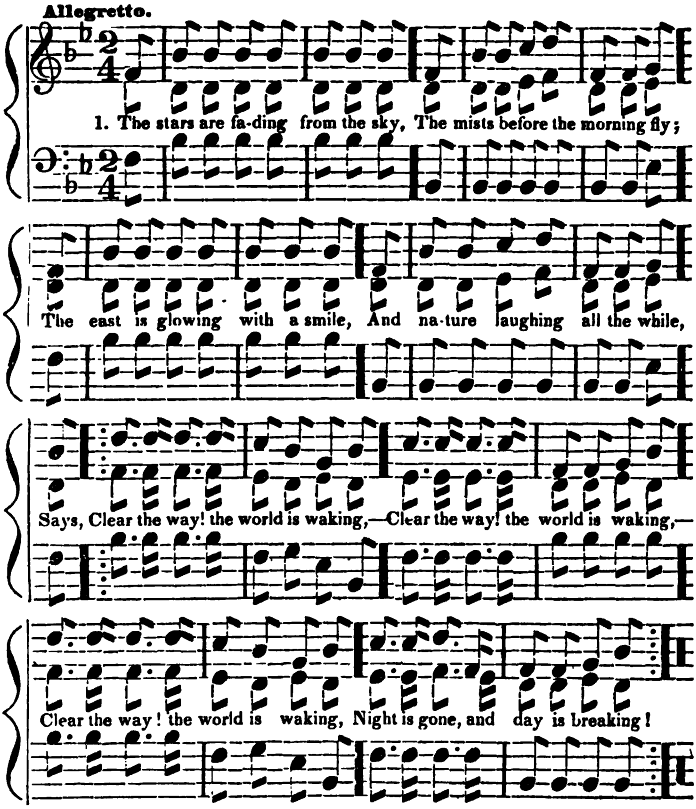
Having had this work but a few days, it has been impossible for us to give it that thorough examination which an editor should give a new book of Psalmody, before he announces its publication and recommends its adoption. We have examined it, however, sufficiently to ascertain, that it contains a great amount of excellent music, of a chaste and elevated character, and well adapted to the purposes of worship.

We have great confidence in Mr. Hastings's skill as a composer of church music, and also in his poetical and musical taste. His two late publications, namely, the *Manhattan Collection*, and the *Sacred Lyre*, give full evidence of these qualifications. The present work, however, is quite in the advance of these, inasmuch as we have, in addition to the ripe experience of Mr. Hastings, the youthful ardor and truly musical genius of Mr. Bradbury.

It is a serious fault of this book, that many of the notes in the treble and tenor are out of the compass of the great majority of voices. These notes, especially in the treble, are not sung, but screamed. This is in bad taste. The work is, however, in this respect, a great improvement on Mr. Hastings's former tune-books. We hope to see the fault entirely corrected in his next work.

For sale in this city, by Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln.

MORNING SONG.


Allegretto.
1. The stars are fa-ding from the sky, The mists before the morning fly;
The east is glowing with a smile, And na-ture laughing all the while,
Says, Clear the way! the world is waking,—Clear the way! the world is waking,—
Clear the way! the world is waking, Night is gone, and day is breaking!

2 The cock has crowed with all his might,
The birds are singing with delight,
The hum of business meets the ear,
And face to face, with kindly cheer,
Says, Clear the way! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

3 The bell is ringing, haste away!
The school is open, leave off play,—
The sun of knowledge there we find
Arising on the youthful mind,
So clear the way! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

From Baker's American School Music Book. By permission.

THE
YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. FRANCES H. B. BROWN.

The following narrative is strictly true. The young woman, and the man who ruined her and brought her to a premature grave, resided in this city. She was a professor of religion, and was a lovely, amiable, and interesting girl.—Ed.

It was on a beautiful day in May,—for there are beautiful days even in this fickle month, though commonly succeeded by uncomfortable and stormy weather,—that a blooming young girl was seen threading her way through one of the principal streets of Boston. As she proceeded, she came, by a sudden turn, in contact with a tall gentleman, of dark complexion. It was evident from his ardent gaze, and from the blush which overspread her countenance, that they had met before.

Elizabeth S. was a beautiful girl. She had a bright, happy countenance, which threw a gleam of light into the heart of the beholder. She was about nineteen, of middle height, and of a form of beautiful proportions. She was the eldest daughter of a widowed mother, in the humble walks of life, but who had managed by her industry and frugality to bring up her children, until they were able to maintain themselves.

'Have I the happiness to meet you again?' inquired Mr. D., at the same time affectionately taking her hand and giving her a look of tenderness which he knew well how to assume.

His tone and look sunk deep into the heart of Elizabeth. He saw his advantage and resolved to make the most of it. Alas, that confiding woman should be made the dupe of designing man!

A young man of respectability had been paying his addresses to Elizabeth for a year or two. She was soon, however, persuaded, by the superior beauty and address of Mr. D., to dismiss him. He felt it deeply, for he loved her with all the ardor of a devoted heart. But what a retribution awaited the deluded, deceived girl! Mr. D., having thus far succeeded in his wicked designs, was emboldened to proceed still farther. He knew that Elizabeth had saved a few hundred dollars by her economy and industry. His only object was to get possession of that and of her person, and then cast her off, as he would throw aside a worn out garment. She never for one moment suspected any thing dishonorable from him, but thought him the very soul of honor. How could she suspect him, when he fixed those black, brilliant eyes upon her, and assured her that she was dearer to him than life? She fell into the snare.

After a few months' acquaintance, he persuaded her to consent to a private marriage, giving as a reason that he was somewhat embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, and that he could not, therefore, make the appearance he wished; but that, in a short time, he would acknowledge her to the world as his bride.

Elizabeth had a kind mother, and brothers and sisters. Why did she not confide in them? Why not ask their advice? The villain had cautioned her not to do so. The poor girl had many misgivings while making her hasty preparations to go to Providence to be married. 'O that I could confide in my mother,' thought she. But he had bound her by a solemn oath not to do so. When she represented the importance of acquainting her friends of their contemplated marriage, he would reply, by inquiring what possible difference it could make, whether they knew it then, or in a few months from that time. They went to Providence, and she was married, as she supposed, to the man she loved with all the tenderness and devotion of which a woman's heart is capable.

After their return to Boston, Elizabeth's friends had some suspicions that the character of D. was bad. Her mother endeavored to persuade her to dismiss him. But all the poor girl could reply was, 'Ah, mother, it is too late! At length her friends ascertained that D. had a wife residing in a neighboring State! The news fell upon the ears of Elizabeth like a death-knell. The marriage ceremony had been a mere farce, got up by D. and some of his vile associates, one of whom officiated as a clergyman!

'O!' exclaimed she, 'is it possible he has deceived me? It cannot be. There surely is some mistake about it. He has enemies, who are plotting his ruin. I will not believe it.' Her anxiety, however, increased every day in proportion as the difficulty of concealing her peculiar situation increased. Her health, which had been excellent, had now become delicate.

While these disclosures were made in relation to the character of D., he was absent from the city. As soon as Elizabeth saw him, upon his return, she fixed her tearful eyes upon him, and exclaimed, 'Is it possible you have deceived me? Can it be true that I am not your wife, and must my hitherto untarnished character be ruined?'

'Can my Elizabeth,' said he, in reply, 'doubt the truth and constancy of one who loves her better than life?'

'Then dispel the dreadful doubts,' said she, 'which have nearly broken my heart.'

He gave her one of his blandest smiles, and bade her be calm. 'I was married,' said he, 'about three years since, but was divorced on account of the inconstancy of my wife. I did not tell you this, because I feared you would make it an objection to our union, and I felt that I could not live without you.'

Thus did this villain add another falsehood to the black catalogue of his crimes.

He succeeded in persuading Elizabeth to believe he had enemies in Boston, and in inducing her to proceed with him to New York city. The artless girl drank in the poison of his tongue, and they immediately left. She took with her all her money, the hard earnings of several years, and, in the simplicity of unaffected confidence, placed it in the hands of her betrayer. His object was now accomplished. Upon their arrival in New York city, they put up at a hotel. Wishing to make a few small purchases, she requested D. to accompany her, which he seemed rather reluctant to do. Elizabeth raised her eyes to his face, and discovered an expression she had never seen there before. A cold, contemptuous smile sat upon his lip. A strange, indefinable sensation seized Elizabeth's heart, and, in spite of her efforts to the contrary, tears forced themselves to her eyes. He however accompanied her. They had walked but a few rods before they were met by a female, who accosted D. in the most familiar manner and to whom he introduced Elizabeth as his sister! Ah, thought she, I see now that it is too true; I am a ruined girl. She grasped his arm to prevent herself from falling to the ground. He saw her emotion, but made no remark. As she felt too unwell to proceed, they returned. He accompanied her to the door of the hotel, took leave of her, and never returned! *That was the last time she ever saw him!* She retired to her chamber in all the agony of despair, and yet she fondly clung to the hope of his returning to explain his conduct. The evening came, but *he* came not. The night also, and the morning, and yet no tidings of D. What pen could portray the sufferings of that wretched girl. A stranger, in a strange city, and the lonely occupant of a chamber in a large hotel. Day after day she sat at the window, watching the multitude as they passed, in the vain hope of seeing D., or some one she knew; but each day brought nothing but disappointment. One morning as she sat thus overwhelmed with sorrow, she was startled by a knock at the door. She immediately opened it, and beheld the gentleman who kept the house. He inquired if she wished longer to occupy the room — stated that the gentleman who brought her there had left unceremoniously, and without paying his board. What could she answer? Her trembling limbs had scarcely strength to support her. The gentleman saw her emotion, and pitied her, and, as she turned deadly pale, he led her to a chair. She was soon somewhat relieved by a flood of tears. She then informed him that she was totally unable to account for the absence of her husband — that she had not seen him since the first day she came to the city, and that she had felt unwilling to leave, as he might return after she had left. After making some inquiries about their marriage, &c., the gentleman informed her that since her husband had left so abruptly, he had made some inquiries in relation to him, and had ascertained that his character was infamous; and that he pitied her if she had fallen into his net. He informed her that he had imposed upon and seduced several respectable females, under the pretence of marriage; that he had been a married man for several years, and had then a lawful wife. He then advised her to return to her friends, stating, that, if she had no means of paying her board, she was welcome to it. Being entirely destitute of money, she disposed of some articles of clothing and jewelry, and realized sufficient money to enable her to return to her friends. When she reached her home, she threw herself at her mother's feet and exclaimed, 'Can you receive and forgive me, my dear mother? I have come home to die with you. I feel that I cannot long survive the ruin of my hopes and character. O, say that you forgive me, and I can die in peace, for I feel that God has forgiven his erring but penitent child. My greatest sin consists in not making you my confidant.'

Thus did the poor girl lament her imprudence. She lingered a few weeks in a disconsolate state of mind and then died in the arms of her mother, the heart-broken victim of perfidy and cruelty!

'O thou! the perjured, cruel, faithless, blind!
  How couldst thou bow such sweetness to the dust?
How break the heart, where thy loved image, shrined,
  Dwelt in the beauty of undoubting trust?
But thou didst break it: Nature could not cope
  With love neglected, whose undying power,
E'en from the very sepulchre of Hope,
  Gushed forth like perfumes from a trampled flower.

'Tears for thy absence, sighs at thy neglect,
  Prayers for thy safety, smiles at thy return,
And a fond blindness to thy worst defect,—
  Thou didst repay with undissembled scorn.
Yet there she lay, and on her dying bed
  She blessed thy name,—then kissed the lock of hair
That from thy brow in happier days she shred,
  Then looked to heaven, and prayed to meet thee there!

'Then, with a holy look of hope and peace,
She bowed her head,—the parting pang was o'er:
Yet no convulsion marked the soul's release,
The pallid lip a smile of rapture wore;
Her fleeting soul one radiant beam had caught
Warm from the fountain of eternal Day,
And left the image of the breathing thought
Impressed in beauty on the breathless clay.'

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

SONG.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

A SMILE, a smile for vanished hours,
When we, content in woodland bowers,
Made, from the flowers of love and truth,
The brightest garland of our youth.

A tear, a tear for vanished hours,
Which saw the fading of the flowers,
Whose perfume filled the sunny way
We trod with hearts so pure and gay.

A smile, a smile for vanished hours,
Which saw our yet untrammelled powers
Awaken at the voice of fame,
And toil to win an honored name.

A tear, a tear for vanished hours,
When sickness clogged our mental powers,
And sorrow's veil, a withering blight,
Obscured the spirit's dawning light.

A smile — a tear — for both are given,
To lead the spirit nearer heaven!
The smile shall live when years decay —
The trembling tear shall pass away.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 1, 1844.

MEMORY.

To be pained for a minute, to fear for an hour, to hope
for a week: how long and weary!
But to remember fourscore years, is to look back upon a day.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

WILLIS G. CLARK.

Some of the early subscribers to our work may recollect that, in the October number of our first volume, we gave an interesting, touching account of the sickness and death of this sweet poet. This account embraced some particulars of his religious exercises, and of his ardent devotion to his wife, who died a few years before him, and upon whom he doated with passionate fondness. After the death of his wife, he wrote two pieces of poetry, in allusion to her, one of which we shall introduce at the close of this article, and the other will be published in our next number.

In relation to his religious feelings his pastor speaks thus:

'At four o'clock on Friday afternoon, the day before his death, I saw him. There was an evident change for the worse. His religious feelings were, however, even more satisfactory, and his views more clear, than the day before. He assured me that he enjoyed a sweet peace in his mind, and that he had no apprehension about death. He was "ready to depart" at any moment. I was unwilling to disturb him by much talking, or a very long visit, and made several attempts to leave him; but in the most affectionate and pressing manner, not to be resisted, he urged me to remain. His heart seemed full of joy and peace; overflowing with gratitude to God for his goodness, and with kindness to me. Leaving him, after an hour's interview, I promised to return on the following afternoon, and then to administer baptism to him. This was done accordingly, in the presence of his father-in-law, and three or four other friends and connections, whom he had summoned to his bed, as he told me, for the express purpose of letting them see his determination to profess the faith of the gospel which in life he had so long neglected. It was a solemn, moving sight; one of the most interesting and affecting I ever saw. More devotion, humility, and placid confidence in God, I never saw in any sick man. I mentioned, that as his strength was evidently declining, it would be well for him to say every thing he desired to say to me then, as his voice and his faculties might fail. He then affectionately placed his arms around my neck, gently drew my ear near to his lips that I might hear his whispers, and, after thanking me over and over again for my small attentions to him, which his gratitude magnified into very high services, he proceeded to tell me what he wished done with his "poor body."'

* * * * * * * *

'In the evening, about seven o'clock, I received a message from him to go immediately to him. I had much charming conversation with him about his state of feeling, his views of himself as a sinner, and of God, and of Jesus Christ as a precious Saviour, and of heaven, &c. He then handed me a prayer-book, adding, "That was my Anne's," meaning his wife's. "Now read me the office for the sick, in this book." He then repeated the sentence, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth," and asked if that was not a part of it. I told him that belonged to the burial service. "Then," said he, "it is quite suitable for me, for it will soon be read by you over my grave." I sat by his bed and found the place. Waiting in silence to receive his signal to begin, I thought he was engaged in secret prayer, and was unwilling to interrupt him. But he remained silent so long, seeming to take no notice of me, that I spoke to him. I found his mind was wandering, and that speech had failed. He muttered indistinctly only. From that moment he gradually sunk away. His emaciated limbs were retracted and cold; his pulse failed; the shadow of death gathered fast and dark upon his countenance; his respiration became feebler and feebler, and at last, at five minutes past ten, he died. So imperceptibly and gently did his happy spirit flee away, that it was some time before we could ascertain he had gone. I never saw a gentler death.

'He was, so far as his character revealed itself to me, a man of a most noble, frank, and generous nature. He was as humble as a little child. He exhibited, throughout, most remarkable patience. He never complained. * * * He was one of the most affectionate-hearted men I ever saw. Every moment I spent with him, he was doing or saying something to express to me his attachment. He would take my hand, or put his arm around my neck, or say something tender, to tell me that he loved me.'

The following affecting remarks are copied from a Philadelphia paper, which announced his death at the time. They refer chiefly to his attachment to his accomplished and lovely wife.

'Mr. Clark was a scholar, a poet, and a gentleman. "None knew him but to love him." His health had for a long time been failing. The death of his accomplished and lovely wife, a few years ago, upon whom he doated with a passionate fondness, had shaken his constitution and eaten his strength. None but intimate friends knew the influence of that sad affliction upon his physical frame. To the last, his heart yearned over the dust of that lovely woman. In his death-chamber, her portrait stood always before him on his table, and his loving eye turned to it, even in extremest pain, as though it were his living and only friend. This is literally true. Beyond question, moreover, the seeds of the disease which finally removed him from the world, were "sown in sorrow" for the death of the cherished companion of his bosom. His letters, his declining health, his daily life, his published writings, all evince this. The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time.'

'To the last moment of his life, he kept a collection of "his Anne's" letters under his pillow, which he as regularly perused every morning as his Bible and prayer-book. Her portrait, draped in black, crossed the angle of the apartment, above his table, where it might gaze ever upon him with its large, bright, spiritual eyes.'

Mr. Clark died in June, 1840. It seems by the above, that the loss of the cherished companion of his bosom preyed upon his sensitive heart, and shook his constitution.

His brother, Lewis Gaylord Clark, the present editor of the Knickerbocker, informed us, in a conversation we had with him the past summer, that the manuscript of the '*Dirge in Autumn*,' written by Willis, for the Knickerbocker, the autumn previous to his death, and which we shall insert in the December number, came to him literally *sprinkled* with spreading tear-drops. His familiar correspondence was also replete with kindred emotion. — ED.

A LAMENT.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THERE is a voice I shall hear no more —
There are tones whose music for me is o'er;
Sweet as the odors of Spring were they —
Precious and rich — but they died away;
They came like peace to my heart and ear —
Never again will they murmur here;
They have gone like the blush of a summer morn,
Like a crimson cloud through the sunset borne.

There are eyes that late were lit up for me,
Whose kindly glance was a joy to see;
They revealed the thoughts of a trusting heart,
Untouched by sorrow, untaught by art;
Whose affections were fresh as a stream of Spring,
When birds in the vernal branches sing;
They were filled with love, that hath passed with them,
And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose
Seemed to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose,
And lips, I remember, whose dewy smile,
As I mused on their eloquent power the while,
Sent a thrill to my bosom, and blessed my brain
With raptures that never may dawn again;
Amid musical accents, those smiles were shed —
Alas for the doom of the early dead!

Alas for the clod that is resting now
On those slumbering eyes — on that faded brow;
Woe for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom —
For the lips that are dumb, in the noisome tomb;
Their melody broken, their fragrance gone,
Their aspect cold as the Parian stone;
Alas for the hopes that with thee have died —
O, loved one! — would I were by thy side!

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear —
I hear thy voice in the twilight air;
Thy smile, of sweetness untold, I see
When the visions of evening are borne to me;
Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm; —
My arm embraceth thy yielding form;
I awake in a world that is sad and drear,
To feel in my bosom — thou art not here.

O! once with thee was the summer bright;
The day, like thine eyes, wore a holy light;
There was joy in existence when thou wert nigh,
There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh;
Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest—
A Sabbath of blessings was in my breast;
My heart was full of a sense of love,
Likest of all things to heaven above.

Now thou art gone to that voiceless hall,
Where my budding raptures have perished all;
To that tranquil and solemn place of rest,
Where the earth lies damp on that sinless breast;
Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid—
Thy brow is concealed by the coffin lid;—
All that was lovely to me is there—
Mournful is life, and a load to bear!

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

TO MARY.

Come, dearest sister, come, instruction gain!
That little redbreast see, so sweetly perched
On yonder bough, the topmost of that tall,
Far-spreading tree, upreared by Nature's hand.
She, Nature's sweet and artless songster, pours,
Unbidden pours, her tuneful notes of praise
To Nature's God.

See how she takes her stand,
High, nearest heaven—with golden breast upturned,
Then warbles forth a most delightful song;
'T is early dawn—dark mists becloud the skies,
And, lo! the trace of winter stern is seen;
Cold, dark, and dreary now is all around;
Yet from that little glowing heart the notes
Of praise spontaneous flow, at morning's dawn,
And spring's advance.

Now, sister, when dark clouds
Hang o'er thy path—as oft they may—and throw
An almost rayless gloom around thy way,
This morn's impressive lesson then recall;
Amid the darkest scenes of woe, reflect,
Sum up the blessings of thy life; to God
Uplift thy thoughts—upraise thine heart—and let
Thy swelling soul break forth in songs of praise
To Him who rules on high.

Oct., 1844. LUCY.

EMINENT PIETY.

BY REV. HARVEY NEWCOMB.

The attainments of eminent saints are too generally looked upon as out of the reach of common Christians. The impression seems to prevail, that God is not willing to give all his children the same measure of grace. But he could not have said more than he has said to convince us to the contrary. 'Open thy mouth *wide*, and I will fill it.' Our Lord repeatedly assures us that God is more willing to give good things to them that ask him, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children. And whoever will read the memoirs of those who have made great progress in the divine life, and observe the means they used, will not be surprised at their attainments. The Bible represents the Christian as in the constant exercise of holy affections; and you should never rest with any thing short of this. We read of persons who have arrived at such a state of feeling. President Edwards enjoyed, for many years, the constant light of God's countenance, and habitual communion with him. And so did Mrs. Edwards, James B. Taylor, and many others. She for a long time enjoyed, as she said, '*the riches of full assurance.*' She felt 'an uninterrupted and entire resignation to God, with respect to health or sickness, ease or pain, life or death, and an entire resignation of the lives of her nearest earthly friends.' She also felt a 'sweet peace and serenity of soul, without a cloud to interrupt it; a continual rejoicing in all the works of nature and Providence; a wonderful access to God by prayer, sensibly conversing with him as much as if God were here on earth; frequent, plain, sensible, and immediate answers to prayer; all tears wiped away; all former troubles and sorrows of life forgotten, except sorrow for sin; doing every thing for God's glory, with a continual and uninterrupted cheerfulness, peace, and joy.' At the same time she engaged in the common duties of life with great diligence, considering them as a part of the service of God, saying they were as delightful as prayer itself.— *Young Lady's Guide.*

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1844. NO. 6.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE CONSEQUENCES OF ONE ERROR.

BY C. H.

How frequently do we see, in the checkered fortunes of those around us, the sad effects of one error of opinion, woven into their lives. I have often seen cases of this nature; and in reviewing the history of such, it seems as though this one error of judgment, and consequent action, had tinged their whole lives with its gloomy hue. If this be true, generally, — and I think every reader, if he will look around upon the circle of those whom he knows, will find some illustrations of it, — how important it is, that, on *every point*, right opinions should be inculcated in early life, so that *not one* shall creep in and assimilate with the character, and very likely influence the whole subsequent fortunes of the child!

I have an instance in my mind of the baleful influence of one wrong notion, upon the subsequent life of as sweet a maiden as ever sported upon the beach of our seagirt town, or drank in health and buoyancy from our bracing northern air.

Jane M—— was a fatherless girl, of many excellent qualities at the commencement of our acquaintance. But she had one foible. Poor girl! She has fully atoned for it. She entertained that false pride, which encouraged her to hold in slight estimation the mechanic, the laborer, or any who earned their bread with their hands. She loved and sought the approbation only of the genteel; and that class, in her mind, was only those who were of professional families, or who were so indolent as to do nothing, and who were supported by their friends. This aversion extended to the children of the industrious laborer or mechanic. The false and foolish notion, that the garb of the rustic, or the apron of the mechanic, could not cover a worthy heart, had taken possession of her mind when a mere girl. We went to school together. By how many childish arts did I strive to win her notice. But the ban was upon me, for I was the son of a mechanic. It was a public school which we attended; for Jane's parents were as poor as most of ours, notwithstanding her pride. Yet for years she lorded it over the scholars, as would any Queen, and we submitted to it with silent admiration.

But the time was drawing near when her error of judgment was sadly to affect her happiness. When, as a young woman, she would in a great degree be the artificer of her own fortunes; when she would select for herself her own companions, and be affected by those selections through all her subsequent life.

It was at the period of our leaving school, that my mind had become so far matured, as that I began to question the propriety of this distinction our Queen had made between riches and poverty — labor with the hands and the head. Her subjects began to rebel, and her throne to tremble. I saw, all around us, worth and intelligence, honesty and good principles, clad in homespun clothes, and their possessors embrowned by honest toil beneath the sun. I saw, also, among the professions, worth, honor, and knowledge — but I saw too, that, beneath the title and garb of 'gentleman,' much was done which would disgrace the laborer. I could not avoid the conclusion, that merit lay deeper than garb and deportment. That it was manifested in principles and conduct; that the poor man, who labored for a dollar a day, was a fair candidate for one of the *nobility* of our country, if he but cultivated purity of heart and his intellectual powers. O, glorious NOBILITY! The only kind which mankind should reverence; the only kind they will reverence, when the world arrives at that stage in human progress, to which every index denotes that its great Creator intends it shall reach.

But, in my enthusiasm for the elevation of worth, I have digressed. Our school days, at last, were over, and, as tenants of a *public* school, we were to be the artificers of our own fortunes. With an interest natural enough, after being so long associated, I could not refrain from keeping in sight our 'lady.' I was now old enough to reason upon the tendency of that *one error* she had allowed to possess her heart and influence her conduct. Our paths were now in different directions. When we parted at the school-house door we parted forever, as it were. She, aspiring to move in the highest circles; I, as an apprentice to a 'smutty trade.' Though I had roamed over the hills and vales of one of the loveliest towns in New England with Jane, yet my begrimmed hands, and, in her eyes, menial service, were now a barrier as impassable between us as the great wall of China has been to the 'barbarians.'

Shut from her presence though I were, I could but know of her movements. I soon saw, that what had been but a little germ in girlhood, which might have been blighted with slight pains, had grown to be a prevailing motive of action. What in her girlish days had been caprice, and of trifling consequence, had become so stubborn and paramount as to repel all effort to quell it; it overshadowed nearly every good quality she possessed. Thus was Jane, at sixteen. A beautiful girl, spoiled by one wrong principle. Her mother saw, at last, — and mothers in such cases are often the last to see, they love so fondly, — that her child's reigning foible was a fearfully dangerous one. But she could not now eradicate it. What a breath might have blown away at six, entreaties and tears could not conquer at sixteen. Jane was a spoiled beauty. Sensible in many things, and lovely, she was not, however, by many, either cherished or respected, on account of her contemptuous opinions of the mass of those around her, which she never disguised, but in word and action was ever free to advance.

She had offers of marriage from excellent young men. They came from the proscribed classes, and they were refused with a disdainful air. It was fortunately so. The dissimilarity in their opinions would doubtless have produced unhappiness. At length, the acme of Jane's desires was reached. A suitor from among the professions came to woo her. She deemed herself the happiest of maidens. When he was accepted, I saw in the vista, as plainly as I now see in the retrospect, the train of misery which would ensue from their union. The young man who had, by a word, carried away captive affections which others after patient wooing had been coldly refused, was not a man of principle. His attainments were of the most superficial kind, — which, taken in connection with his indolence, and habits growing out of that indolence, — convinced all who were unprejudiced, that it was a fearful step our school-mate was taking.

The deed was consummated, and Jane was — what had been her ruling passion — the wife of a professional man! Now she was entitled to move in a higher circle, and be indeed a lady. Alas, poor girl! the happiest moment of thy life, in thy view, was fraught with the most fatal consequences.

The husband with no talents — no fixed principles — soon fell to his proper level. A love of what the world calls *gentility*, involves a love of the useless and of the extravagant. The little means brought together by the union, were soon dissipated by a love of show. The superficial talents of the husband could find no market in a town where so much talent is available. He sunk rapidly to insignificance. His principles were low and base, and they soon developed themselves fully. Well may we exclaim, alas! poor Jane. She soon wept in solitude by the side of her deserted hearth. Her lovely pictures, painted by hope, and engraved upon her young heart, how they had been reversed by stern reality! She wept at the prospect, and she wept alone. Grosser passions occupied his breast, whom she fondly had thought all excellence, because he wore the garb of a gentleman. She had not looked at motives or principles, and bitterly was she punished for her error. What seemed to her, in the enthusiasm of eighteen years, — when she yielded her heart and its purest love to him who now slighted it for that which pampered his sensual appetites — what seemed to her as a sunny day, which long years would not eclipse — proved but the precursor of a storm which would overwhelm her heart as entirely as could early widowhood. As she reflected on this, in the cheerlessness of her own fireside, little indeed was the proud girl to be envied — much to be commiserated!

Further on in life, intemperance took possession of her husband, and he fell before it. He became a worthless member of society. For years, Jane has been a recluse. The fashionable society she once so loved, and which cost her so dearly, has now no charms for her. Reality has broken the spell. While she reviews her ruined prospects, and reflects upon her folly, none are more eloquent than she in warning others to beware of the fatal rock on which her bark, freighted with a rich cargo of happiness, foundered.

The industrious young men, whom she slighted and rejected, became, from the force of their right education and good conduct, worthy and influential members of society. While the culpable and wretched husband of Jane is an idler about town, and neglecting her who had sacrificed all for him, they are, by their intelligence and industry, giving a tone to the society in which they move.

To parents, this point, which I have rudely illustrated, is of great importance. In this country, there should be no distinction save that created by *intelligence*, *industry*, and *virtue*. Yet, how prone are the young of both sexes to form wrong conclusions on this matter. It is natural that the glitter of the tinsel should attract the unpractised eyes of the young, while the dull, cold iron, is passed by without a look. Yet, as is iron in usefulness to man to the tinsel on the wooden sword of the child, so are the sterling principles which promote virtue and industry, of more utility both to possessor and the world, than the glitter and show of the idler, or he who, lacking good principles and industrious habits, would deceive the unwary into admiration of them. These errors must be checked equally with others, when they first show themselves above the horizon.

Who can do it, who should do it, but the parent? What parent is guiltless, who does not thus guard the avenues of the young hearts committed to their charge against the seductive influence of the love of show and parade? No reform in society would be more useful than this, especially in our large towns and cities. Let us unite, then, as parents and friends of the youth, the future guardians of the rich principles and country we have received from our parents, to guide them safely in this path; to elevate KNOWLEDGE, INDUSTRY, and VIRTUE, over idleness, ignorance, vice, and a love of show.

Portland, Me., Nov., 1844.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL SOCIETY IN STERLING, MASS., FOR 1843-4.

THIS association was organized July 12th, 1842. It then numbered fifteen members, and fifty children. Now it numbers forty members, and one hundred and ten children. A greater degree of interest has been manifested the past year than the first. During the year six new members have united with the association. Not one has been removed by death. This last fact ought to fill our hearts with special gratitude to God, that we have been spared, and that our children are not left motherless. Only one death has occurred among the children since this society was formed.

Our stated monthly meetings have been regularly observed, and have been generally well attended. We trust they have been productive of good, in creating a greater watchfulness over our own hearts, a deeper feeling of responsibility, a more tender concern for our children, and sympathy with each other. Certainly one result of our meetings has been, to increase a sense of parental obligation. It is to be hoped we shall be able to do much more than has hitherto been attempted, in order to stimulate our own minds and the minds of those around us, to a faithful discharge of maternal duty. In conclusion, it may be asked, have we not sufficient encouragement to induce us to press forward in this labor of love? Is there not an ample reward for fidelity?

MRS. GEORGE KENDALL,
Secretary of the Society.

Sterling, Oct. 5th, 1844.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE MOTHER AT PRAYER.

BY MISS SUSAN M. HATHAWAY.

She enters her chamber. All is quiet and retired. There is no eye to witness her deep emotions, but that of Omnipotence; no ear to hear her earnest pleadings, but that of the Almighty. A sweet and sacred solemnity pervades her soul. She feels that she is about to commune with a Being who holds her destiny in his hands, but who, notwithstanding his power and might, has encouraged her to come, and will condescend and even delights to listen to her prayer. She bows her knee before him, and lifts her imploring eyes to heaven. O, hallowed moment! O, interesting sight! Listen to the language of her heart. For what does she plead? It is for her dear children. What does she ask for them? Not the riches of earth, nor the plaudits of surrounding admirers, nor the external gracefulness and beauty of youth. These are, in her estimation, of little value. Instead of these, she asks for her dear ones the protecting care of God, and for strength to discharge her duty toward them. With what anxious solicitude is each one remembered before him, from the absent son on the boisterous ocean to the unconscious babe of her bosom. She asks, that, from the earliest lispings of infancy, the best tribute of their hearts may ascend to their Creator. With what increased earnestness does she plead, as the recollection of the many snares and temptations which they must encounter crosses her anxious mind. It is then she feels her own weakness, and her entire dependence upon God. It is then she sees her need of divine assistance and support, and the vast importance of maternal prayer. It is then she fervently exclaims, 'of myself I can do nothing. O, thou who holdest the hearts of my children in thy hand, I bless thee for this resource. I know that the mother's prayer of faith will avail much.' She takes courage as she remembers the many instances of the efficacy of maternal prayer: John the Baptist, who was filled with the Holy Ghost from his birth; Timothy, that eminent minister of the New Testament; St. Augustine, the celebrated Bishop of Hippo; Doddridge, and many other subjects of praying mothers. With these examples before her, her hope brightens, her confidence is strengthened, and she determines that no difficulties shall dishearten her, no discouragements shake her firm reliance on the promises of God, which in the performance of duty she feels to claim as her own. She remembers the perseverance of the Syro-Phenician woman, and she expects like her to hear at last, 'O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee as thou wilt.' When the season of prayer is over, she leaves her chamber with a spirit refreshed and invigorated; with a mind untroubled. She has left all in the hands of God. The serenity of her soul is visible in her countenance. It sweetens every duty, and influences all her conduct. Praying mother, surely thou art blest.

New Bedford, Mass., Nov., 1844.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

No. 3. ENOCH.

Gen. 5: 21—24.

BY REV. J. N. BROWN.

O, SELF deceived! whose only strife,
The dangers of the world to shun,
Is fleeing from domestic life,
And leaving all its tasks undone!

Religion does not bid us leave
The social home for cloistered cell;
But deigns her brightest crown to weave,
For those who fill life's circle well.

Thus Enoch lived and walked with God:
In sweet communion pure and high,
The path of social duty trod,
Till borne in triumph to the sky!

The father's toils, the mother's cares,
With purest piety agree;
And heaven receives its future heirs
From such a well-trained family!

New Hampton, N. H., Nov., 1844.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

The mere title of this work is sufficient to attract the earnest attention of a Protestant community. It is properly styled an 'Introduction to D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation,' and should have, in order, preceded that great and interesting work. The translation is made by Campbell Mackenzie, of Trinity College, Dublin, from De Bonnechose, Librarian to the king of France, and author of a History of France.

'This work, in a historical point of view, is intended to make known, so as to be appreciated, the important religious movement which took place a century before the great Reformation in Europe. It embraces a period of *seventy years*, which elapsed from the beginning of the GREAT SCHISM of the WEST, in 1378, to the end of the war of the Hussites, toward the middle of the following century.'

We have not space to particularize the scenes which transpired during this eventful period, but they are intensely interesting, and should be familiar to every one, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic.

Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y. City, and for sale by Waite, Peirce, & Co., No. 1, Cornhill, Boston.

BOYD'S RHETORIC. Harper & Brothers. New York City.

This work has been prepared for the use of common schools and academies. It contains the elements of rhetoric and literary criticism, with copious practical exercises and examples; including, also, a succinct history of the English language, and of British and American literature, from the earliest to the present times.

For a school-book, it is the best work we have ever seen on rhetoric. It is concise and truly practical, and the whole arrangement is judicious, and adapted to the present excellent inductive system of teaching.

For sale as above.

PERSECUTIONS OF POPERY.

The publication of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, and of kindred works, is appropriate to the times. We are pleased to see them multiply. The great causes and doctrines of the Reformation must be kept before the people.

This work contains historical narratives of the most remarkable persecutions occasioned by the intolerance of the Roman Catholics. It commences with the persecutions of the Albigenses, in the early part of the 13th century, and concludes with the persecutions and spirit of popery in the 18th and 19th centuries. These narratives are introduced by a brief history of the rise and progress of the papal power, spiritual and temporal.

Published by Harper & Brothers, and sold as above.

HISTORY OF GREECE. By Rev. Connop Thirlwall. New York City. Harper & Brothers.

The publication of this important work has just been completed in London. It is held in high estimation in England. It will be comprised in eight numbers, of about 160 pages each. The paper and type are fine specimens of the good taste of the publishers.

For sale as above.

ANTHON'S HOMER.

Professor Anthon, of Columbia College, has prepared a most beautiful edition of the first three books of Homer's Iliad, according to the ordinary text, to which succeeds that given by Richard P. Knight, with the Digamma restored. He has also appended English notes, critical and explanatory, a metrical index, and Homeric Glossary.

These three books contain the most which is usually read at classical schools, preparatory to a collegiate course. The ordinary text is substantially that of Spitzner.

Professor Anthon's classical works are deservedly in high repute, and in this he fully sustains himself.

Published by Harper & Brothers, and for sale as above.

JAY'S WORKS. The works of Rev. Wm. Jay, of Argyle Chapel, Bath, England; comprising matter not heretofore presented to the American public. In three volumes.

These three volumes contain an aggregate of 1879 pages. The Morning and Evening Exercises are embraced in the first volume; Short Discourses, the Christian Contemplated, and Prayers, in the second; Memoirs of Winter, and Clark, &c. in the third.

The Rev. Mr. Jay has nearly reached the 54th year of his ministry, having commenced in Jan., 1791. He is a truly evangelical Christian, and an excellent man. His writings, which are wholly devotional, are greatly valued by different Christian denominations.

For sale as above.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE.

This splendid work, the wonder and astonishment of all who examine it, has reached its 13th number, which carries the text forward to the 24th chapter of the 1st of Samuel.

Caleb's Daughter soliciting water-springs — Samson finding honey — Samson in captivity — Boaz and Ruth, and the anointing of Saul, are exquisite specimens of the engraver's art.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

This is a publication of the American Tract Society. It is an appeal to Christian Mothers in behalf of the heathen, written by Rev. Dr. Scudder, missionary in India.

The Doctor invokes maternal influence in the conversion of the world, and illustrates and enforces his subject by stirring incident and sound argument.

THE
YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

BY MISS E. JENKINS.

Brightly the moonlight streamed on the wide ocean, and gilded the stern of the fair ship which glided gently over its sparkling waves. The soft breeze swept lightly across the white sail, and seemed bearing to the sailor's heart sweet memories of home; while the gush of the parted waters, as the noble ship struggled through the deep, was the only sound which broke on the stillness of the midnight hour.

It was a fair scene that smiled on the patient seaman, during his lonely night-watch. But his step is uneasy, — his frame convulsed with strong emotion, — and when he suddenly stops, and gazes on that fair, still moon, so calm, so bright in the pure heavens above him, its silvery ray rests on a tear that trembles in his eye. Ah! dreams he of his own fair home by the streamlet's side, far away? Is his heart melting away before the fond recollections of the loved ones, who sigh for him there? Starts he thus, at the sudden remembrance of some well-known voice, sweeter in its tones than the richest music, because full of love *to him?* Has fancy revealed a glowing picture of bright eyes, beaming in tearful love upon his face, — of beloved forms, with extended arms, hastening to enfold the loved wanderer — with the dear old tree, the sparkling rill, the verdant bank — ah! every gentle object hovering around that loved spot? And has, just now, the fair illusion departed, leaving him *alone,* amid the dreariness of sad reality? — Yes, the sailor has a heart, but it is a generous, *unselfish* heart. He has sighed for the dear home of his youth, and for the still dearer friends, who watch and pray for his safe return, till his heart seemed breaking with grief. But *then* he saw no one around him more wretched than himself; all seemed careless and light-hearted, and whatever sorrows they might have, they betrayed them not to him. At this time, however, he knows *another's* woe, and forgets *his own.* Sickness had visited that ship, and to one of the bravest of her crew death was making fearful advances. He brooded not over his own griefs, at such a moment. He thought of his comrade on his bed of pain, dying far from his native land; of the tender relatives, anxiously looking for his glad return, and the wail of agony which would ascend from those faithful hearts, when compelled to feel that they must wait in vain; and, as the kind-hearted sailor looked into the 'deep, deep sea,' and reflected how soon its cold bosom must receive all which would remain of one so fondly cherished, but just now so full of life, he threw his arms over the side of the ship, leaned forward, and wept! And he never left, so gladly, his weary duty, as on that night, when, forgetting his own repose and comfort, he hastened to the side of the sick sufferer, that he might render him all the assistance in his power, and, if possible, ease him of one dying pain.

On a hard couch in the forecastle of the ship, lay extended the figure of one, in the very prime of youth, struck down in his strength by the resistless foe. A few days before he was the foremost in duty, the most vigorous of the hardy band. No sleep or rest had visited that racking frame since the fatal attack of a dreadful fever! But take a nearer view, and you may see it is only the body which is affected; the *soul,* the *immortal* part, is calm. His dark locks are wildly dishevelled with his tossings through that agonizing fever, but they fall over a brow perfectly serene. His sunken eyes gleam heavily around, as if in search of some composing object on which to rest,—but they are often turned upward with a look of sweet resignation to Heaven. His pale face shows the deep traces of suffering, but over it is thrown a smile of heavenly sweetness.

'Only a little longer, my dear friend,' addressing the comrade who bears him up in his supporting arms; 'God forever bless you. I shall not weary you many moments more.' The good sailor wished to assure him of his untiring love, but his voice seemed choked when he attempted to speak, and he could only press the hand of the poor sufferer. The dying man *felt* the kindness of his heart, for he turned on him a look of deep gratitude. Then his countenance changed; a deep shudder passed over him; his eye grew bright; his mind seemed to wander to his home; he murmured the names of those he loved, and stretched out his arms, as if springing toward them. But his kind friend held him fast, rested his aching head on his faithful breast, and gently wiped the cold dews from his forehead. Falling back exhausted, he clasped his hands and said, 'Thy will, O God, be done.' A bright smile stole over his face, as he turned to his companion and said, ''tis over now.' He had evidently been resigning his friends — content to suffer the will of God — to see them no more in this world — to die far beyond the reach of their tender aid — to waft his feeble adieus to them across the weary ocean, and meet them but at the judgment-seat of Christ! And yet the Christian sailor made the last sad surrender with an unshrinking confidence in the goodness of God, 'for he knew in whom he had believed.' The last painful struggle passed, the last great sacrifice made, his soul became triumphant. He, in whom he had put his trust, who had called him to resign all earthly connections for his sake, seemed to claim him for his own; that he might show to him, and to all, the blessedness of those who make the Lord their trust. He felt the presence of God; — a blessed thing, O, sailor, in the hour of death, however forgotten or feared in life! He had been led to that Saviour, who is set forth in the Word of God, as 'the way, the truth, and the life.' He had loved him, trusted in his perfect righteousness, and denied himself for his sake; and that Saviour forsook him not in the hour of need, but bore up his soul, and now stood ready to carry him safely through the valley of the shadow of death.

His other shipmates gathered around him, full of love and sympathy, with deep concern in their countenances, and anxious endeavors to soothe his pains. When his captain entered, he approached the dying youth, looked deeply moved, and taking his hand said, 'My poor fellow, I wish I could do you some good. I have done all I can think of, and yet I cannot relieve you.'

'Captain,' replied he, in a calm, clear voice, 'my hour has come! I am dying!'

The captain replied, 'I hope not, William; I do not see how I can spare you. I think you will yet see land.'

'O no, sir,' said the young man, 'God calls, and I cheerfully obey.'

His captain was silent for a few moments. He heard the sad intelligence with a heavy heart, but he heard it spoken in a tranquil tone by the dying man before him; and he felt, that if he were to resign his faithful sailor at the Lord's call, it would be into the Lord's arms.

'Hear me,' he said, at last; 'If I must give up this youth, I lose one of the best of men; one, possessing all a sailor's noble traits of character, and free from all a sailor's faults; one who has ever been true to me, faithful to my interests, obedient to my call, and attentive to my wishes. This young man has been long with me; I have proved him; he has been first and foremost in seasons of danger; he has worked till I feared he would go beyond his strength, *cheerfully* too. He has scrupulously avoided all swearing, intemperance, and sin. So let me bear my testimony to his good life, which all this ship's company know to be true, and may God receive his soul!' All bent eagerly forward, as if to confirm this eulogium, and a murmured 'Amen,' was heard at its close.

The sick sailor drew from under his pillow a small Bible. This, with a strong effort, he raised above his head, while with great eagerness, and a face glowing with strong emotion, he said, 'And if I *have* been enabled to live thus, let me bear *my* testimony to the truth of this holy book, which has been made, by the grace of God, "a lamp to my feet and a light to my path." *This* has taught me to renounce sin, and strive after holiness. *This* has brought me to the feet of that dear Saviour who died for sinners. *This* has led me to repentance and faith, and to earnest endeavors to be faithful in every duty. *This* has led me to fly every sin, as opposed to the will of God; to perform every known duty; to pray daily, hourly, for strength from heaven to do this, and to *strive*, as well as pray, lest I should enter into temptation. And now,' he added, looking upward with a heavenly expression, 'this blessed book points me to heaven, and reveals its glories to my soul. This Bible has been my chart and my guide, and must be so to all who would see heaven. O, let *me* not receive the praise; give God the glory! I have the same temptations to sin which you have. The grace of God is alone sufficient for me. I have failed in many instances, I have been far from perfect. You speak of my good life! O, you know not the prayers, tears, and efforts it has cost me to overcome sin. I feel that I am a sinner by nature, and I learn to bless that Saviour who died that sinners might live. Jesus alone

"Can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."'

He fell back exhausted, and seemed to be in prayer. Then, turning to his captain, he thanked him for all his kindness to him, and prayed that they might meet in heaven. 'And now, sir,' said he, 'let me bid you a last farewell.' The captain, as he took his hand, said, 'may your God be my God; may I die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his.' He motioned for his shipmates, and they gathered around him. He exhorted them to 'seek the Lord while he might be found, and to call upon him while he was near.' To read his word, love him, and obey his commandments; to walk in the footsteps of Jesus, and become his disciples. 'He will be precious in life,' he said, 'and O, how precious in death!' He then distributed several tracts among them, and begged them to read them, with other good books. 'And, above all,' he said, 'study your Bible. Call it not dull employment. When you are on your dying bed, you will feel that time thus spent will be pleasant to reflect upon.' He then extended his hand; each advanced separately, and heard, with tears, his dying entreaties to love and fear God, and received from him a last farewell. 'And now, my faithful friend,' he said, to him who watched over him, 'accept my thanks for all your tender care of me. Take this Bible, and may it be blessed to your soul! Within it you will find a farewell letter to my friends at home, written when I was first seized, for I felt that this would be my last sickness. Will you give it to them? Assure them of my undying love; and, O, tell them from me to love Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.'

He bade a tender farewell to his kind friend, and gave one last look on all around, breathed a fervent prayer, and then gently fell asleep in the Lord.

Rude was the coffin in which reposed in death the pious sailor, and dark looked the deep sea into which it was plunged; but warm tears of affection were shed over it, and tender were the sighs which attended it to its final resting-place.

Sailor! the God who calls on you is a *faithful* God. He is not only 'the confidence of all the ends of the earth,' but of '*those who are afar off upon the sea.*' He never forsakes those 'who put their trust in him.' Make this God *your* God. Repent of sin, and approach him through the Mediator between God and man. Love his holy word, and pray for his promised grace to resist sin. O, listen to his holy call; and when, by his Spirit, he says, 'Seek ye my face,' let *your heart* say, 'Thy face, Lord, *will* I seek.' Fear not the world's derision; its smiles will not satisfy you in life, they will fail to comfort you in death. Love not your sins, for they will destroy your soul. Serve God faithfully in life, he will be near you in death. Fear not to die on the wide ocean, amid the icy regions of the distant North, or under the burning skies of a tropic clime. Sigh not that strangers stand around your dying body, God will receive your soul. Weep not because no friendly hand may close your eyes in death. Jesus will beckon you to himself, and his kind angels will bear your spirit, in their arms, to Heaven; where, from the burden of the flesh, and from sin and sorrow free, you will be 'forever with the Lord.'

Such may be the sailor's holy life, such may be his happy death. Who will choose it for *his own?* Who will make the Lord his portion?

Boston, Nov. 1844.

☞ THE following is the poetry promised in our last to be inserted in this number. The manuscript reached Lewis, the brother of Willis, literally sprinkled with tear-drops.

In our January number, we shall insert a piece of poetry written by Mrs. Sigourney, on the death of Willis G. Clark.—ED.

DIRGE IN AUTUMN.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

'TIS an autumnal eve—the low winds sighing
To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by;
The eddying gusts to tossing boughs replying,
And ebon darkness filling all the sky;
The moon, pale mistress, palled in solemn vapor,
The rack, swift-wandering through the void above,
As I, a dreamer by my lonely taper,
Send back to faded hours the plaint of love.

Blossoms of peace, once in my pathway springing,
Where have your brightness and your splendor gone?
And *Thou*, whose voice to me came sweet as singing,
What region holds thee in the vast *Unknown?*
What star far brighter than the rest contains thee,
Beloved, departed—empress of my heart!
What bond of full beatitude enchains thee,
In realms unveiled by pen, or prophet's art.

Ah! loved and lost! in these autumnal hours,
When fairy colors deck the painted tree,
When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers,
O! then my soul exulting bounds to thee!
Springs, as to clasp thee yet in *this* existence,
Yet to behold thee at my lonely side:
But the fond vision melts at once to distance,
And my sad heart gives echo—*she has died!*

Yes! when the morning of her years was brightest,
That angel-presence into dust went down;
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,
Death for the olive, wove the cypress crown;
Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes;
Spared, in her bower connubial, one fair blossom—
Then bore her spirit to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, when, life's struggles o'er,
The pure in love and thought their faith renew;
Where man's forgiving and redeeming Lover
Spreads out his paradise to every view.
Let the dim Autumn, with its leaves descending,
Howl on the winter's verge—yet Spring will come:
So my freed soul, no more 'gainst fate contending,
With all it loveth, shall regain its home.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

MY SISTER.

BY REV. STILLMAN MORGAN.

SHE is dead! I saw her on her death-bed. It was an affecting scene. Some of her last words were these. 'Talk to me now in scripture language alone. I can trust the word of God. But, when they are the words of man, it costs me an effort to think whether I may trust to them.' In her intervals of sinking, she employed most of her moments in prayer, like the following: 'Jesus, I throw my arms around the foot of thy cross! Thou will not thrust me away now! O, my Advocate, plead my cause before the Father's throne!'

A lovely trait in my sister's character was her kindness to the poor and the unfortunate. She 'went about doing good.' In one instance she sought out a poor family of children whose mother was deranged. She visited the family, and spoke to them words of affection and comfort, assisted in the household duties, and, in short, took such an interest in their welfare, as elicited the deepest affection, even of the deranged mother. Poor woman! She had been forsaken by all, and no mortal had any influence over her but my sister. She could lead her any where, like a subdued child. She would listen to advice from my sister, for the time. Under such kind treatment the woman at times would be rational. The voice of my sister's prayers would operate on her mind like a charm. Sometimes for hours after these friendly visits her derangement would be suspended. Whenever my sister came to the door, the house which had been a bedlam would be still, and all the poor children would gather around her, and look at her, and listen to all her instructions. Sometimes when my sister carried in some clothes all neatly made, the broken-hearted woman would weep and say, 'The Lord sent you. You are an angel.' Since my sister's death, that poor woman often comes to visit her bedroom, to which place she had many a time come during my sister's life, to hear her read the promises, and pray. It is an affecting sight, when she comes, to see her survey the room, thus deserted of so kind a friend. She will weep and talk to herself of all the good things my sister had done in her life, and wish to go and be with her.

While I was ministering at the death-bed of my sister, an old lady, with much effort, came from some distance to see her. She was poorly dressed, and withal was lame. She asked to see the sick one. She was told by some one that she was too far gone. 'Well,' she said, 'let me just see her face.' Some one replied, 'We admit none but her friends and those who take care of her.' At this the old lady could not refrain from tears. She said, 'Am I not her friend? She has been so kind to me in all my troubles, how can I help loving her?' Just then the door was opened and left ajar, when the old lady crept along and stole a look at the dying woman. At this moment my sister's eyes were upon her, and she waved her hand in token for the old lady to come in. When she came in, my sister revived, and offered a short prayer for her, and mentioned a kind promise, which showed that her care for the poor was an abiding principle of her heart. And so it was that all the poor in her neighborhood gathered around my sister, ever and anon speaking of her prayers, her pious conversation, and her acts of kindness.

My sister had always a class of poor children who came every week to read and recite, and hear her instructions and prayers. She once remarked to me, that one of the greatest luxuries of her life was to see a group of little poor children gathered in a semicircle around her, looking up for instruction; 'and I never spend my earnings so profitably as when I do it in clothing some orphan child.' Five persons now in active life speak of her instructions and prayers as the direct means of their awakening and conversion.

One little girl, on whom she had stamped her image, and one who was named for her, was lost in the woods in a stormy night, and in the morning when she was found, was perfectly quiet, and said, she had been asleep. She was asked what made her so quiet in such a terrible stormy night, so far away from any house. She said, 'I remembered what my teacher told me. "None can harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good." I prayed to God to keep me, and when I laid down to go to sleep, I said,

"Now I lay me down to sleep."'

Since my sister has gone, I have reflected much upon her kindness to the poor, and I have been led to think that there are too many who, though they are willing to leave home and friends, to do good far away, seem to overlook the poor at their own doors. Those who are readiest to do good at home are best fitted to occupy some distant field of usefulness.

Ye daughters of affluence, I beseech you, by the benevolence of a kind Redeemer, to go out and gather up the poor, the orphans, and the perishing, and clothe them; gather them into the fold of the Sabbath school, and enjoy the luxury of doing good. What a benediction! 'She hath done what she could.'*

Topsham, Vt., Nov., 1844.

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* This benevolent lady died in Unity, N. H., last winter.

ADDRESS TO JEHOVAH.

Blessed be thy name forever,
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name forever!

Thou who slumberest not, or sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest.
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;
God of life! who fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name forever!

Hogg.

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